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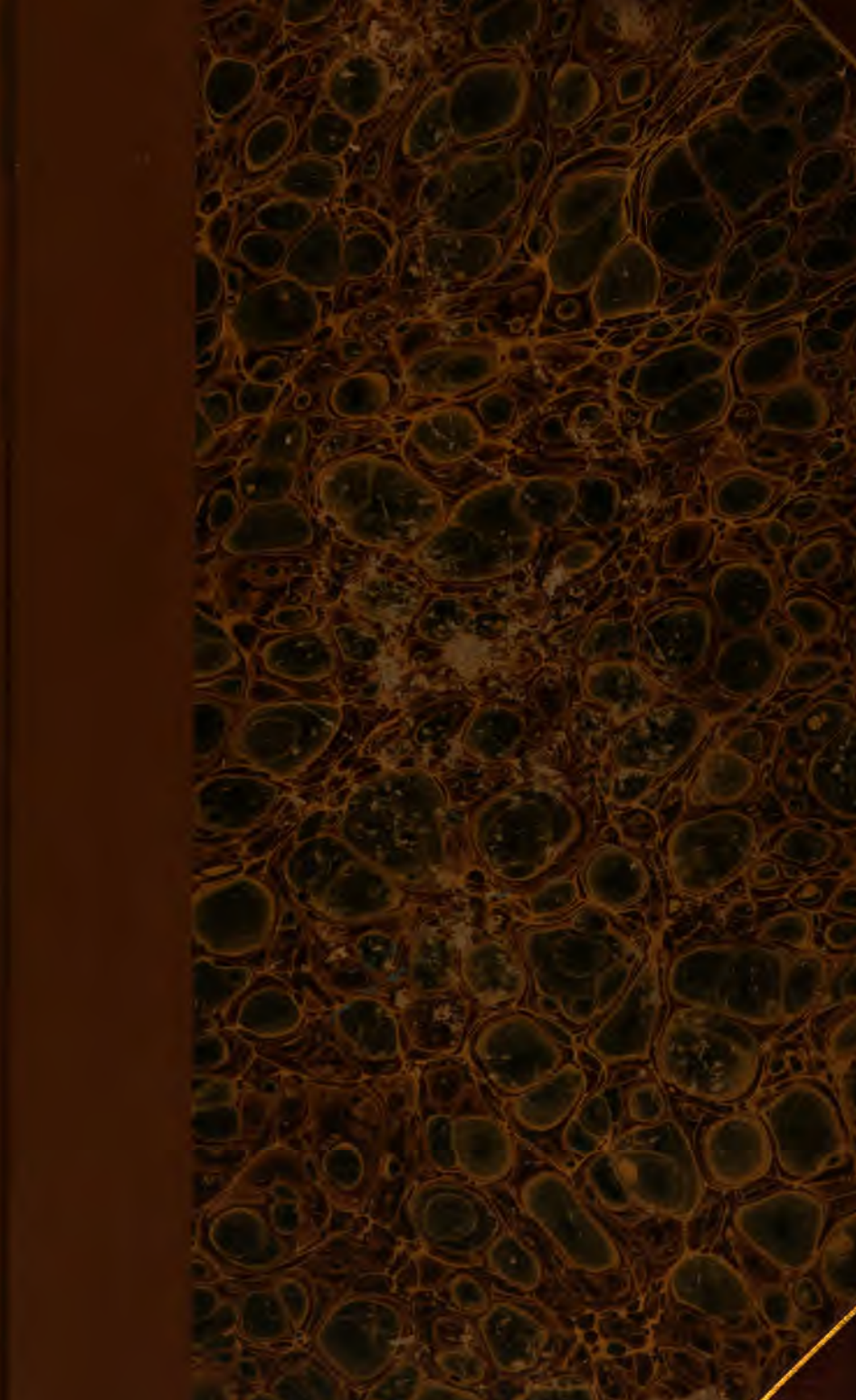
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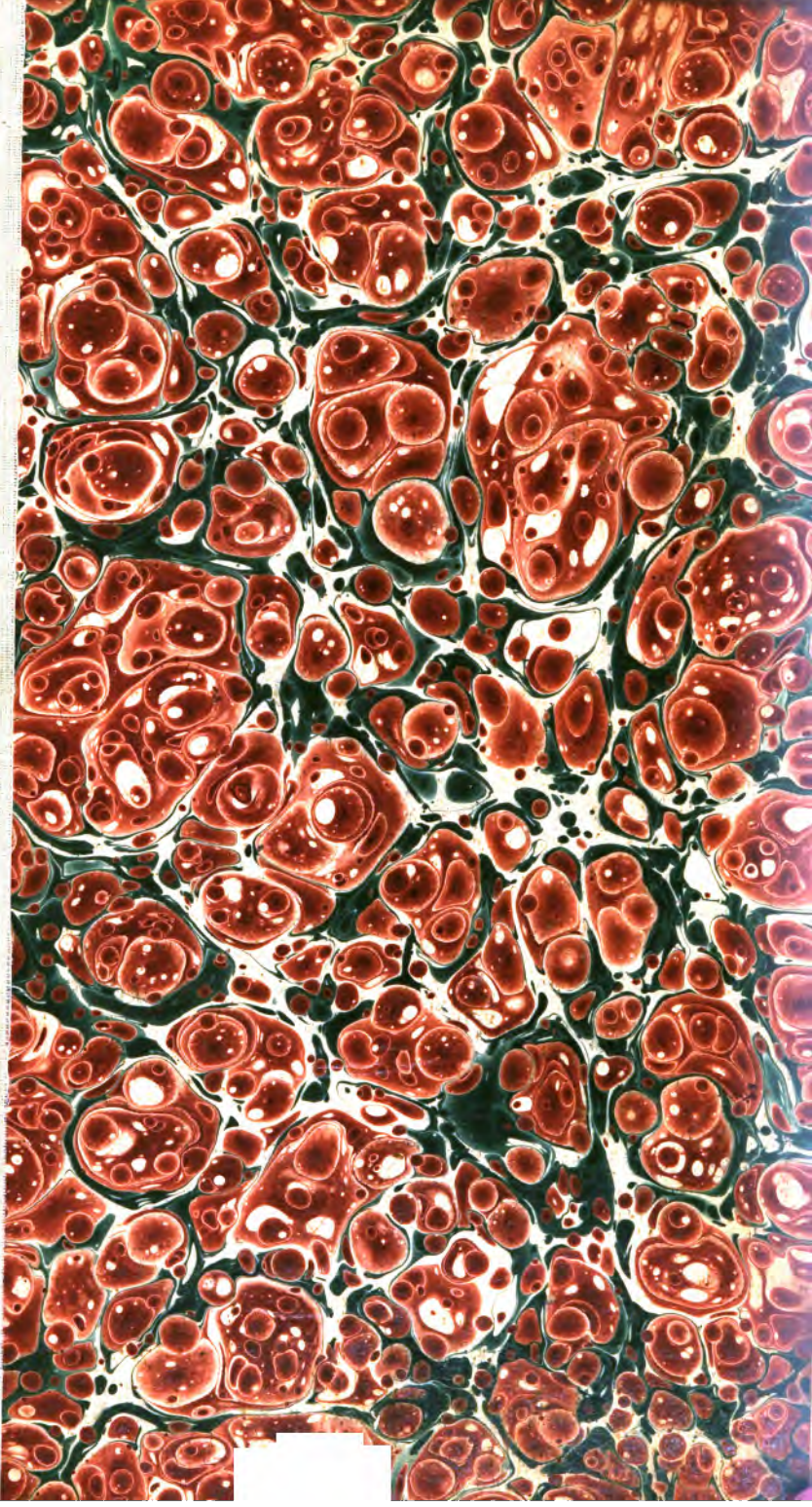
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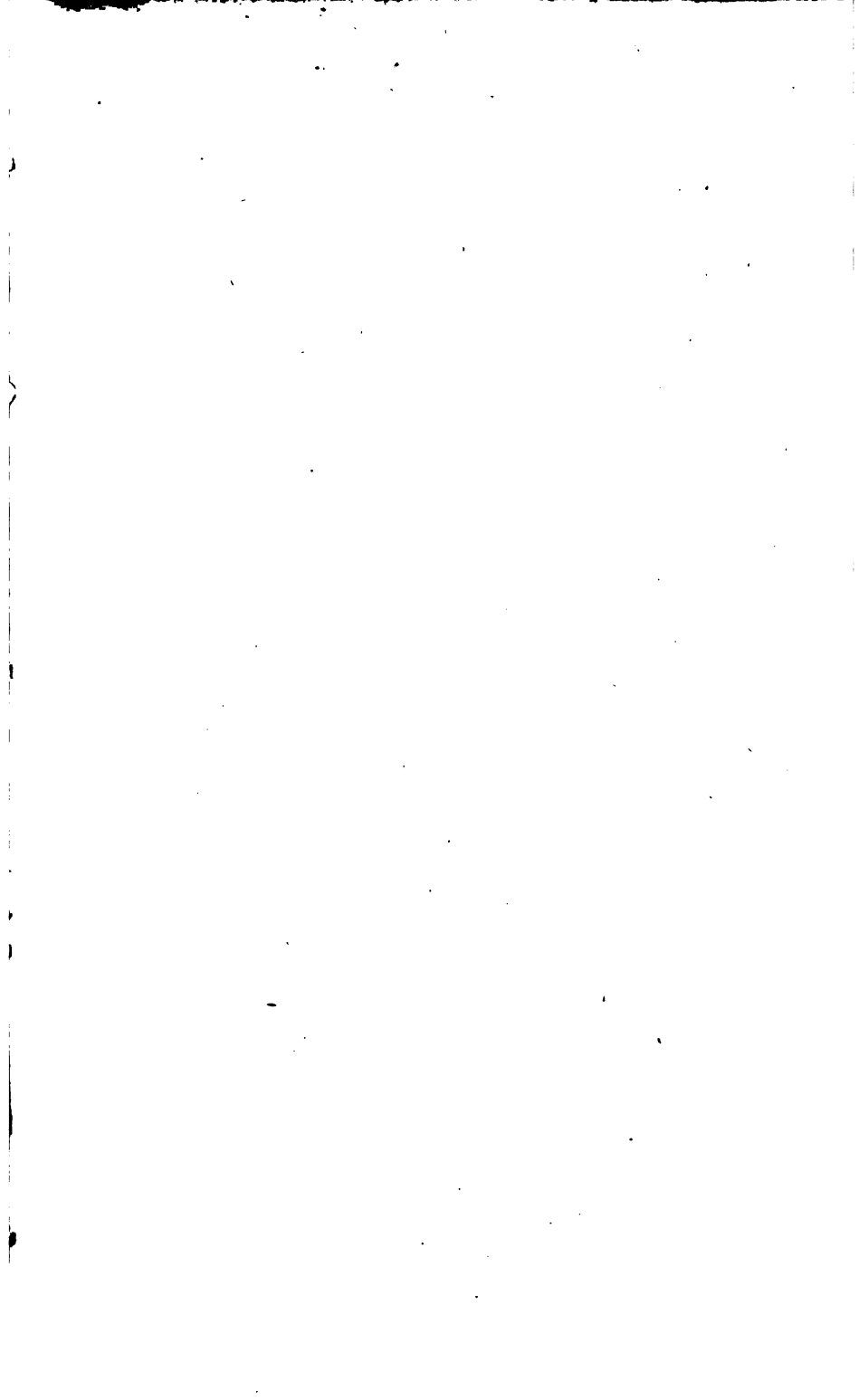
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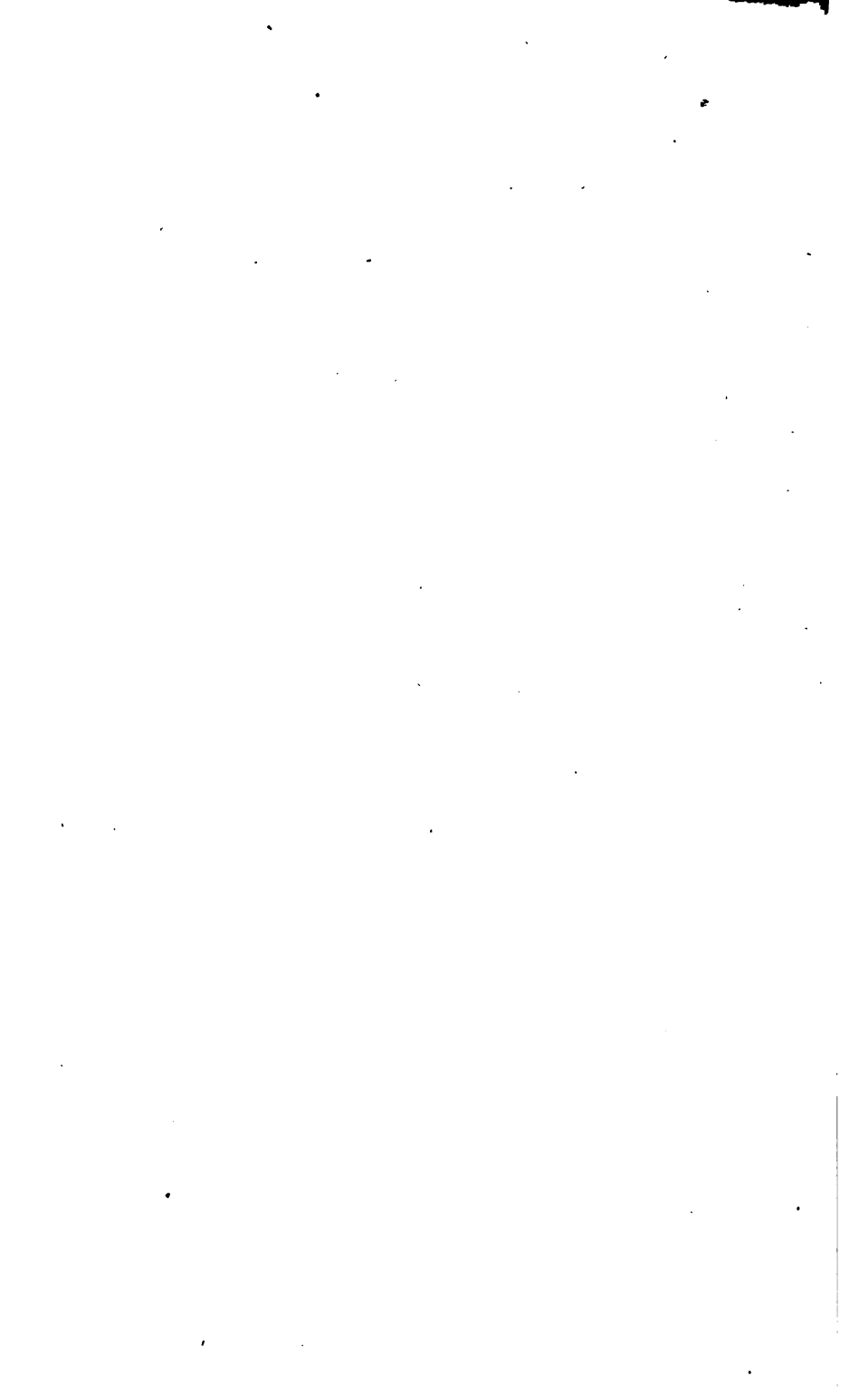
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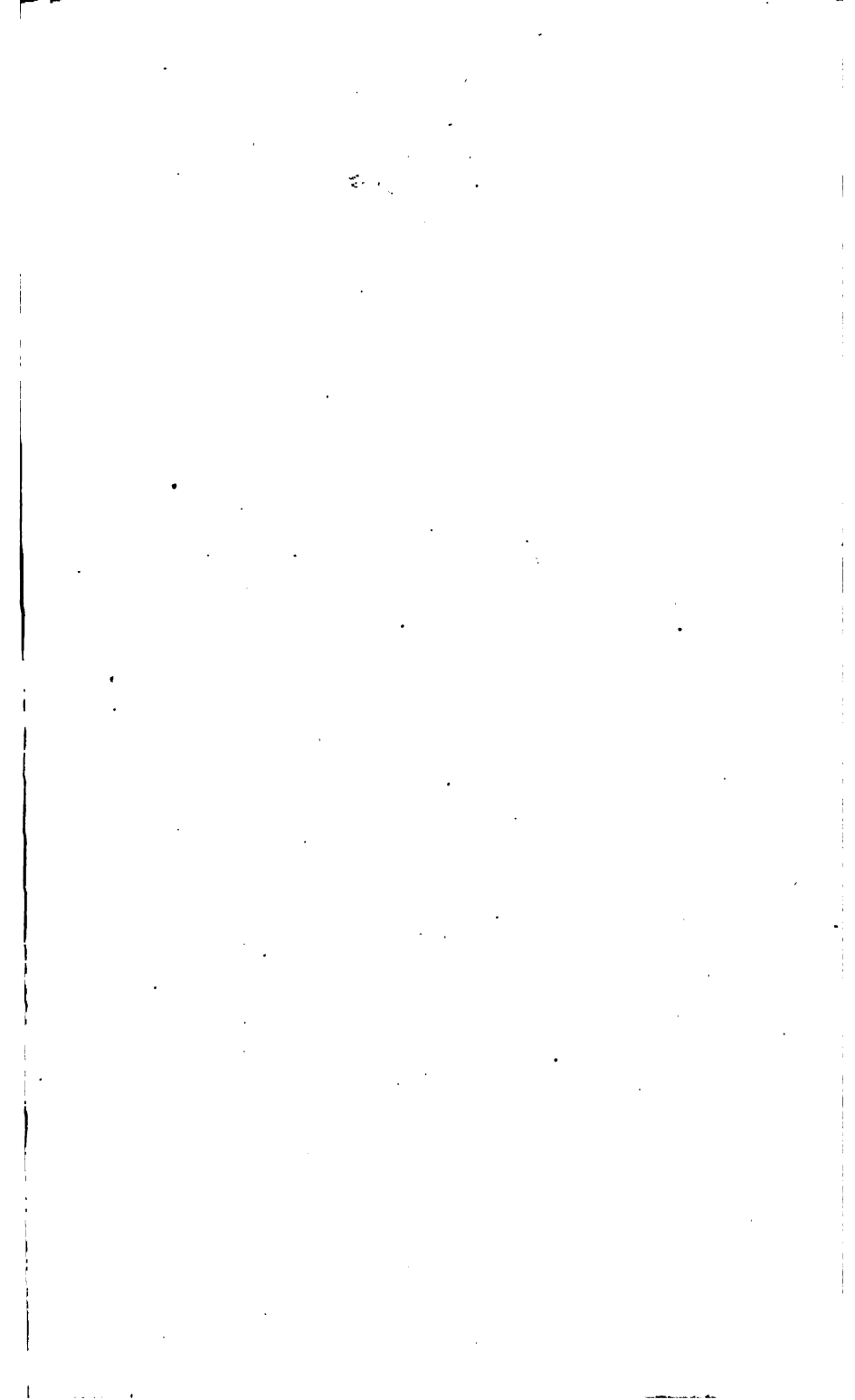


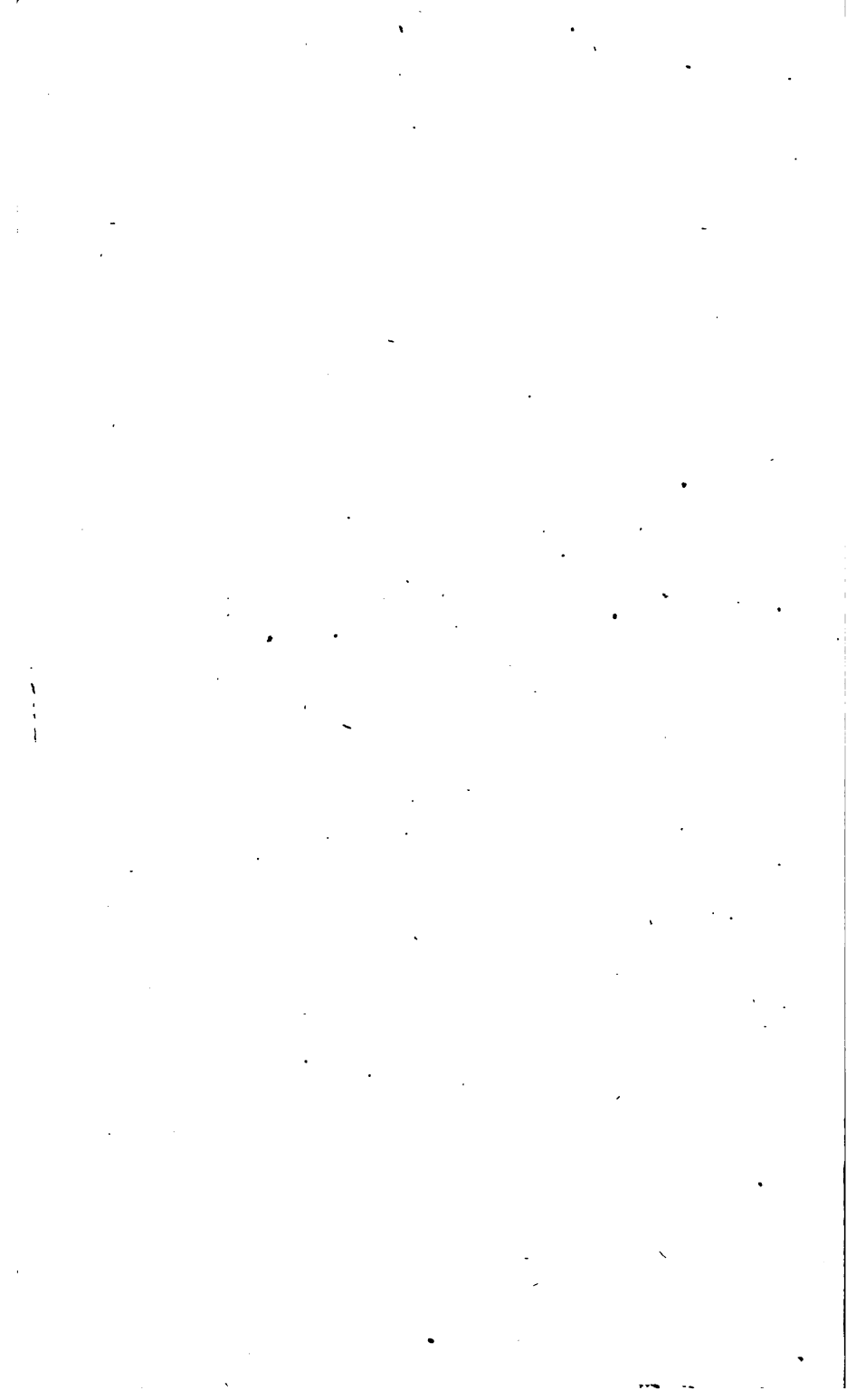












ON THE
BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES
OF
N A T U R E.



J W Russell to F S Webb June 1853

ON THE
BEAUTIES,
HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES
OF
N A T U R E:
WITH
OCCASIONAL REMARKS
ON THE
LAWS, CUSTOMS, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS
OF
VARIOUS NATIONS.

Charles Bucke

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THE
BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES

OF
NATURE.

BOOK VII.

CHAPTER I.

As there are in nature many contrasts, there are, also, many resemblances, though there are no likenesses. Some of these resemblances constitute the best media, by which the several portions of nature may be associated, or contrasted, with each other. The sciences become simplified by this method. Since illustrations of excursion, if the term may be allowed, impart beauty to strength; colour to form; variety to monotony; and render more evident Nature's unison of systematic accordance. The perfume of the citron may be imparted to less favoured fruits, by infusing its essence into the sap of their roots.

Plants claim some affinity with animals. The stalk of the former resembles the body of the latter;

2 *Analogies between Plants and Animals.*

the root the stomach ; the bark the skin ; the pith the marrow ; and the juice the blood. Like animals, too, plants are subject to a great variety of disorders. They imbibe air and moisture by their leaves ; and food by their roots ;—both being transubstantiated into their own substance : as theirs is afterwards employed in the structure of animals. For the entire frame of animated being derives its form and its consistence from vegetable organizations.

Some writers confound sensation with the power of motion : and if no motion is perceived, they cannot imagine the existence of sensation. Oysters have no more the locomotive power than thistles ; and they can no more forsake the beds, in which they are deposited by the tide, than fishes can swim without water, or birds and insects fly without air. Vegetable sensation, however, is not animal sensation ; and it is no superficial mode of supporting this argument to observe, that, as Nature has given compensations to all, she would never have ordained so cruel a result as animal sensation to plants, without giving in return the power of defence. A few plants, it is true, seem to be endued with this faculty : some by the noxiousness of their qualities ; and others by the peculiarity of their structures : as the nettle, the thistle, the *solima tangere*, the thorn, the rose, the holly, the *kamadu* of Japan, with the deadly nightshade, and other poisonous plants. Yet these plants, armed as some of them are against attacks, and as others are against animal use, support innumerable insects. Some plants open their petals to receive rain : others

avoid it. Some contract on the approach of a storm; and others at the approach of night; while some expand and blossom only to the evening air. Near the Cape, certain flowers form a species of chronometer. The *Moræa unguiculata*¹ and *undulata* open at nine in the morning, and close at four; the *Ixia cinnamomea*² opens at the time the other closes; and sheds a delicious perfume during the night. The Mexican marvel of Peru³ also closes at four.

II.

The stamina of the flowers of sorrel thorn are so peculiarly irritable, that, when touched, they will incline almost two inches; and the upper joint of the leaf of the *Ploucea* is formed like a machine to catch food. When an insect, therefore, settles upon its glands, the tender parts become irritated; the two lobes rise up, grasp the insect, and crush it to death. The sensitive plant shrinks back and folds its leaves upon being touched, after the manner of a snail; and a species of the *hedysarum* of Bengal has its leaves during the day in continual motion; on the approach of night these leaves sink from their erect posture and seem to repose: Nor is this motion confined to the time of being in full perfection; for if a branch is cut off and placed in water, the leaves will, for the space of an entire day, continue the same motion;

¹ Bot. Mag. 712.

² *Hesperantha*, ibid. 1054.

³ *Mirabilis dichotoma*.

4 *Analogies between Plants and Animals.*

and if any thing is placed to stop it, no sooner is the obstacle removed, than the plant resumes its activity with greater velocity than it did before ; as if it endeavoured to recover the motion it had previously lost. Mons. Descarnet¹ and other writers suppose, that this irritability is ordained by nature for promoting generation. As the motion is constant during the day, this reason is insufficient : unless we can suppose, that the organs of generation are in a constant state of irritable excitement. But these instances are exceptions to the general rule, and form links serving to connect the sensation of vegetables with those of animals ; for it is not unreasonable to suppose, that plants may differ in feelings as well as in appearance ; and that trees, shrubs, flowers, and roots, may have distinct gradations of sensation.

The plane-tree exhibits the power of exercising a sagacity for securing food, not unworthy of an animal. Lord Kaimes relates, that among the ruins of New Abbey, in the county of Galway, there grew, in his time, on the top of one of its walls, a plane-tree, upwards of 20 feet in height. Thus situated, it became straightened for food and moisture, and, therefore, gradually directed its roots down the side of the wall, till they reached the ground, at the distance of ten feet. When they had succeeded in this attempt, the upper roots no longer shot out fibres, but united in one ; and shoots vigorously sprung up from the root, that had succeeded in reaching the earth.

¹ Annales de Chimie, No. 86.

The island of St. Lucia¹ presents a still more curious phenomenon in the animal flower. This organization lives in a large basin, the water of which is brackish. It is more brilliant than the marygold, which it resembles. But when the hand is extended towards it, it recoils, and retires, like a snail, into the water. It is supposed to live upon the spawn of fish. Some caterpillars in China burrow in the ground, at the approach of winter, to the roots of plants, and fasten there. Hence for many ages² it was supposed, in that country, that it was a worm in summer and a plant in winter. Humboldt, in sounding the channel between Alegranga and Clara Montana³, brought up a substance, of which he was unable to determine whether it was a sea-weed or a zoophyte; it exhibited no sign of irritability, even on the application of galvanic electricity. He supposed it, therefore, to occupy the space between the vegetable and zoophyte kingdoms.

Some years since, a lady resided in a small village in, the county of Carmarthen, whose conversation was distinguished by an unusual degree of elegance. She was a little disordered in her mind; a malady, which was supposed to have originated from an attachment to the late most admirable Sir W. Jones. This derangement, however, was partial; being chiefly exhibited in her eating little or nothing but herbs; in walking on high pattens in the midst of summer; in

¹ Phil. Mag. vol. li. p. 152.

² Thunberg, vol. iii. p. 70.

³ Voy. Equinoct. Regions, vol. i. p. 85.

holding a rod, six feet high, in her hand by way of walking-stick ; and in fastening a large muff beneath her bosom with a leathern strap. "I am convinced," said she to me, one day, as we were walking on the borders of the Towy, "I am convinced that these mosses, on which we are now walking, have sensation : for last night I put some of them into a glass among other flowers ; and this morning I find them much more lively in appearance, than when I plucked them from their parent roots. I have no doubt, they derived comfort from the delicious perfumes, of the violets, which the glass contained ; as well as from the water, in which I put their stalks."

This idea, extravagant as it may appear to some, does not appear equally so to me ; for that some flowers thrive or fade in proportion to the assimilation of plants, near which they grow, I have had many opportunities of observing ; at first with doubt, but at length with an assurance entirely amounting to conviction.

III.

Some of the ancients imagined vegetables to have souls, distinct from their bodies ; and the priests of Siam extended to them even the principle of transmigration and immortality. Some have even regarded them as deities. The Egyptians worshipped the lotus, and a veneration for plants prevailed formerly in Peru. Virgil¹, in the height of poetical excursion, has given

¹ Æn. iii.

plants the power even to speak; a figure sufficiently extravagant; and yet it has had the honour of captivating poets no less distinguished than Tasso¹, Ariosto, and Spenser². There is only one species of the tamarind-tree; and that is a native, not only of Egypt, Arabia, and Hindostan, but of America. Of the Barringtonia, also, only one species has been yet discovered; and that is equally indigenous in China and Otaheite. These, and other instances, would seem at first view to confirm an opinion, generated by Linnaeus, *viz* :—that plants were originally created with a power of producing their own species only, without any admixture of kinds; and that they will continue so to procreate to the end of time. Subsequent experience, however, has proved, that the farina of one plant, fecundating the pistillum of another, produces varieties, capable of procreating sons and daughters; as well as the different plants of which they were themselves composed. New plants, also, are created by engrafting. The bergamot citron was produced by an Italian having accidentally engrafted a citron on the stock of a bergamot pear. From this plant is distilled the essence of bergamot.

Some animals have an analagous origin. Foxes will copulate with dogs; horses with asses; pheasants with turkies; and the whole tribe of pigeons came originally from the stock dove. The cassican bears so great an affinity with the rollers, toucans, and orioles, that it is reasonable to suppose it to have originally

¹ Jer. Lib. xlii. st. 41.

² Faerie Queene, c. ii. st. 30.

sprung from an union between some of those birds. The lama proceeded from the guanaco, with which it is still observed to herd: and though some suppose the domestic goat to be descended from the ibex, or the caucasian, Buffon is perhaps justified in believing, that all the goat genus proceeded originally from the wild goat and chamois antelope.

Plants produce not only plants, but they are mothers, as it were, to innumerable insects; almost equally invisible to us as to them. Myriads live and die upon the small capacity of a rose leaf! In the flowers of thyme St. Pierre, through a small microscope, noted what he calls flagons, from which seemed to flow ingots of liquid gold. But had he put a few leaves of the same plant into a glass of pure water, he would have beheld, within the short space of five days, in a single globule millions of animalcules of infusion; darting, turning, and swimming with a celerity, animation, and velocity, that baffles both the eye and the judgment. Almost equal results may be observed in the infusions of barley, oats, wheat, pepper, and bay-leaves. At Batavia, if a glass of water is taken out of the canal, in a few hours¹ a mass of animated matter is seen moving in endless divisions and subdivisions, and with a most astonishing celerity.

The arctic raspberry is so diminutive a plant², that a phial, capable of holding only six ounces of alcohol, will contain not only its fruit and its leaves, but its branches: The smallest of birds in Europe is the

¹ Barrow, Cochin China, 231, 4to.

² Clarke, Scandinavia, 459.

golden crested wren ; the smallest in America is the humming bird ; while the most diminutive of all quadrupeds is the pigmy mouse of Siberia. But the numbers of these animals is comparatively small. The astonishing increase of insects is caused by the short period, intervening between impregnation and parturition. In the human species the period is nine months ; and yet the power of progressive numbers is so great, that it has been calculated, and with truth¹, that at the distance of twenty generations, every man has not less than 1,048,576 ancestors ; and at the end of forty generations, even the square of that number ; viz. one million millions.

IV.

The fructification of plants is exceedingly curious. Among insects one female is married to a multitude of males ; among quadrupeds polygamy chiefly predominates ; but among plants the polyandrian system almost universally prevails ; one female having often more than twenty husbands, attended by two remarkable phenomena : 1st. that no plant, tree, shrub, or flower, has yet been discovered, in which the corolla has eleven males. The number eleven, indeed, seems to be totally unknown in botany. 2dly. That out of 11,500 species of plants, enumerated in the first thirteen classes of the Cambridge collection, there is not a single hermaphrodite plant, in which the females exceed the males. The females of some flowers depend upon the wind, others upon insects,

¹ Blackstone's Comment. b. ii. ch. 14. p. 204.

for their impregnation ; since the pollen of the male is wafted to the stigmata on the wings, the thorax, the abdomen, the proboscis, or the antennæ of those flies, wasps, and bees, that rob them of their nectar.

But some plants, even of the most general classes, produce seeds without receiving pollen from the male. Hens, in the same manner, lay eggs without being visited by the cock : but seeds, thus formed, will never fructify ; nor will eggs, thus laid, produce living animals. Some plants, too, grow upon other plants. The mistletoe rises out of the oak and the apple ; and the mountain ash frequently springs from a berry, deposited by a bird in the chink of a yew-tree. The American *loranthus* climbs the *coccoloba*¹ *grandiflora*, and other high trees, in Jamaica, Hayti, Martinico, and Barbadoes ; and its roots, like ivy, fixing firmly to their bark, like other parasitical plants, they borrow nourishment from the trees to which they cling. There is a mushroom which grows on the upper extremities of the white pines of Canada ; and in the forest of Geltaðalo, the Earl of Carlisle has an ash, an alder, and a mountain ash, growing out of the same solid trunk. Here, too, we may mark some resemblance with the manners of birds and insects. The cuckoo lays its eggs in the nest of a hedge-sparrow ; the long-eared owl lays its eggs in the old nest of a magpie ; and the hornet-fly deposits hers in the cells of an humblebee. Some birds, as the American goat-sucker, make no nest at all ; but drop their eggs, as many fishes shed

¹ Jâcquin. *Flora Austriaca*, 73, 77.

their spawn, careless what becomes of them. Birds, however, are for the most part assiduous in their paternal duties. Some plants bear analogies even with these: the tamarind closes upon its fruit, when the sun has set, in order to preserve it from the dew; and in Ceylon and in Java grows a plant¹ remarkable for having a small vegetable bag attached to the base of its leaves. This bag is covered with a lid, which moves on a strong fibre, answering the purpose of a hinge. When dews rise, or rains descend, this lid opens; when the bag is saturated, the lid falls, and closes so tightly that no evaporation can take place. The moisture, thus imbibed, cherishes the seed, and is gradually absorbed into the body of the plant. Sharks permit their young ones to retreat, in times of danger, into their stomachs; and there are some land animals, also, that possess the power of resisting the action of the gastric juice.

Some flowers are even viviparous; but I know of none that bear even a distant relation to the toad; which impregnates the eggs of the female as they issue from her anus. The potatoe, on the other hand, claims a peculiarity, on behalf of vegetables, not unworthy of observation. It produces more abundantly from a small portion of its fruit, than from the seed itself. There is nothing in animals associating with this. Some plants, too, have not even so much as a root. The *fucus natans* and the *conferva vagabundi* swim on the surface of the sea like a nautilus. They may, therefore, not inaptly be styled plants of

¹ The *Nepenthes distillatoria*. Voy. Cochin-China, 189, 4to.

passage. The former swims upon the grassy sea ; and the latter among the estuaries of Carnaryon and Merioneth, and not unfrequently in Milford Haven. Some plants may, also, be propagated by being engrafted or inoculated. Thus by inoculating one tree with the buds of others, several fruits may be made to grow upon one tree. Engrafting is performed either by insinuating a bud or scion into the stock, into the rind, into the bark, between the rind and the bark, or into the root itself.

In general economy, the internal structure of viviparous and oviparous animals are different ; but in serpents the conformation of both is the same. In the leech there seems to be no passage, by which it can eject the blood it has taken into its body. It will remain clotted, but not putrified, for months ; and little altered either in texture or consistence. It probably exudes by medium of the pores. Insects have no bones :—their blood is not red :—their mouths open lengthwise :—they have no eyelids :—and their lungs open at their sides. They seem to have the capacity of hearing, but they have no ears. Lizards exhibit remarkable phenomena. They are neither beast, fish, bird, serpent, nor insect ; and yet, in some measure, they share the natures of them all. Some are viviparous, like beasts, as the *Lophius piscatorius* ; others oviparous, like birds : some shed spawn like fishes ; some have teeth like serpents ; and others none, like many insects.

Some plants bear fruit on the backs of their leaves : as spleenwort, maiden hair, fern, brake, pepper

grass, and many species of moss. After the same manner, the Lapland marmot, the spider, and the American scorpion, carry their young upon their backs, wherever they go, in case of alarm. The monoculus insect carries its young on its back even in the water; but the Surinam toad exhibits a still more wonderful phenomenon:—its eggs are buried in the skin of its back. When the animals, enclosed in those eggs, burst from their shells, the mother is seen crawling, with her family riding on her person; some still in the egg; others just emerging out of it; and some clinging to various parts of her body.

V.

Affinities of electricity may be traced in marine substances, in insects, vegetable oils, and mineral essences. In $42^{\circ} 30'$ south of the Line¹ are seen a multitude of minute sea animals, emitting colours equal to those of the most brilliant sapphires and rubies. When observed by candle-light, they appear of a pale green. In the Gulf of Guinea, ships seem frequently to sail, at night, in a sea of milk²; a whiteness, which is occasioned by pellucid salpæ, and crustaceous animals of the scyllarus genus, attached to them. Other oceans contain a particular species of sea anemones, so brilliant, that the terms white, carmine, and ultra-marine, are³ insufficient to ex-

¹ Cook.² Tuckey, p. 48, 4to.³ Abbé Dieguemarre, Phil. Trans. for 1773, art. 37.

press their beauty. In the River St. Lawrence¹, luminous appearances are caused by a vast number of porpoises darting and crossing each other with great velocity. Star fishes, also, float on the surface of the sea in summer, and emit light like phosphorus. By land these luminous appearances are far from being unknown; though in instances more detached.

When Misson² was in Italy, he observed the hedges, bushes, fields, and trees, covered with innumerable flies (*lucicole*), which gave great splendour to the evening air. The *fulgoria candelaria*, and the *diadema*, give equal brilliancy to many parts of China and India. In the Torrid Zone, also, countless multitudes of phosphorescent insects³ fly in all directions, and give light to groves of palms and mimosas. The *elata noctilucus* of South America emits a light so brilliant, that ten of them are equal to the effulgence of a candle: while the Peruvian *fulgoria*, having a head nearly as large as its entire body, is so luminous, that four, tied to the branch of a tree, are carried, near Surinam, to guide travellers by night. Light is emitted, also, by dead plants, and rotten carcasses; while sulphuric acid, if mixed with water, emits a heat more violent than even boiling water.

Under the influence of fire, coal elicits a red flame; jet a green, and amber a white one. The Siberian topaz becomes white; the Brazilian topaz red; the

¹ Auberey's Travels in Amer. vol. i. p. 26.

² Misson's Travels, vol. ii. p. 324.

³ *Lampyris Italica*, L. *noctiluca*.

chrysolite fades of its green; and Oriental sapphire, from a deep blue, becomes so brilliant, that they are frequently taken for diamonds. At Anciliff, in Lancashire, there is a well, the vapour of which is so impregnated with sulphur, that, by applying a light to it, it burns like the flame of spirits. In the Grotto del Cane, on the road from Naples to Puzzuoli, carbonic acid gas exists in a state of purity, unmixed with the atmosphere. It rises, however, only three feet from the bottom of the grotto; so that a man may enter the cave without danger. But if an animal is held to the floor, for a short space of time, it loses all appearance of life; a state, however, from which it soon recovers if it be thrown into the adjoining lake. A torch, taken into this cave, blazes with brilliancy; but if held within three feet of the floor, it becomes immediately extinguished. In Germany there is an odoriferous plant, belonging to the Decandria monogynia class and order, which blossoms in June and July; and which, when approached of a calm night, with a candle, becomes luminous: this arises from the finer parts of its essential oil dissolving in the atmospherical air; and impregnating it.

: Kircher relates, that, near the village of Pietra Mala, in Tuscany, he observed the air frequently to sparkle in the night time. This fire was called *Fuogo del legno*: and probably proceeded, like the *ignis fatuus*, from phosphorated hydrogen gas: since that combination fires spontaneously at any temperature of the atmosphere. Salt produced from

a solution of copper in nitric acid, if sprinkled with water over tin foil, and wrapt up suddenly, will elicit sparks of fire from the tin foil: and filings of zinc, mixed with gunpowder, produce those stars and spangles, in artificial fireworks, which it is impossible not to admire.

VI.

If some vegetables exist without roots, there are animated beings, in return, which are propagated after the manner of plants. The earthworm may be divided into two parts; upon which each part becomes a perfect worm. The head portion acquires a tail; and the tail portion acquires a head. The starfish may be divided into many parts with similar effects: but the polypus may be divided and subdivided into 500; and thus by compulsion become the parent of 500 others. Indeed polypi exhibit the most wonderful phenomena, in respect to propagation, of any objects in nature; for they propagate like quadrupeds; like insects; like fishes; and like plants. Some are viviparous; and some issue from an egg; some are multiplied by cuttings, and others grow out of the bodies of their parent like buds out of trees: and from which they fall, much after the manner of the testuca ovina of northern latitudes. It may here be remarked, that, though in general plants are extremely regular in producing their relative and respective number of males and females, they do not do so always. In the flower called the Turk's cap

I have observed corollas containing seven, and even eight stamens, growing on the same branch with corollas having only their usual number of six.

Lizards, serpents, lobsters, and some insects, have no apparent organs of generation : they are, therefore, supposed to have the wonderful faculty of impregnating themselves. In this they bear some affinity with the attica-tree of Ceylon, which produces fruit from the trunk and branches without flowering. The cryptogamia class of plants, also, entirely conceal their fructification. Indeed it is impossible to determine where the separate species of life and being begin and terminate. I am persuaded that even the hairs of the head, and other parts of the frame, are animals distinct from, though growing out of the body. They have roots like the bulbs of plants ; and, being nourished by the blood vessels, as vegetables are nourished by the earth, they have sometimes grown, as Malpighi confesses, so thick and strong as to exude blood. The hair of the tails of horses even acquire voluntary motion, after being for some time emerged in water. I am persuaded, also, that every stamen, every pistyl, every petal, and every leaf, however small, and however large, are distinct beings from each other : though of the same nature. The corolla of a flower is a collection of petals, forming a house for the males and the females : they all rise and have their being from one seed ; but the seed, from which they rise, contains in its embryo the rudiments of every portion of the future plant.

VII.

Whether minerals grow and propagate has not been ascertained, either in the negative or in the affirmative. Signor di Gimbernat has discovered lately in the thermal waters of Baden and Ischia, a substance, similar to skin and flesh : he calls it *zoo-gene* ; being a species of mineral animal matter. Future investigation will lead to some important results, in respect to the connection, which this substance has with the kingdom of nature. Indeed, wonderful discoveries are yet in store for learned men : since potash has been discovered in *gehlente*, needle stone, and *datolite* ; all of which yield a transparent jelly, when acted upon by acids. Tournefort believed that minerals emanated from seeds, as plants do : and the Otaheitans once were so extravagant as to think, that rocks were male and female, and begat soil. Milton, in the range of his vivid imagination, imparts the sexual properties even to the particles of light¹. Globes, also, have been said to be animated bodies ; whence have emanated planets and satellites, as stars issue out of rockets, when let off in a serene atmosphere. Upon this principle the sun itself is an animal. These ideas, however, must, for the present, be esteemed poetical. If minerals grow, they grow differently from plants ; as well as from all other organized bodies.

If nature has her resemblances, she has also her anomalies. The naked eye can discern in truffles

¹ B. viii. l. 150.

neither root, stem, leaves, flower, nor fruit. The *osyris japonica*¹ has flowers upon the middle of its leaves: club-moss has two kinds of seeds growing on the same plant: and the same has been supposed to be the case in the genera *fucus* and *conferva*. These are wonderful phenomena! They were first observed by Dilleneius; and their separate germinations were afterwards described by Brotero. The parasitical *epidendrum mobile*² lives years with only the imbibings of rain and dew. It does not fasten its roots in the ground; and is, therefore, frequently hung upon pegs. Some plants of the desert have been taken up, and kept without moisture even for three years; and yet have vegetated³. The phoke⁴ of the Caubul deserts has flowers, but no leaves; its branches are green, and run into twigs, terminating in branches; soft and full of sap. Camels are partial to it. It is remarkable, that in Asia and Africa, where grass will not grow, the most beautiful flowers and shrubs flourish luxuriantly. In Australia, where vegetable and mineral productions run in veins nearly north and south⁵, timber degenerates as the land improves; and the most nourishing⁶ of all vegetables in the range of the Arctic circle, grows best in sterile places. The "king of Candia"⁷ has red clusters of flowers, which grow close to the ground. Before these clusters unfold, the leaves wither, and do not

¹ Thunberg, vol. iii. 161.

² Ibid. p. 212.

³ Ibid. vol. iv. 269.

⁴ Elphinstone, p. 4, 4to.

⁵ Oxley, p. 268, 4to.

⁶ Lichen rangeferinus, Flor. Jap. 332

⁷ *Hæmanthus Coccineus*.

renew till the fruit falls. In all countries where the champaka¹ grows, its colour is yellow; except in Sumatra, where it is blue. This exception is so remarkable, that the Bramins believe that it once grew in Paradise. On the banks of the Ganges, near Hurdwar, is a grass², which, when trampled upon, diffuses a grateful perfume; and in the territory of Istakhar there is said to be an apple, one half of which is sour, and the other sweet. These instances are very remarkable; but in the olive and potatoe are peculiarities still more curious. The olive is propagated by cuttings, and by procuring wild plants from the woods. It will not grow from the seed, unless it first passes through the intestines of some bird, which divests it of those oily particles, which prevent water penetrating it and causing the kernel to expand. The same effect may, probably, be produced by macerating the seed in an alkaline lixivium. In respect to the potatoe, what can be more curious in fecundation, than the circumstance, that when this plant is propagated by cuttings, those cuttings will produce roots of the same quality; but when it is propagated by seed, scarcely two roots resemble each other in form, in size, colour, or flavour. In animated beings, too, it is not incurious to remark one or two of those peculiarities, which exemplify the boundless variety of Nature. The eggs of poultry, near Oojain in the Mahratta states, frequently contain two yolks: their bones, too, are black; while in Europe they are

¹ Marsden, Sumatra.

² Jones on the Ancient Spikenard.

white, and in Malabar red. In London may, at this moment, be seen a redbreast with red eyes, yellow bill and legs, white feathers, and white claws. The species of colymbus, known in Sweden by the name of the lomm¹, has feet; but as they are turned towards the tail², it is unable to walk. In the genus lytta, the Spanish female fly courts the male; and usurps the station in fecundation, which, in other animals, is usurped by the male. This is, I believe, the only instance of the kind, that has yet been observed in natural economy. In minerals many anomalies and resemblances have, also, been observed. The vinegar-stone attracts vinegar, yet cannot remain in it: and there is a stone which may be set on fire by water, and extinguished by oil: but as an analogy between vegetables and minerals is indicated by some remarkable coincidences, observable in the effects of metallic and vegetable galvanic batteries³, future experience will probably account for those remarkable peculiarities, which at present baffle the subtlety of the human mind.

How many species of sensation Nature has created, it were impossible even to conjecture: but, by all the rules of analogy, it is evident that there are at least three; the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal. These species are subdivided into orders; each of which are experienced in regular gradation, according to the body to which

¹ Clarke, Scandinavia, 310.

² Scheffer de Avibus, 349.

³ Proved by Baronio of Naples.

it belongs. Thus in the mineral world earths have a less perfect sensation than bitumen and sulphur; these yield to metals; metals to vitriols; vitriols to salts; salts to chrystallizations; and chrystallizations to what are called stones. The mineral is connected to the vegetable world by the amianthes and lytophites. Here a new species of sensation begins; a sensation partaking of the united qualities of mineral and vegetable; having the former in a much greater degree than the latter. Vegetable is more acute than mineral sensation; and, at the same time, more delicate. Its degrees and qualities aspire, in regular order, from the root to the moving plant. The polypus unites plants to insects; the tube-worm seems to connect insects with shells and reptiles; the sea-eel and the water-serpent connect reptiles with fishes; the flying-fish form the link between fishes and birds; bats and flying squirrels associate birds with quadrupeds; and the various gradations of monkeys and apes fill up the space between quadrupeds and men.

VIII.

It is curious, also, to observe the analogies of animals, in respect to their construction, capabilities, manners, and habits. Let us allude to a few of them. Wild horses live in communities, consisting of from ten to twenty, in the deserts of Western Tartary, and in the southern regions of Siberia. Each community is governed by a chief. The females bring forth one at a birth; which, if a male, is chased from the herd, when he

arrives at maturity; and wanders about till he has assembled a few mares, to establish an empire of his own. While feeding, or sleeping, the tribe place a sentinel, who is ever on the watch; and who, on all occasions for alarm, gives signals by neighing; on hearing which the whole party set off with a speed equal to that of the wind. Wild asses congregate in the same manner. Antelopes associate in bodies, frequently to the number of three thousand. The wild lamas of the Cordilleras herd, also, in large flocks; and appoint sentinels, who stand upon the summit of a precipice. In their habits they bear a great affinity with antelopes. The Arctic walrus sleeps with a herd, consisting of many hundreds, on the islands of ice along the coast of Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla; Hudson's Bay; the Gulph of St. Lawrence; and the Icy Sea. Ursine seals, too, are gregarious: each family consisting of from ten to fifty females, besides their young; commanded by the father, who exercises despotic authority.

Violet crabs live in communities among the mountains of the Caribbee Islands; whence they emigrate, in immense bodies, every year, to the sea shore, in order to deposit their eggs. Green turtles, too, are gregarious. On shore they prefer the mangrove and the black-wood tree: but in the sea they feed upon weeds, as land animals do upon grass. When the sun shines, they are seen, many fathoms deep, feeding in flocks, like deer. Bees, wasps, and ants, congregate together in a manner still more wonderful.

In some animals we observe a propensity to hoard, for the satisfaction of the next day's appetite : in others for the entire winter's supply. This useful instinct is possessed by the beaver; the striped dormouse; the earless marmot; and the Alpine mole. Some birds have the same foresight; as the nuthatch and the tanager of the Mississippi: the former hoarding nuts, the latter maize. Some animals there are, which take pleasure in hoarding what can never be of use to them; as the raven, the jackdaw, the magpie, and the nut-cracker of Lorraine. Some quadrupeds assimilate in the custom of sleeping by day, and being active by night; such as the Egyptian jerboa; the wandering mouse; the hedge-hog; the six-banded armadillo; the great ant-eater; the tapir; the Brazilian porcupine; the flying squirrel of North and South America; and the hippopotamus of the Nile and the Niger. This curious propensity is observed, also, among some birds, insects, and fishes; as the owl; the finch of Hudson's Bay; the white throat; the goat-sucker; the eel; the turtle; and the moth. With these we may associate those flowers, which expand their blossoms during the evening and the night; as the Pomeridian pink; nocturnal catchfly; several species of moss; the nightshade of Peru; the nightingale flower of the Cape; the cereus grandiflorus; and the tree of melancholy, growing in the Moluccas: the numerous family of the confervæ; charas; many kinds of ranunculi; and almost every species of aquatic plant. The Triste geranium, also,

(first brought into this country in 1632), has little or no scent in the middle of the day ; but in the night it sheds an exquisite perfume.

Many beautiful flowers have no scent ; many beautiful birds have no song ; and many animals of symmetrical shapes are of no use to mankind. Some plants will exist for months without water ; serpents are equally abstinent ; and sloths will live forty days without any description of food. Analogies may be traced even in contrasts. Thus the most medicinal roots, the best gums, and the most odoriferous spices, are from countries producing the most destructive of animals : as the condor, the dodo, the cassawary ; alligators, crocodiles, and serpents ; leopards, panthers, tigers, locusts, land-crabs, and rattlesnakes.

IX.

Few animals require habitations ; they being sufficiently protected by their wool, hair, or scales. The soldier-crab, however, clothes himself in the discarded shell of a lobster. On the banks of the Congo, the African ants erect mushroom-like habitations, sometimes forming whole villages. Beavers shew more intellect, in respect to their securities, than any other animal : and not only build in a manner more consonant with reason, than the savage by whom they are pursued from one rivulet to another, but are more than equal to him in providing against the intensity of cold and the vicissitudes of want. The huts of New Caledonia were nothing more than sticks, set up closely together ; on which were placed flags and

coarse grass. Their parallels may, occasionally, be seen in Gloucester and Monmouth shires; where wood is cut for charcoal. In the Manillas, trees budding, blossoming, and bearing fruit all the year, the inhabitants in past ages had only trees for their houses; and removed from one place to another, as they consumed the fruit.

Some insects form nests for their young; others have methods still more curious for their protection. The ichneumon fly deposits its eggs in the body of a caterpillar with the point of its sting. These become maggots, and feed upon the live body of the caterpillar, that matured them. The sphix genus of insects are less cruel: for they deposit their's only in spiders and caterpillars that are already dead. The oxfly lays its eggs in the skins of oxen: another species in the nostrils of sheep; and another upon the manes and hair of horses; which the horse, licking, takes into its stomach; where they become bots, and not unfrequently cause the horse's death. The chegoe of the West Indies lays its eggs even under the skin of men's legs; and unless the bag is removed, a mortification frequently ensues.

Animals of different genera resemble each other, not unfrequently, in the attitudes they respectively assume. The leech, when touched, rolls itself into a spherical form. The gally-worm, also, rolls itself up like a ball: so does the oniscus armadillo: and the domesticus dermestes, when alarmed in the least degree, draws its feet under its abdomen, and its head under its thorax, and seems to be dead.

Thus these insects have an affinity in manners with the hedge-hog and the three-banded armadillo. This latter animal, armed with a shell, is almost invulnerable: but, when pursued by hunters, it throws itself down; coils itself up; and rolls down precipices; leaving the hunter, while lamenting its escape, to admire its courage. The drum-fish of Peru, in the same manner, inflates itself, when alarmed, till it is round: when none of its enemies can either bite or swallow it. Its size prevents the latter, and its shape the former.

X.

Curious affinities may be traced, not only in the manners, but in the language of different animals. There are many points of resemblance between the eagle and the lion. The Hindûstan antelope chews the cud like a lama; lies down and rises up like a camel; croaks like a raven; and, at a certain time of the year, has a rattling in its throat, like a deer. The eared owl of Brazil sports and frolics like a monkey. The Leonine seals roar like angry bulls; the female lows like a calf, and the young ones bleat like sheep: while the raven fowls like a hawk; fetches and carries like a dog; steals like a jay; smells like a stork; whistles like a boy; speaks like a man; and sings like a woman. Similarities may be observed, too, in the separate parts of particular animals. Thus the camelopard has horns like a deer; and a neck, in some measure, like a camel: it is spotted like a leopard; and it has a tongue and ears like a

cow. The Nhu antelope has the mane of a horse ; the head of a heifer ; and its hind parts resemble those of a mule. The barbyrousa of Boura has the shape of a stag ; a nose and tail like a boar ; feet like those of a goat ; the legs of a roe-buck ; and hair like that of a greyhound. We might even trace resemblances not only in plants but in minerals. The coffee-plant resembles the orange in size, and the jessamine in flower ; and chrystals may be called the blossoms of stones.

Some animals bear resemblances to each other in having olfactory partialities and antipathies. The olfactory power of rein-deer is so great, that they can ascertain where the lichen rangiferinus lies buried under the snow. When they come to a spot where it is concealed, they smell it, and dig for it. The Polar bear has a great antipathy to the smell of burnt feathers. Several ostriches lay eggs in one nest. If they are touched by any one, they discover it on their return by the smell : they break the eggs ; and never again lay in the same nest. Even insects enjoy the olfactory sense. Bees and flies love the perfume of flowers ; ants hate cajeput oil ; and cock-roaches hate camphor. Some animals are peculiarly sensitive to particular sounds. Horses become animated at the sound of trumpets ; and at the cry of dogs in the chase. Elephants delight in music ; the camel, when fatigued with a long journey over the Deserts, will revive in an instant, if its master sing loudly, or play upon any musical instrument. Bees are soothed by timbrels ; and mullets are attracted to

the hooks of African negroes, by clappers; which the waves knock against pieces of wood to which they are attached.

XI.

We may even recognize human characters in animals: Nature frequently translating the same sentence into various languages. Mons. Ventenat seems inclined to extend these analogies even to the external character of plants. Hence he calls a flower of New South Wales, *Josephina*, from the beauty of its corolla, and the elevation of its stalk: and a tree from Owara M. de Beauvais named *Napoleon*, from its splendour, and from the circumstance of its presenting the figure of a double crown. Animal resemblances are, however, more positive. In the jay we may trace the airs of a petulant girl; the magpie has all the restlessness, flippancy, vanity, and intrusion of the beau: while in the young bullfinch we recognize a young woman, modest and good-humoured, imitating the manners and virtues of her mother. The caprices and propensities of a goat, the debauchee acknowledges for his own: and the selfish we may compare to the one-horned rhinoceros; since it is incapable either of gratitude or attachment: The intemperate to the rougette bat, intoxicating itself with the juice of a palm-tree: a man easy of forgiveness resembles the Cape antelope: fierce when assailed; yet taking food within a minute, even from the hand which struck it. While a man who derives

his enjoyments from his family, seems animated with the same spirit as the antelope of Scythia, which will seldom eat, unless surrounded by its mate and her little ones. Envious men and calumniating women we may compare to serpent-eaters; such as porcupines¹, the deer of Afgannistan²; the ciconia of the Arctic regions, and the secretary bird³. In the courage of the shrike, we acknowledge the courage of man. Eagles attack animals they feel certain to conquer; but shrikes attack, and not unfrequently subdue, birds more than three times larger than themselves. Man, however, is the most courageous of animals: since he encounters dangers of every species; not from hunger, instinct, or an ignorance of their nature and extent, but from reason and calculation. Indian antelopes, like old men, sequester themselves, and become solitary in age. The green maccaw is a perfect emblem of a jealous wife. If its master caress a dog, a cat, a bird, or even a child, nothing can exceed its anxiety and fury: nor can it be appeased, till its master forsakes the new favourite and returns to it.

In respect to colour, it is remarkable, that while red is the most agreeable to the eyes of women, in turkies, bulls, buffaloes, bisons, and several other animals it is a colour, which provokes the greatest possible abhorrence. Some men resemble the great bat of Java. This

¹ Pallas, South Russ. vol. ii. 150, 4to.

² Elphinstone, Canbul, 142, 4to.

³ Barrow, Cochin China, 146, 4to.

bat, when wounded and unable to revenge the injury, wreaks its vengeance on its own wounded limb¹. The Japanese, out of revenge to others, will, in the same spirit, not unfrequently rip up their own bellies². Other men resemble the tamous³ parrot of Guinea. This parrot is one of the most beautiful of its tribe; but it is the most ferocious in its intentions, when it exhibits a disposition to caress. A negro slave, mild, faithful, and prudent, may be associated with the Javan buffalo: since, though intractable with a stranger, that animal will permit itself to be guided and governed⁴ by the smallest child of a Javan family, in which it has been domesticated.

Wise men sometimes appear blind, and then the fool fancies them unable to see. He is ignorant, that some birds, by means of the nictitalling membrane, cover their eyes without shutting their eyelids. Obstinate men may read their own characters in those of the Arctic puffin and the Lapland mouse. The former seizes the end of a bough, thrust into its hole, and will not leave its hold till it is drawn out and killed. The latter, in wandering from the mountains, descend in vast bodies, and in their progress will move out of a direct line for nothing. They have eyes, and yet they run against stones, rocks, and animals; and bite and contend with every object that they meet. They pass rivers and cross lakes;

¹ Abel's Journey in China, p. 43.

² Kaim's Sketches, vol. i. p. 67, 2d ed.

³ *Psittacus festivus*.

⁴ Raffles, Hist. of Java, 4to. vol. i. p. 112.

and when they arrive at the sea, plunge in and become lost in the waters. Men, who are solitary from bad passions, resemble the *Tenebrio* beetle; which is of such a solitary nature, that two of them are seldom or never seen together. They have a scent so nauseous, that it is probable they cannot bear each other's stench. How many men are there, who resemble the *larus arcticus*? This bird never fishes itself, but lives upon fish caught by other birds, which it pursues. They drop their prey from fear, and the *larus* seizes it before it falls into the ocean.

Even inanimate objects have their contrasts and resemblances to the human character. An elegant and good woman may be associated with the pineapple; which has the flavour of many exquisite fruits. In retirement she resembles an opaz, emeralds, and sapphires, glowing in silence in their native quarries. Men of learning, who waste their knowledge without communicating it to others, may be compared to the Caspian Sea; which not only receives the seventy channels of the Wolga, but of many other rivers, without having any visible outlet for its waters. There is an animal in Hindostan called the siaygush, which attacks, with incessant hostility, wolves, tigers, and all other ferocious animals; and yet lives upon roots and fruits. In this we recognize a resemblance to a wise governor. Warriors, on the other hand, resemble that celebrated mountain, the summit of which blazes with volcanoes, whose less elevated regions are inhabited by lions, its girdle by goats, and its feet with serpents.

Bees and wasps die soon after losing their stings : The American loranthus steals all its juice and sap from the tree, on which it climbs ; and on the day after the bough, upon which it has lived, is cut off, it withers and dies. Another species of loranthus causes the upper branch of its support to perish. It atones for this destructive influence, however, in some degree, by imparting grace and beauty : for it resembles the honeysuckle ; its flowers are numerous, and it blossoms a great part of the year. Every one's experience will point out characters resembling these. In fact, there is scarcely a character among human beings, that has not its counterpart among plants and animals.

XII.

That beasts have reason has been argued by Plutarch¹, Montaigne², and many other writers, with great force of argument. That it extends to birds and insects, and even to fishes, is equally probable. Nor was the poet so excursive as he has been esteemed, when he fabled fish to be able to communicate to each other, that the waters of the Euxine were more pure, soft, and agreeable, than those of any other sea. It is impossible, at present, to state how far animal reason extends ; since even leeches are endowed with retrospective faculties. For when salt has been sprin-

¹ De Solertia Animal. c. xii.

² Apology for Raymond de Sebonde, b. ii. ch. 12.

kled over their backs, in order to make them disgorge, salt being a poison to most insects, they retain its impression so firmly, that they will seldom stick to a wound afterwards with any pertinacity. Serpents will even obey the voice of their masters: the trumpeter bird of America will follow its owner like a spaniel: and the jacana frequently acts as a shepherd to poultry. It preserves them in the fields all the day from birds of prey, and brings them home regularly at night. In the Shetland Islands there is a gull, which defends the flock from eagles; it is, therefore, regarded as a privileged bird. The chamois, bounding among the snowy mountains of the Caucasus, are indebted for their safety, in some degree, to a peculiar species of pheasant. This bird acts as their sentinel; for as soon as it gets sight of a man it whistles; upon hearing which the chamois, knowing the hunter is not far distant, sets off with the greatest activity; and seeks the highest precipices or the deepest recesses of the mountains.

Eagles, and some other birds, not only live in pairs, but procreate, year after year: they hunt together; and the male feeds the female, during the time of incubation. What is this but a species of marriage? Man has the power neither to eat, to walk, nor to speak, until he is taught. Being the most helpless of animals, the utmost of his earliest power is to suck, to move his limbs, and to weep. Nor is he the only animal, that has the divine faculty of contemplation. Though the most intimate acquaintance with

vegetable anatomy discovers no organ, that bears any analogy with the seat of animal sensation, it would nevertheless betray a species of ignorance to deny sensation to plants. It would betray a still greater to deny reason to animals; since the faculty of imagination is proved by their capacity of dreaming.

In the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, was a crane, which Mons. Valentin brought from Senegal. This bird was attended by that merchant, during the voyage, with the most assiduous care; but, upon landing in France, it was sold, or given, to the Museum of Natural History. Several months after its introduction, Valentin, arriving at Paris, went to the menagerie, and walked up to the cage in which the bird was confined. The crane instantly recognized him; and when Valentin went into its cage, lavished upon him every mark of affectionate attachment. That animals possess parental and filial affections, friendly dispositions, and generous sympathies, is known even to superficial observers. The artifices which partridges and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nests of their young are equally known. The hind, when she hears the sound of dogs, puts herself in the way of her hunters; and, choosing her ground, takes an opposite direction to that in which she left her fawns. The love of this animal, too, for its native haunts, is not unfrequently exemplified. A farmer at Mount Vernon, in the state of Kentucky, having domesticated a female deer, lost her during the whole spring and summer. After an absence of several months, however, she returned with

a young fawn by her side ; and, on her arrival, seemed to take great pleasure in shewing her young.

Grief, too, works in a lively manner upon animals. I knew a dog that died for the loss of its master ; and a bullfinch, that abstained from singing ten entire months on account of the absence of its mistress. On her return it resumed its song. Lord Kaimes¹ relates an instance of a canary, which, in singing to his mate, hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead. The female quitted her nest ; and, finding him dead, rejected all food, and died by his side. Homer was not so extravagant, as some may be inclined to esteem him, when he makes the proud horses of the proud Achilles weep for the loss of their master : for horses can regret ; and their countenances frequently exhibit evident marks of melancholy. The seal weeps, and the turtle mourns.

XIII.

Some animals are more truly sensitive to the value of liberty than men. Vipers, when in a state of bondage, never take their annual repose ; and leeches will never breed in confinement. But, without recurring to many of those instances, which the page of nature so copiously records, we may borrow an instance from the borders of the Delaware. The mocking birds of that region will not live in cages ; and so entirely free are they, by nature, that when a nest is procured, placed in a cage, and hung out, the parents will come,

¹ Sketches, vol. ii. p. 19.

indeed, three or four times to feed their young; but, finding them incapable of release, they will give them poisonous food, in order to relieve them from captivity. I will not vouch for the truth of this; but the Delawarians believe, and Captain Aubury¹ has recorded it.

Democritus contended, that men learnt music and architecture from birds; and weaving from spiders. The hippopotamus is said to have taught the art of bleeding; goats the uses of dittany; snakes the properties of fennel; and the ibis the use of clysters. The wild hog of the West Indies, when wounded, repairs to the balsam-tree; and, rubbing itself till the turpentine exudes, soon cures itself. To this animal, therefore, the Indians esteem themselves indebted for a knowledge of the healing powers of balsam.

Animals have many of their faculties superior to men. Birds, in general, have a quicker sight; dogs, camels, and storks a livelier scent; and fishes an acuter sense of touch: though some blind men are said to have the faculty of feeling colours. Frogs and bees perceive the approach of rain long before it comes. The bee has, also, a very peculiar instinct, in returning from the distance of several miles to its own hive; though it can see only three inches before it. The nautilus, too, will quit its shell in the deep, and return to it again. But the superior reason of man not only enables him to surpass the strength of lions, as in the

¹ Trav. vol. ii. p. 248.

instances of Samson¹; David²; Benaiah³; and Hercules; but even to guard against the collective hostility of the entire animated world.

XIV.

That fishes have the sense of hearing has been proved by Rondelesius, Abbé Nollet, and other naturalists. The Bramins calling to the fish in many of the sacred streams of India, they come from their recesses, feed out of their benefactors' hands, and even suffer them to handle them. I had once the pleasure of shaking a seal by the fin in one of the most public streets of London. This animal had a lively sense of hearing, and would do various things its master desired it to do. It was of a cold day in November, and yet it absolutely panted with heat. Renard⁴ says, he had a fish, of the *lophius* genus, which followed him about like a dog. This however is not only dubious and improbable, but impossible.

Spiders also have the auricular sense, and they are not insensible to music. Other insects have the olfactory power. In some parts of the Arctic circle the air is impregnated with the fragrance of the *linnea borealis*, round the twin blossoms of which myriads of mosquitoes⁵ hover, as if enchanted with its odour, and inflict, says a recent traveller, the most envenomed

¹ Judges, xiv. v. 6.

² 1 Sam. chap. xvii. v. 3. 5.

³ 2 Sam. xxiii. v. 20.

⁴ Hist. des Poissons, tom. ii.

⁵ Clarke, Scandinavia, 309, 4to.

stings upon the hand of any one who presumes to pluck them. Some insects exercise no little ingenuity in robbing those flowers, the nectar of which they find a difficulty in procuring. Those, which have not a proboscis sufficiently long to penetrate the honeysuckle from within, tap it below, and suck the honey as it flows at the bottom.

Locusts and summer flies display an astonishing method and celerity in their flight. There is nothing in nature to compare with them. The former fly in bodies, generally the eighth part of a mile square in extent, and yet they never incommode each other; such is the order and regularity with which they fly: and when they approach a vineyard, they send out, as Shaw and Pococke inform us, spies, in order to explore places for them on which to settle.

Some birds have striking mental peculiarities. Bullfinches have strong memories: this is evident from instances, in which they have returned to their mistresses, after escaping from their cages, and living some time in the woods. Some birds are even artisans. The razor-bill fastens the only egg, which it lays, to the bare cliff with cement; but the East Indian taylor bird¹ sews together the leaves of trees. To effect this its bill serves as a needle, and the small fibres of plants as thread. The Loxia of Bengal is also a remarkable bird, and has no disinclination to an intercourse with mankind. In a wild state it sits and builds upon the Indian fig-tree, and suspends its nest

¹ Satoria.—An imperfect specimen may be seen in the eighth room of the British Museum, case xiii.

from the branches in a manner, that prevents all injury from the wind. Its nest consists of two and sometimes of three chambers, in which fire-flies are occasionally found. These insects, the Hindoos believe, the bird cherishes for the purpose of illuminating its nest. It is of a nature so docile, that if a ring is dropped into the cavity of a well, it will dart down with celerity, seize the ring before it reaches the water, and return it to its master. Birds of this species frequently carry letters to a short distance, after the manner of pigeons.

The *Loxia pensilis* of Madagascar fastens its nest to the extreme branches of a tree, hanging over a river, and suspends the nest of this year to that of the last, frequently even to the amount of five. What a wonderful instance of reasoning, too, is sometimes exhibited by sparrows: they will even pierce the craws of young pigeons for the corn they contain! Falcons conquer eagles by attacking them under the pinion; and eagles¹ attack deer in a manner, which shows they have mind as well as swiftness and strength. They soak their wings in a river; cover them with sand or light gravel, and then fly in the faces of the deer, flap their wings, and blind their eyes with dust. The deer, smarting with pain, run and roll about after a curious manner; and coming, at length, to a precipice, fall headlong into the gulph below; where, torn and mangled by the fall, they become easy preys to the eagle, who picks out their eyes, and feasts upon their bodies.

¹ Pontoppidan.

XV.

Josephus believed, that, before the fall, every animal had reason and speech. They certainly have, even now, after their own manner and species : and many attempts have been made in France, as well as in Germany and Britain, to ascertain their organs of eloquence. Crows have not less than twenty-five different modulations. Animals have even been raised by the folly and impiety of mankind to the rank of deities. "It is better," says Lord Bacon,² "to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him :—for the one is merely unbelief; the other is contumely."

The pyramids are the tombs of bulls. In a sarcophagus, found in the second pyramid by Belzoni, were discovered bones, which at first were supposed to be those of king Cephrenes : but upon a scientific survey, they proved to be those of an animal, belonging to the *bos* genus. Hence it has reasonably been supposed, that the pyramid was erected, not for the interment of kings, but for the deposition of Apis. Belzoni also believes, that the most magnificent of the tombs at Thebes was destined for the same purpose. How far human folly has gone, and can yet go, may be

¹ Cra; cre, cro, crou, croou.

Grass, gress, gross, grouss, grououss.

Crue, créa, croà, crouà, grouaas.

Crao, crèò, croè, croue, grouess.

Craou, crèou, croo, crouo, grouous.

Anon.

² Essay xvii.

estimated by the following facts.—Though trees, rocks, and rivers, have been worshipped in almost all countries; and absurd as this species of adoration may appear in these days of enlightened christianity; it must be acknowledged, that animal worship is far more impertinent than vegetable worship. For in the one there is mystery; in the other none. Herodotus asserts, and from him Strabo, that the first temples in Egypt were for the reception of the insects, fishes, reptiles, birds and quadrupeds, the inhabitant worshipped. Swine were adored in Crete; weasels at Thebes; rats and mice in Troas; porcupines in Persia; and some writers even assure us, that the Thessalians and Arcanians dedicated bullocks to ants and flies. The custom of worshipping animals prevailed, also, among the Egyptians, Syrians, Scythians, Hindoos, Chinese, Tonquinese, Tibetians and Siberians; Greeks, Romans, and Celts.

Anaximenes¹ believed air to be the principal deity; and St. Augustine² esteemed it the secondary parent of all earthly objects. The invisibility of this element may operate as an apology for this species of idolatry; but to worship beings, that we can take up in our hands and crush with our fingers, is preposterous in the highest degree. Hero worship is magnificent when compared with it. Hero worship was general in ancient times. Rollin³ conceives that Moses and Bacchus were the same; and

¹ Cic. de Natura Deor. lib. ii. c. 20.

² De Civitate Dei, lib. viii. c. 2.

³ Belles Lettres, vol. iv. 159.

Clarke, seems to think, that Serapis was no other than Joseph. The modern Buharians pay divine honours to the memory of their forefathers; and in some provinces of Pegu, they offer sacrifices to the dead bodies of their ancestors. Agesilaus¹, when the Thracians reported to him, that they had entered his name among the deities, coolly replied, "What! have the people of your nation the privilege and the power of making gods of whom they please?"

When the ancient writers inform us, that a particular god was born in a particular place, they mean, that he was first worshipped there. But some nations have adored dogs², wolves³, apes, hawks, cocks⁴, fishes⁵, and monkies⁶. The Tonquinese worship horses and elephants; and the Egyptians⁷ embalmed the bodies of wolves and crocodiles: they also worshipped beetles; as we learn from Isaiah⁸, Pliny⁹, and St. Jerome¹⁰. The Hebrews worshipped a golden calf¹¹; and even paid divine honours to the head of an ox¹².

Some of the Malabarese adore the Pondicherry eagle, the most rapacious of birds. In Madura they venerate the ass; and suppose the whole tribe to be animated

¹ Travels in Egypt, Syria, &c. ² Bosman's Guinea Coast, 350-8-60-61.

³ In Vit. Ages. Plutarch.

⁴ Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. vi.

⁵ Diod. Siculus.

⁶ Lord's Relig. Parsis c. i.

⁷ Juvenal, sat. iv. v. 4.

⁸ The Pooleahs of Malabar.

⁹ Diod. xiii. c. 17.

¹⁰ Ch. vii. v. 10.

¹¹ Nat. Hist. xxx. c. 11.

¹² *Murras autem Egyptos vocat, propter sordes Idolatriæ.*

¹³ Gen. xxxii.

¹⁴ Lactantius de Vera Sapientia, lib. iv.

with the souls of their nobility. The inhabitants of Benin regard certain animals as mediators between them and the deity; and the natives of Siam and Pegu believe white elephants to have the souls of their deceased monarchs residing in them. The Sandwich Islanders earnestly entreated the Europeans not to injure their ravens. "They are Eatoos of deceased chiefs," said they. In many islands of the South Seas the owl is venerated; in Mexico the lapwing; storks in Morocco; bulls in Benares. The serpent was worshipped by the Lithuanians, the Samogitians, the Africans of Mozambique, and the natives of Calicut. In Surinam this reptile is still sacred; and its visits are regarded as highly fortunate. Its colours are resplendently beautiful. The serpent was once also worshipped in Greece; and Vishnu, the Indian god, is frequently represented under its form. In May 1819, a golden image with five heads, made of pure gold of Ophir, was discovered among the Paishwa's family deities. It weighed 370 tolas; and the serpent-headed god was represented in the act of contemplating the creation of the world.

The Hindoos never molest snakes. They call them fathers, brothers, friends, and all manner of endearing names. On the coast of Guinea they reverence them so highly, that, in Bosman's time, a hog happening to kill one, the king ordered all the swine to be destroyed.

XVI.

Some animals live in one continued scene of opposition and combat with those of their own species: in

this, also, they bear a remarkable affinity with the human character. When humming birds meet with a withered flower, or one that contains no nectar, they pluck it off; and throw it to the ground with the greatest fury: and when they meet with one of their own tribe upon the flower, in which they wish to insert their bills, they never part without fighting. Eagles, when pressed with hunger, will prey upon eagles of less force than themselves: wild horses, found in the great Mongolian deserts, and in the southern parts of Siberia, will feed upon tame horses: and large pikes will feed upon smaller ones. The sea is one vast arena of destruction; and the elder fishes are by far the most dangerous of enemies to the young of their own tribe. Nor is this abhorrent nature confined to fishes; even swine and rabbits, if pressed for water, devour frequently their own young. Scorpions and spiders have a similar propensity; and ostriches sometimes eat their young as they issue from the egg.

An hundred scorpions were placed by Maupertius under the same glass. "Nothing," says he, "was seen, but one universal carnage; and, in a few days, they had so mangled, and afterwards eaten each other, that only fourteen remained." Even tadpoles will eat each other. I put between thirty and forty in a large bason, and kept them for several weeks: during that time, I chanced to wound one of them with a pair of scissars. As soon as the other tadpoles found he was wounded, two or three fastened upon the wound: then a third; a fourth; and lastly ten tadpoles fastened upon him

like a cluster of bees: every now and then rising to the top of the water to get air. The injured tadpole made many struggles; but they conquered; peeled his back; and at last entirely devoured him. The hare-tailed mouse of Yaik and Janesei, too, and the hedge-hog, urged by hunger, will frequently devour their own young. Even caterpillars will prey upon each other; particularly that species which attaches itself to the oak. But the violet crabs of the Caribbee Islands have a propensity even more disgusting than this: for in their annual peregrinations to the sea shore, all those, which become accidentally maimed, are fastened upon by the others, and devoured with the most ferocious rapacity. They never attack a fellow crab, until it is incapable of resistance.

The propensity of some men for their own species, as food, has been, of late years, so decisively proved, that nothing but the profoundest ignorance, in respect to the analogies of Nature, can doubt of its truth. In civilized states, what can be more disgusting than the antipathies, which neighbouring nations, and even provinces, entertain for each other? Such as that between the French and English; the Tuscans and Venetians: the Piedmontese and Genoese; the Neapolitans and Romans; the Spaniards and Portuguese. But instances may be produced, in which animals forget their natural antipathies. In Cairo vultures, crows, kites, and dogs, all equally rapacious, feed amicably upon the same carcase. Even turtle doves are allowed to live with them in peace. Sir

Thomas Winnington's gamekeeper brought up a brace of partridges; a brace of pheasants; and a couple of spaniels. These animals mixed with the greatest harmony, and frequently laid down together by the gamekeeper's fireside. But instances far more remarkable than these occur in the page of experience. That lions will permit dogs to live with them in the same cage is well ascertained: but that they will reside in harmony with bears, is not so generally known. An ancient writer, however, assures us, that a dog, a bear, and a lion, lived together, not only in peace, but in affection. At length the dog, having by accident offended the bear, the bear killed him: upon which the lion, who had been more particularly attached to the dog, revenged his death by destroying the bear. I have, also, seen living in perfect harmony, in one cage, a dog, a cat, a mouse, a white mouse, a rat, three sparrows, and two Guinea pigs.

XVII.

But we must stop: we are under no obligation to pursue this subject to the extent, to which it may be carried. A voluminous work might be written on the resemblances, which may be traced, not only in the structure and manners of animals, but in the structure and habits of plants; and in the groupes and aspects of what has hitherto been considered inanimate matter. There are few objects, however apparently distant, but what may be brought in some measure to associate. Even common coal has some properties, which connect it with the diamond. Both are com-

bustible ; both yield carbonic acid gas ; and both, as well as the pearl, are formed of thin plates, laid over each other with the nicest attention to thickness and regularity. Newton esteemed the diamond an inflammable body in a state of congelation. It will evaporate in a strong fire, and produce nearly the same quantity of carbonic acid as charcoal and plumbago ; and it will emit nearly the same quantity of oxygen.

The time will one day come, when the causes of these resemblances will be traced to their original roots ; when the principles of magnetic attraction ; of galvanic influence ; and of the obedience of mercury in assuming arbitrary shapes and then returning to its primitive globular form, will be fully explained. Then, also, will be unfolded the causes which give to gold its almost miraculous ductility ; to metals in general their peculiar affinities ; and to pyrites the heat, which it communicates to mineral waters. Then, also, will be explained the reason why, in one particular mine¹, and in no other, should be found one mineral, that may, by heat, be converted into a liquid² ; another so porous³, that it will swim ; and a third so fibrous⁴, that linen may be formed of it, capable of resisting even the influence of fire. But science, involving infinity itself, can never be exhausted, till we acquire a knowledge of the first cause of motion. Every difficulty, however, surmounted, constitutes a triumph.

¹ Redruth.

² Copper.

³ Swimming stone.

⁴ Asbestos.

XVIII.

Though time, power, motion, and space, are the most awful subjects, that can engage the meditative faculties of man, yet, being the most abstruse, it were wise to let them engage but little of our time : a few observations in respect to the relative connexions of men with the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, are, however, imperative. In respect to the first, it may be sufficient to observe, that minerals are the media, whence civilized life derives all its varieties and comforts ; and that vegetables not only enable man to exist, but that they constitute the very scope and basis of his form.

The relation, that he bears to animals, has already been noticed in various passages of our work. The ourang outang resembles him in figure and form ; he has the external organs of speech, but not the faculty of availing himself of their use. Parrots, ravens, and starlings, however, can imitate his voice ; though they know nothing of the design and extent of its meaning. No machine has yet been discovered, that can imitate the voice at all : the stop of the organ, called the human voice, having no resemblance to speech ; though it bears a distant analogy with the voice in singing. Even the flute is powerless.

The eye, the ear, and the voice, are the great master-pieces of Nature. The construction of the eye and ear is so beautiful, and their mechanism so admirably adapted to the offices they have to perform, that they alone are sufficient to indicate the hand of

50 *The Eye and Ear the Masterpieces of Nature.*

an all-powerful Being. The rays of light imprint on the optic nerve, not only in all their variety of form and colour, but in one instant of time, a vast assemblage of external objects. The ear is not more to be admired for its use, than for the exquisite beauty of its mechanism; and that the loss of the power of exercising its functions is more sensibly felt, than the loss of those appertaining to sight, is proved by the circumstance of blind persons being, for the most part, far more cheerful than deaf ones. The eye and the ear are allied more intimately to the soul, than any of the other organs; since they are the chief media by which we receive: and until we receive we cannot communicate. They are, therefore, more important than the organs of speech: and yet speech has been, and may well be called, the greatest miracle of Nature. To be capable of eliciting 2,400 different tones is, indeed, a most wonderful faculty: but to possess that of expressing every feeling, and of conveying every mental impression to the mind of others, is a miracle; the association of which is lost in the contemplation of eternal excellence.

XIX.

No bee has ever introduced a single improvement in the construction of its cell; no beaver in the style of its architecture; and no bird in the formation of its nest. They respectively arrive at perfection by intuition. Man could form a cell as geometrically as a bee; but he can collect neither the honey nor the wax. He surpasses the beaver; and can collect the

materials for the nest of a bird: but the utmost effort of his art will not enable him to put it together. He can neither make the leaf of a tree, nor the petal of a flower; nor can he, when he finds them already formed to his hand, inclose the one in a calyx, or fold the other in a bud.

Beasts are covered with hair, with wool, and with fur; birds with feathers; fishes with scales; and insects by a skin so hard, that it not only supplies their want of bones, but preserves their warmth. Of these the coverings of birds and fishes are the most perfect. There is a species of crab, which, as we have observed before, clothes itself in the discarded shell of a lobster; but man is the only animal, that can regularly form a covering for itself. He is the only animal, also, to whom Nature has intrusted the element of fire; an agent, which is the most wonderful of the elements; and which still baffles, by its opposite effects, the researches of philosophy.

Whether we consider man as one complete bodily machine, or in his relative parts of head, arms, hands, fingers, thighs, legs, and feet; bones, ligaments, and membranes; veins, arteries, glands, muscles, tendons, and nerves; the heart, the blood, the stomach, and the mechanism, by which all those members are connected, and the nice expedients, employed to convert the food into chyle, to blend it with the blood, and to diffuse it through the entire system; it may truly be said, that man presents to the astonished imagination, an attesting wonder! But if we extend the contemplation to his sensations

in youth, his reason in age, and his capacities in every stage of manhood, the visible signs, by which speech is embodied, and by which sounds are realized, are found to be inadequate of media, by which to express the excellence of the wonderful machine.

In fact, man needs not blush to be proud; since he is capable of expressing all his wants and all his ideas by the medium of four and twenty characters; of calculating numbers to comparative infinity with only nine numerical figures; and with only seven separate notes, to elicit, on musical instruments, almost innumerable combinations of sound.

But the universe is replete with miracles: from the first source of caloric to the simple grain of sand; which contains animals, to which it is a world, as large as the whole circumference of the globe is to us. For Nature constitutes a mirror, in which the Eternal seems to allow himself to be seen greatest in his smallest works: while, though a sublime mystery envelops and conceals, in awful solitude, the first principles of life and reason; yet, as it is the privilege of a great mind to be capable of seeing much, where common minds see little, the most apparently insignificant object will frequently present to an enlarged imagination more than all the associations, connected with Raphael's school of Athens.

CHAPTER II.

If charms are elicited from resemblances, Nature; too, exhibits contrasts, which, in their harmonies, present exquisite beauty. The solitudes of the Alps frequently afford instances of this in respect to colours. The ice is blue; the rocks of a dark brown; and the sky of a deep serene azure: while the crocus, the snowdrop, and the laurel-stinus derive no little of their beauty from the snow, that surrounds them. The almond-tree of Africa, the finest flowering tree on that continent, delicate as are its blossoms, derives; also, additional beauty from the circumstance, that it blows when few other trees are even ornamented with leaves.

Contrasts are also exhibited in the manners and capacities of animals in the effects of plants. The horse can feed upon hemlock; the Egyptian parrot upon the seeds of the carthamus; the pholas, the most humble of insects, has the power of boring into the hardest marble; and though the body of a star-fish is of a nature as soft as water, yet it swallows and digests objects, as hard as are the shells of muscles: and herons, though large and awkward, take a perpendicular flight, while hawks in pursuit of them, though apparently more capable of the action, take a circuitous one.

Some plants, which are poisonous in moist soils and situations, in dry ones are resolvent, carminative,

and aromatic : such are the sea holly ; and the water navel-wort. But one of the greatest vegetable wonders, in respect to contrast, is presented in the root of the cassada ; since, though in its crude state it is highly poisonous ; by washing, pressure, and evaporation, it not only loses all its noxious qualities, but in tropical climates constitutes the bread of thousands.

In Europe, mineral impregnations are fatal to vegetable productions. In Chili, however, they have no effect upon them whatever : while near the south cape of Africa iron, or its oxyds, mixed with clay, moistened with water, produces a most exuberant vegetation. In the northern regions the phæna¹ tribe of insects, which, in the south, fly about in the evening reverse their habits in Lapland by flying in the day, and reposing in the night. In Sweden the raspberry grows best among ruins and conflagrated woods ;² and the *epilobium angustifolium*, a native of every country in Europe, flourishes no where in such magnificence, as in a country³ where every plant diminishes in size. Cork, which is the bark of a tree, has a multitude of pores : wood itself comparatively few : yet water and spirit will exude through wood, which has larger pores, sooner than they will through cork. Water elicits heat from lime ; and clay, which is of a ductile nature, will become so hard with heat, as to strike fire with steel. Flint, the covering of which

¹ Acerbi, ii. 248, 4to.

² Clarke, Scandinavia, 524. 4to.

³ Flora Lapponica.

is rough, presents a smooth surface in whatever manner it is struck; and though to the touch it is as cold as snow, when struck with iron it elicits gems of fire. Sand, when mixed with lime, hardens into mortar; when mixed with soda and potash it will soften into glass. Lime makes water solid, and metals fluid. Bismuth, which is brittle, will, when combined with other metals, give them hardness: and though platinum is remarkably ductile, yet it cannot be heated in a forge. The diamond, the hardest of bodies, is yet susceptible of the most brilliant polish; and the oxyde of arsenic, which is a deadly poison, is frequently used in medicine for a beneficial purpose: while sulphur, one of the most combustible of substances, enters into combination with silver, copper, iron, pyrites, zinc, and other metals:—it even enters into the composition of sea water.

II.

Contrasts, too, may be observed in the relative fecundities of animals and vegetables. An orange tree generally yields from 1,500 to 2,400 oranges; but an elm, living a hundred years, produces not less than 33,000,000 of grains. I once counted in a single plant of the *purpurea digitalis* 107,000 seeds. Some plants are indeed so prolific, that one flower producing only four seeds, would, if left to itself, in a very short space of time, spread from one end of the globe to the other. Rapacious birds generally lay but four eggs: some, however, only two: as the eagle, the cinerous vulture, and the great

horned owl. The merlin and the kestrel lay six. Pigeons, on the other hand, are so prolific, that the produce of two pairs in four years may amount to 29,200. Vipers lay from six to ten eggs; the sea-tortoise ninety; the crocodile a hundred; spiders a thousand; and frogs eleven hundred. The termes bellicosus even lays 80,000 eggs in four and twenty hours! The muscaria carnaria increase so fast, that some have not hesitated even to assert, that three of them will devour a horse, as quickly as a lion: while a single aphid, if undisturbed for five generations, will amount to 5,904 millions. Fishes are equally wonderful in their relative powers of production: for though some large fishes produce only one, carps spawn 342,144 ovula; and cod not unfrequently 9,384,000!

III.

In the relative appetites of plants and animals, also, we may trace remarkable contrasts. The earthworm lives upon a small portion of very fine earth: but the caterpillar eats double its weight in a day: and the dragon fly more than three times its weight in an hour. The leach weighs only a scruple; but, when gorged, two drachms. The leach never eats; and the house cricket never drinks: while the roughette bat drinks so copiously of the juice of the palm-tree, that it becomes intoxicated; when it is easily caught. If we recur to vegetables, we find similitudes equally extraordinary. The sun-flower imbibes and perspires, in one day and night, sixteen times more than a man of moderate growth and firm constitution.

Equal weights always imply equal quantities, let the relative dimensions be ever so disproportionate. A column of air from the earth to the upper regions of the atmosphere is equal, in weight, to a column of water of thirty-three feet ; and to a column of mercury of twenty-nine inches and a half. On a knowledge of this is constructed the barometer. Some substances have no sensible weight ; as caloric, light, electricity, the magnetic fluid, and the effluence of flowers. Next to these are animalcules of infusion ; some of which are so small, that two hundred of them are contained in a space, occupied by the minutest grain of sand. Then we may proceed to invisible seeds ; thence to visible ones ; contrasting them, at the same time, with the vegetables they respectively produce.

Cesalpini,¹ a physician of Arezzo, first compared the seeds of plants to the eggs of animals. Their relative increase in weight from their embryos to perfect animals and plants, has never been ascertained in a general way : but Desaguliers found the root of a turnip to be 438,000 times heavier than its seed : and Mons. du Petit Thouars exhibited an onion to the Royal Society of France, which weighed three pounds seven ounces. Calculating the weight of the seeds, and the periods of their respective growths, a result found, that the onion gained three times its original weight, every minute, and the turnip seven !

If we calculate the height of Trajan's column, and the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, we find they do

¹ Vid. de Plantis, Romæ, 1603, 4to.; also Appendix ad Libros de Plantis. 4to. Florence, 1583.

not reach so high as the rocks of Dover : while Solomon's temple was not higher than a sugar maple-tree. If we proceed to length, there is no work of art longer than the wall of China : but Nature has one mineral (gold), one single ounce of which is capable of being extended to a distance, not less than 13,000 miles. It may be beaten into 159,092 times its original space ; and to a thinness of $\frac{1}{134500}$ part of an inch.

IV.

An attentive investigator observes little monotony in Nature. Day succeeds to morning ; evening to noon ; and night to evening : summer to spring, and winter to autumn. Even the sea itself changes frequently in the course of a day. When the sun shines, it is cerulean ; when it gleams through a mist, it is yellow ; and as the clouds pass over, it not unfrequently assumes the tintings of the clouds themselves. The same uniformity may be observed throughout the whole of Nature ; even the glaciers of the Grisons presenting varied aspects, though clad in perpetual snow. At dawn of day they appear saffron ; at noon their whiteness is that of excess ; and as the sun sinks in the west, the lakes become as yellow as burnished gold : while their convex and peaked summits reflect, with softened lustre, the matchless tintings of an evening sky. Hence Virgil applies the epithet *purpureum*¹ to the sea ; and not unfrequently to mountains : while Statius² colours

¹ Georg. iv. 373.² Theb. iii. 440.

the earth with the purple splendour of Auróra. The effect is beautifully alluded to by Mallett. The sun—

—glorious from amidst
A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique ; and o'er its azure breast
Wax'd one unbounded blush.

*Amyntor and Theodora*¹.

These alternations cause a perpetual variety in the same objects. Hence the frequent interchanges, which exhibit themselves in a mountainous country, give it a decided advantage over open and campaign regions ; since the degrees of light and shade, as the hills and valleys incline towards each other, are blended, reflected, and contrasted, in a thousand different ways. These contrasted scenes are perpetually exhibited in Italy, in Sicily, among the Carpathian mountains, and more particularly among the vales and lakes of Switzerland. At Spitzbergen the scenery is composed of bleak rocks and mountains : icebergs fill the valleys, and the whole is most romantically contrasted with the whiteness of the snow and the green colour of the ice.² The traveller is never weary of gazing. The total want of contrast, on the other hand, fatigues a traveller over the Steppes of Asia, the Pampas of Buenos Ayres and Chaco, the Savannas of North America, the Llanos of Varinas and

¹ Cant. iii. 366. Beaumont describes an Alpine scene, varying with the progression of colour. Rhetian Alps, p. 61. For the cause see Newton's Optics, 163-5-7.

² A similar scene. is described, as being exhibited in one of the icebergs, in Amsterdam Island, by D'Auvergne.

60 *Hannibal's March ; Temple of Jupiter Ammon.*

Caraccas,¹ and the deserts of Africa, almost as much as the actual distances themselves. The ancients, ignorant of the magnetic powers of the needle, were able to travel over deserts only by night ; when the sun appeared, therefore, they were obliged to halt. Quintius Curtius, in describing the deserts of Bactria,² says, that a great part of them were covered with barren sands, parched by heat ; affording nourishment for neither men, beasts, nor vegetables. When the winds blew from the Pontic Sea, they swept before them immense quantities of sand, which, when heaped together, appeared like mountains. All tracks of former travellers were thus totally obliterated. The only resource left, therefore, was to travel by night, guiding their course by the direction of the stars. Silius Italicus thus describes the journey of Hannibal's ambassadors to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, situated in the deserts of Lybia.

Ad finem cœli medio tenduntur ab ore
Squalentes campi. Tumulum natura negavit
Immensis spatii, nisi quem cava nubila torquens
Construxit Turbo, impactâ glomeratus arena :
Vel, si perfracto populatus carcere terras
Africus, aut pontum spargens per æquora Corus,
Invasere truces capientem proelia campum,
Inque vicem ingesto cumularunt pulvere montes.
Has observatis valles enavimus astris :
Namque dies confundit iter, perditumque profundo

¹ The only desert in America is that in the low part of Peru, stretching to the Pacific. It is not very broad, but in length it is 440 leagues.

² Lib. iv. c. 7.

Exstant campo, et semper media arva videntem,
Sidoniis Cynosura regit fidissima nautis.

Silius Italicus.

Lucan, whose description of the march of Cato, over the deserts, is, unquestionably, the finest portion of the *Pharsalia*, adds a circumstance, that must have considerably augmented the difficulties of the march.

Qui nullas vidére domos, vidére ruinas ;
Jamque iter omne latet ; nec sunt discrimina terre
Ulla, nisi Ætheriæ medio velut æquore flammæ.
Sideribus novère vias : nec Sidera tota
Ostendit Lybicæ finitor circulus oræ
Multaque devexo terrarum margine celat.

Phars. lib. ix. v. 494.

At the North Cape Acerbi¹ felt as if all the cares of life had vanished ; worldly pursuits assumed the character of dreams ; the forms and energies of animated Nature seemed to fade ; and the earth appeared as if it were susceptible of being analysed into its original elements. Naturalists behold with delight bees entering the cups of flowers, and robbing them of their nectar ; the anxious solicitude with which ewes permit lambs to draw milk from their udders ; and the affection of turtles, sitting under a leafy canopy with their mates. In the northern regions no objects like these present themselves. There is nothing which can remind the traveller of Cashmere, of Circassia, the vallies of Madagascar, or of the perfumed shores of Arabia Felix. A solemn magnificence, an interminable space, wearing the aspect of infinity, characterise the scene. The billows dash in

¹ Vol. ii. p. 3. 4to.

awful grandeur against rocks, coeval with the globe ; marine birds, wild in character, and dissonant in language, skim along their girdles ; the moon sheds her solemn lustre on their dark and frowning pyramids ; the stars glow with burnished brilliancy ; and the Aurora Borealis adds horrific interest to the melancholy majesty of the scene. And yet, magnificent as these scenes assuredly are, the nerves chill in their contemplation ; the heart sinks with sullen melancholy ; and the soul deepens into an awful sadness : for man, the Paradise of mental energy, stands in the midst an alien and alone.

What contrasted pictures to these are presented from the Monthenon, near the city of Lausanne. To the north stands the chateau de Beaulieu, immortalised by the residence of Neckar and his celebrated daughter, when escaped from the intrigues and tumults of Paris. There, too, is seen a weeping willow, standing in a garden, planted by the taste of the illustrious Gibbon. To the east rise three mountains covered with snow, and towering to a height of more than 10,000 feet : Clarens, the beautiful Clarens, lying at their feet, with the chateau de Chillon on one side, and the small town of Villeneuve on the other. Pursuing the curve of the lake, the Rhone is beheld issuing, as it were, from the womb of a long range of rocks, harmonized with aerial tints ; and seeming to flow out of a secret valley, for the purpose of mingling its waters with the deep azure of one of the loveliest lakes beneath the canopy of heaven. To the south, over the mountains of Savoy,

Mont Blanc is seen lifting its white head like a speck amid the clouds : below, are the towns of St. Gingouthepp, and the rocks and buildings of Meillerie, The lake then stretches towards the neighbourhood of Geneva ; and a distant glimmering of the water denotes the spot, where the Rhone, through an opening of the Jura range, flows into France.—If at the North Cape we behold the birth-place of Scandinavian genius, the neighbourhood of Lausanne may be recognised, as the residence of poetical enthusiasm.

Hark ! with what ecstatic fire
She strikes the deep resounding lyre.
Wake ! all ye powers of earth and air,
Or great, or grand, or mild, or fair ;
Wake ! winds and waters, vocal be,
And mingle with the melody.
On every rock the echo rung,
On every hill the cadence hung :
And universal Nature smil'd
On scenes so fair, on notes so wild.
So soft she sung, she smil'd so fair,
So sweetly war'd her radiant hair,
The Passions, ling'ring on their way,
Hung o'er the soft seraphic lay ;
While Rapture rais'd her hands on high,
And roll'd her eyes in ecstasy.

Neale.

V.

Deserts, from their expansion, sterility, privations, and unbroken silence, are sublime and terrific to the last degree. The deserts of America are said to have a character, producing a melancholy, which no language can adequately express. Those

of Asia and Africa afflict the mind with still more powerful emotions. A stillness, like that of the grave, pervades the whole scene from the northern horizon to the southern.¹ A sea of sand stretches from the east to the west: not a tree, nor a blade of grass, relieve the eye: amplitude of space gives an amplitude to the mind; and a sublimity is imparted to the imagination, which promises immortality to the soul.

With deserts we associate the camel and the ostrich: The former exhibiting a curious instance of the use of animals to the human race; the latter, leading with its mate a secure, innocent, and social life: and so far from leaving her eggs, or her young, as many have supposed, to the mercy of the elements, she pays them an earnest and a strict, but, from the nature of the climate in which she lives, a divided attention. Her mate and herself watch them alternately. With deserts are also associated serpents; and as the traveller wan-

¹ How different from the burning clime of Oroonoko! There, how vivid is the impression produced by the calm of Nature. "The beasts of the forest," says Humboldt,* "retire to the thickets; the birds hide themselves beneath the foliage of trees, or in the crevices of the rocks. Yet amid this apparent silence, when we lend an attentive ear to the most feeble sounds transmitted by the air, we hear a dull vibration, a continual murmur, a hum of insects, that fill the lower strata of the air. Nothing is better fitted to make men feel the extent and power of organic life. Myriads of insects creep upon the soil, and flutter round the plants, parched by the ardour of the sun. These are so many voices proclaiming to us, that all Nature breathes; and that under a thousand different forms life is diffused through the dusty soil, as well as in the bosom of the waters, and in the air that circulates around us."

* Person. Nar. vol. iv. p. 505.

ders over the wastes, he may amuse his imagination with recalling the powerful scene in a tragedy¹ of Eschylus ; where Orestes is described as being stained with blood and supplicating protection ; while women, whose hair consists of serpents, lie sleeping around him. Then he may rest on the Laocoon of the Vatican ; the hand of St. Paul in the island of Malta ; Virgil's simile of a combat between a serpent and an eagle ; Satan's return to the infernal regions ; or the illustration of a converted African. "The serpent, by pressing against two bushes, shifts himself every year of his skin. When we see this skin, we do not say, the serpent is dead ;—no ! the serpent lives ; and has only cast his skin. This skin we may compare to our body ; the serpent itself to the soul."

Many of these deserts, like the vale in Persia, called the Valley of the Angel of Death, are lands that "no man passes through, and where no man dwells."² Wastes of glowing sand, they bear for their character the deep and majestic stillness of the wilderness ; with no habitation ; no motion ; not a trace of animal or vegetable existence : and where Nature seems herself to be dead ! This is the paradise of a wayward poet :

Oh ! that the desert were my dwelling place,
 With one sweet spirit for my minister ;
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And hating no one, love but only her.

Childe Harold. Canto iv. st. xxvi.

¹ The Furies.

² Jerem. xi. v. 6.

In deserts we have true personifications of silence. The Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, paid divine honours to silence. Nature is never more awful than in its exemplification: whether in a convent; in a cathedral; in a retired glen; in a forest; or in a starless night. In woman it is affecting; in man dignified.

The inhabitants of deserts have, for the most part, been always as much separated from the pleasures, as from the habits of civilized life. The Mauritanians and Gætullians¹ knew little or nothing of husbandry: they roved after the manner of the Scythians: sleeping on their garments; and using poisoned arrows for the purposes of guarding themselves from the wild beasts, that infested them on all sides. Like the Nigritiæ, living near the Niger, they carried bottles of water under the bellies of their horses. The deserts of Zara were once peopled with a nation, who had all things in common. They are mentioned by Lucan², Pliny³, and Silius Italicus⁴. The picture, sketched of the ancient inhabitants of the country beyond the Numidian deserts, exhibits, also, a contrast to the intervening regions, highly agreeable to the imagination; since Leo Africanus assures us, that they lived in a partial state of equality, hunting wild animals: tending their flocks and herds; and preserving the honey of bees: the natural fertility of their soil enabling them to live without toil, ambition, or any other violent passion. They never went to war; and never travelled out of their own country.

¹ Lucan. Phars. lib. iv.

² Phars. iv. v. 334.

³ Lib. v. c. 8.

⁴ Lib. l. v. 142., ii. v. 181.

VI.

The inhabitants of the Arabian deserts are descendants of Ismael, the son of Abraham and Hagar; of whom Moses relates, that the God of the Jews declared, before his birth, that he should be a wild man; that his hand should be against every man, and that every man's hand should be against him¹. Ismael became an archer², and dwelt in the wilderness, where his descendants remain even to this day; living in clans or tribes. As Ismael was an archer, so were his descendants in the age of Isaiah³; and, till the time when fire-arms were introduced, they were the most skilful archers in the world. From age to age have these Ismaelites been in perpetual hostility with the surrounding nations; and yet they occupy the same wilderness still. They retain the same manners, habits, and customs. Savage in character, they are social only to those of their own tribe. Intractable they wander from spring to spring; subsisting chiefly on their herds of cattle and camels; and living in tents covered with skins. Like the Jews, they refer to twelve original tribes: they practise circumcision; marry only among themselves; and retain with equal pertinacity their peculiar manners and prejudices. In one remarkable circumstance, however, they differ: the Jews still adhere to the dispensations of Moses; the Ismaelites to those of Mahomet. And while all the countries, which surround them, have been subject to

¹ Gen. xvi. v. 12.² Gen. xxi. v. 20.³ Isaiah, xxi. v. 17.

storms and revolutions beyond those of any other quarter of the globe ; and while the Jews are scattered through all the nations of the earth, they have subsisted through every species of vicissitude. And though Sesostris, the Persians, Alexander, Pompey, Gallus, Trajan, and Severus, raised large armies, and in part executed designs of extirpation against them, yet were they never able to do them any very serious injury. They rode without bridles or saddles¹; and in the hottest of engagements managed their horses only with their whips²; charging their enemies generally in the night³. They were a healthy, long-lived, people⁴; they clad themselves in loose garments; had a plurality of wives; and seldom indulged in meat; living chiefly on herbs, roots, milk, cheese, and honey.

If the Numidians were superior to the Nigritiæ, Getulians, and Mauritanians, the inhabitants of the deserts of Petra seem as much to have surpassed the Numidians. When Demetrius⁵, by order of his father Antigonus, sate down before Petra with an army, and began an attack upon it, an Arab accosted him after the following manner :—"King Demetrius: what is it you would have? What madness can have induced you to invade a people, inhabiting a wilderness, where neither corn, nor wine, nor any other thing, you can subsist upon, are to be found? We inhabit these

¹ Two passages in Livy seem to contradict this; lib. xxi. c. 44, 46; also Sallust in Jugurtho.

² Oppian de Venat. lib. iv. Herodian, lib. vii.

³ Vide Nic. Damascene, in Excerpt. Vales. p. 518.

⁴ Appian in Lybic. c. vi. 39, 64.

⁵ Plut. in Vit. Demet.

desolate plains for the sake of liberty ; and submit to such inconveniencies, as no other people can bear, in order to enjoy it. You can never force us to change our sentiments, nor way of life ; therefore we desire you to retire out of our country, as we have never injured you ; to accept some presents from us ; and to prevail with your father to rank us among his friends." Upon hearing this, Demetrius accepted their presents, and raised the siege.

VII.

In the great desert of Sahara (in Africa), so extensive and so waste is the prospect, that Adams travelled with the Moors nine and twenty days, without seeing a single plant, or even a blade of grass ! and Sidi Hamet reported to Riley, that he journied over the same desert twenty-eight days, in another direction, with the same aspect of sterility. During ten days of this journey, the ground was as hard, as the floor of a house. He was on his way to Tombuctoo, in a caravan, consisting of eight hundred men, and three thousand camels. In a subsequent journey, with a thousand men and four thousand camels, they encountered the burning blast of the desert. For two days they laid down with their faces to the ground. Two hundred camels, and upwards of three hundred men perished. And "yet the time shall come," says Isaiah, "when the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

The wildest waste but this can shew
Some touch of Nature's genial glow ;
But here,—above, around, below,
On mountain or on glen,

Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye can ken.

Lord of the Isles.

This desert is equal in extent to the one-half of Europe¹: it is the largest in the world. Here Nature presents herself in characters of frightful sterility. Gloomy, barren, and void, uniformity here produces sensations of the most distressing and disconsolate melancholy. A heat prevails, under which Nature herself seems to sink; the mind experiences no delight from the imagination; the soul feels no inspiration of poetry: even Tasso would be read in repulsive silence; curiosity is entombed, as it were; and the fancy pictures nothing to animate the dreadful waste, but wild boars, panthers, lions, and serpents.

In boundless seas; impenetrable forests; and in vast savannahs, there resides grandeur, heightened by an awful repose. Here the imagination pauses for materials, wherewith to heighten the desolation and despair. This silence! this solitude! more horrific are to the imagination, than the perspective of whole ages of action, difficulty, and labour. Buonaparte, in crossing the desert, to inspect the forts of Suez, and to reconnoitre the shores of the Red Sea, passed only one tree in all the journey; the whole of which was tracked with bones and bodies of men and animals. The night was cold, and there was no fuel. His attendants gathered the dry bones and bodies of the dead, that laid bleaching in the desert: of these they

¹ Vide Rennell's Appendix, p. lxxxiii.

made fires¹; and the Conqueror of Egypt laid himself down upon cloaks and slept in the warmth.

“ My friend,” said Denon to Desaix, as they were one day contemplating the same deserts, “ is not this an error of Nature? Nothing here receives life; every thing inspires melancholy, or fear. It seems as if Providence, after having provided abundantly for the other portions of the globe, suddenly desisted, for want of materials; or abandoned it to its original sterility.” “ Or is it,” replied Desaix, “ the anciently inhabited part of the world, in age and decrepitude? Men have so abused the gifts of Nature, that, as a punishment for their ingratitude, Nature may have sterilized their soil!”

VIII.

While surveying Nature under these aspects, where all is inanimation, and mystery, in the midst of a profound, and frightful silence, the mind bends beneath the weight of an oppression, like that of a nightmare. No quadruped, no bird, no insect, gives relief to a circular horizon of unvaried aspect. A boundless view, like that of the Atlantic, or Pacific; but destitute of the sound of the winds, the music of waters, the teinture of clouds, and the motion, which gives life and circulation to the most torpid of temperatures. All is one vast scene of lifeless monotony! In the night, however, the heavens exhibit a moving picture of magnificence, not to be paralleled in any other part of the globe: the God of Nature seeming to have

¹ Vide *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Expéditions en Egypte et en Syrie*, par J. Miot.

directed all his powers to produce a scene, at once to command the admiration, and to overwhelm the faculties of the soul.

Though deserts present such terrible images to the mind, there are circumstances, connected with their history, that are not wanting in the power of presenting fascinations for high and ardently poetical imaginations. The march of Alexander furnishes a subject for a poet, or a painter; when, after sustaining incredible dangers and fatigues, he came to a spot, watered by rivulets, and luxuriating in all the beauties of a perennial spring, blooming round the temple of Jupiter Ammon. Than the expedition of Cambyses, history has not a more terrible example: if we except the destruction of Sennacherib's army before the walls of Jerusalem; and the loss of the army of Buonaparte in the snows of Russia. Having

Defil'd each hollow'd fane, and sacred wood,
And, drunk with fury, swell'd the Nile with blood,¹

Cambyses divided his army into two parts. One of these he headed himself against the Ethiopians; but was obliged to return to Thebes, for want of supplies, after having lost a great portion of his men, who were driven to the necessity of eating human flesh. That part of his army, which he sent against the Ammonians, was never heard of after. It is supposed, therefore, to have perished in a whirlwind, which buried it in the sands of the desert²! This chastisement of unbridled ambition is related by Herodotus.

¹ Econ. Veget. vol. ii. p. 437.

² Probably in a collection of sand-pillars.

IX.

Horrible as this event assuredly was, the Spanish and Portuguese writers relate an individual circumstance, which has the power of exciting still more affecting impressions. Every father, husband, wife, mother, and child, can feel the history of Don Emanuel de Souza, and his unfortunate wife! Having amassed a large fortune, at Diu, of which he was governor, Don Emanuel embarked with his wealth, his beautiful wife, and his children, for his native country. The ship, in which they embarked, was wrecked upon the coast of Africa. Escaped with his wife, his children, and a part of his crew, Emanuel pursued his way by land. The country became more rude, as they advanced; more barren, and more desolate. Some of his party searched for water; others for food; most of them died, either of hunger, of thirst, or of fatigue. Some were murdered by the natives; and not a few were devoured by lions, leopards, and panthers. Donna Leonora arrived, at last, with her husband and children, at a small Ethiopian village: Emanuel having sunk, from heat, fatigue, and distress of mind, into a state of insanity. The natives of this village obliged them to give up their arms. This was a signal for outrage. The savages stripped them naked; and, in the midst of a burning sun, left them in a pathless desert, to the fury, or rather the mercy, of wild beasts. The unfortunate travellers continued their journey. The feet of Leonora swelled, and, at length, bled at every step. Her children, parched with heat, and covered with dust, cried in all the agony of want. Her husband was insane: and she was naked,

with all her modesty, in the face of many men. She knelt upon the earth; she dug herself a hole with her hands; and buried herself up to the bosom in sand, to conceal her nakedness. In that state she received the last breath of two of her children. She now gave herself up to despair: her lips were burning with thirst; her eyes sunk in their sockets; she stretched out her arms to her husband, and died in his embrace! Wild, distracted with his calamities, Don Emanuel caught his only remaining child in his arms; and rushed into a neighbouring wood; the child uttering piercing shrieks; and both were almost instantly destroyed by lions, whose savage growls were heard by the few remaining servants of his party; who, after a multitude of dangers, returned to Portugal, to relate the tale.

X.

If, in travelling over Norwegian Lapland, Acerbi esteemed every fountain, he discovered, and every plant of angelica he saw, a source of pleasure and luxury: here, where all of life seems proscribed, and where solitude appears to brood over the matchless sterility, in sullen silence, the traveller

—— trembling totters on;
Breathes many a prayer; heaves many a groan;
Fears all he hears; doubts all he sees;
And starts and shakes in every breeze.

Needs.

Yet even here, where neither a flower blooms, nor a plant vegetates, upon a more minute inspection Nature is still seen to breathe in animal existence: for amid the parched sands are a thousand species of

insects, though none are beheld, or heard buzzing in the air.

In beautiful countries, while we confine our observations to the scenes or objects, presented to the eye, all is enchanting. But the moment we begin to associate them with the inhabitants, from that moment our pleasure fades rapidly away. Where man plants his foot, he plants his passions. And where his passions operate and preponderate, adieu to peace! In deserts, man is a mere sojourner for a day. The man of wealth is seldom seen there; and the man of poverty hurries through it, as if he feared to engage an enemy at every step.

In active scenes the pure spirit of immortality seems already to shed its influence over him, who loves the Deity "without interest and without fear:" and we feel a thousand motives for admiring the man, who "strives with fortune to be just." Job was a dweller on the borders of the deserts. The book, which commemorates his virtues and his misfortunes, seems to have been written expressly for the purpose of proving, that misfortunes ought never to be regarded as judgments. Indeed some persons seem born to misfortune, as the ocean is made to flow in periodical times. They are unfortunate in every wish they form; and in every object that they love; and they seem at all times ready to exclaim :

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I've never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away!

I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
 To glad me with its soft black eye,
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me—it was sure to die!

Moore.

XI.

Amid deserts we miss the most stupendous effort of the eternal power,—the mind of man. Matter appears almost sensible of its forlorn condition. If the tongue and the heart, as the celebrated Arabian shepherd, (Lokman), was accustomed to say, are the best and the worst parts of man, in scenes, so desolate, we seem to have no reason to inquire, if wisdom

will reside
 With passion, envy, love, or pride?

Edda; Cottle.

Accustomed to admire the stupendous powers of Nature, in all we see, in all we hear, in all we feel, man, among deserts, appears to have no more power to build, in other climes so easy, than he has to give direction to the winds; to stop the motion of the tides; or to arrest the march of the planets. The human mind, in fact, seems to have lost its power. And yet, who ever passed the deserts without giving a negative to this reasoning. The morning star rises here, as well as in Italy and Greece. The Arabians call the morning stars angels. Job¹ applies to them a similar title; and in another place he exclaims, “if thou art innocent, thou shalt shine forth as the morning star².” Here, too, the moon shines as vividly, as in winter it

¹ Ch. xxviii. v. 7.

² Ch. xi. v. 17.

does over the Arctic regions. In those regions the sky is frequently green, caused by the blending of the yellow colour of the atmosphere, and the blue of the waters. Here the sky is either chrystalline or yellow. In the higher latitudes, in consequence of the cold, the atmosphere becomes so condensed, as to refract its rays in a manner to exhibit phenomena more beautiful than the painter can depict. Sometimes are exhibited circles of various colours; at other times semicircles; now oblong rings, like that of Saturn; and occasionally it hangs over the vast abyss, as if impregnating it with forms and colours like its own.

Among deserts the moon rises and sets in one unvaried scene of splendour. Less vivid than the sun, it appears more benignant: and as the Thessalian musicians are fabled to have had the power of drawing it from heaven, indicating that there are in regions within its influence far "more beautiful things than these," it awakes a rich music, as it were, of thought; and we seem ready to hail it as a paradise, floating in the blue expanse, for the reception of elegant and injured spirits.

XII.

Nature is, for the most part, just; if not in her gifts, at least in her compensations. In Spitzbergen there are no trees or shrubs; but there are wild lettuces, ground ivy, hellebore, saxifrage, mountain heaths, heart's-ease, strawberries, and scurvy grass: an antiscorbutic so excellent, that seamen call it "the gift of God." Here, too, are gold ore, and alabaster. The Phillipine Islands are subject to earthquakes, and

to a vast number; not only of poisonous plants, but poisonous animals. But it is blest with an almost unequalled soil; a perpetual verdure adorns even the mountains; and various descriptions of trees put forth buds, blossoms, and fruit, through almost all the year. It has an immense number of buffaloes, deer, and wild goats; and is capable of being made the centre-point of commerce between Japan, China, and the Spice Islands. Part of Peru, and the whole of Egypt, are seldom visited by rains; but they are compensated by dews. Sumatra is in continual alarm from tigers, wild elephants, and rhinoceroses; but it has many of the choicest indulgences of Nature. The Azores are exposed to earthquakes and inundations; but they enjoy a delicious climate; and no venomous animal can live in any of their islands. Melinda is subject to violent storms; but it is one of the most fertile countries of the Indian continent; and though the province of Hami, in China, is situated in the centre of deserts; yet it has, to balance that inconvenience, fossils, minerals, agates, gold, and diamonds. The country is a paradise; and produces good sheep, fine horses, and excellent soldiers. Thus we find, that most countries have compensations for particular evils. But amid deserts, Nature seems to have loathed her materials, and to have quitted them in disgust and disdain.

What a contrast is there in the feelings which animate the heart of a sailor, after a long voyage, which toil and difficulty, increased by protracted hope and incessant disappointment, has rendered almost insupportable, when, from the topmast of his ship, he un-

expectedly sees, and calls out, "land!" And as the hills rise higher and higher out of the ocean, and the soft aerial tints fade, and wood, and rock, and hill, and valley, become more and more conspicuous; what emotions can be so vivid, so energetic, or transporting? Such were the feelings of those, who first discovered the islands of Tinian, Mindanao², and Protection³; and of that most lovely of all those beautiful islands, that stud the bosom of the Pacific, Juan Fernandez. From a distance, this island, which is only fifteen miles long and six broad, has a wild and inhospitable appearance: but, on the approach, its rugged aspect softens; its hills assume the colour of vermillion; and its vallies exhibit some of the most delightful pictures, it is possible to behold! "Scenes of such elegance and dignity," as the author of Commodore Anson's voyage observes, "that would with difficulty be rivalled in any other part of the globe." For there Nature reposes in awful silence; and appears absorbed in the contemplation of her own beauty.

Has heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore?
No secret island in the boundless main,
No peaceful desert, yet unclaimed by Spain?

1 — Humiliemque videmus Italiam.

Italiam! Primus conclamat Achates;

Italiam læto socii clamore salutant.

Æn. iii. v. 522.

¹ For an account of this island, see Forest's Voyage to New Guinea.

² Vide Vancouver's Voy., vol. iii.

XIII.

Oh! that this enchanting island were still uninhabited and free! Thither would we go, my Lelius, and, realizing on its fruitful soil the glories of a golden age, 'echo should no where whisper our hiding place.' In this favoured spot, the simple productions of unassisted Nature are said to excel all the fictitious descriptions of the most animated imagination¹.

— It were a seat, where Gods might dwell
And wander with delight!

Par. Lost, b. vii. p. 328.

Thus, you observe, Nature acts upon her usual plan of beneficence; even though none are present to see and to admire. The birds sing with as soft a note; the bee murmurs and distils as sweet a honey; fruits blossom and present their loaded treasures; while the waterfall and the rivulet elicit sounds as soothing, as animating, and as delightful.

A land, worthy the admirers of WILLIAM PENN! I have mixed much with those men, whom the world contemptuously denominates Quakers: and though I have seen enough to convince me, they are men; never can I cease to admire their hospitality to each other; the probity of their dealings; the cheerfulness of their manners, disguised, as it were, by plain dress, and gravity of countenance; their detestation of war; their charity and their sobriety; the peace of their words, and the peace of their conduct; their industry, and perseverance; their faith in the goodness of God, his justice, and his mercy.

¹ Vide Anson's Voy., p. 119, 5th edit.

Forsaking all, that would remind us of this vast scene of warfare, public and private, we should there learn how little necessary to our happiness are the artificial wants of a society, polished chiefly in its vices. The community of our families would recompense us for the experience, which the world has severely taught to us: knowing no method of cementing our friendship, superior to that of deserving each other's esteem; instilling into the minds of our children the firmest regard for one another, and a strict veneration for justice, who would not wish to appertain to a republic, which converted life into a secret journey of innocence; gliding insensibly away? In the hour of sorrow, who would not meditate on our happiness with an envy, tempered into a desire of emulation? In the moment of oppression, who would not fly to us for shelter? And, in the height of his enthusiasm, what poet would disdain to hold us forth, as an example, not unworthy the imitation of mankind? "Oh! Constance!" exclaimed Harmodius, one evening, as we were indulging our imaginations on this delightful subject, "Oh! Constance! thou, whom my heart loveth above all the treasures of the world, with what delight could I, even at this advanced season of life, now that my blood is chilled, my eyes fading, and my heart lacerated with cruel wounds, with what delight could I contemplate, in the bosom of the Pacific, a constellation of free, virtuous, happy, independent spirits!"

But in vain do we look, in all the wide continents of the globe, for a society, in any way approaching to

such a state of primitive simplicity! Society, indeed, seems to have assumed a feature, not entirely dissimilar to that, which characterizes the Arabs of the northern part of the deserts; who, blessed with the affections of husbands, fathers, and friends, esteem all men their enemies, who do not belong to their party. For, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and in America, there is not a city, nor a town, nor a village, nor even a hamlet, which contains so great a portion of harmony, as prevails among the animals and birds, that inhabit the shores of the New Year's Islands. There sea lions, as we learn from a celebrated navigator,¹ occupy the greatest part of the coast; bears the principal portion of the land; shags reside upon the cliffs; penguins in such places as have the best access to the sea; while the smaller birds occupy the more retired places. Thus every portion of the island is respectively inhabited; none of the birds or animals encroaching upon each other. The most perfect harmony subsisting through all the separate tribes, they occasionally mix together, like domestic cattle in a farmer's yard; eagles and vultures sitting together on the cliffs among the shags; and shags upon the beach among the sea lions. These birds and animals appear nearly to have attained their golden age: for vultures and falcons will, according to the poets, in that happy era, be observed sitting on the cliffs, and on the summits of high mountains, no longer intent upon their prey. Parrots of every colour will approach nearer to the human voice; the parroquet, with its green plumage, will sit secure from the attacks of serpents;

¹ Capt. Cook, 2d Voyage, vol. ii. p. 186.

the blue bird will quit its inaccessible solitudes; and the bird of Paradise will be gifted with song.

Julia!—Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
That we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted to the sea unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live,—love—die—alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold—
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
A paradise so pure and lonely.

Moore.

XIV.

What a lesson, and what a contrast, does the picture of Cook present to that greatest and proudest of all animals, MAN¹! Is there a city, a town, a village, or even a hamlet, in all Europe that is not a prey to the worst of all hostilities, envy and ill-will? Is there a city without its

¹ The inhabitants of the Balearic Islands would never permit either gold or silver, silks, or precious stones to be imported, or even used in their country. Not far distant from Carthage, Rome, Gaul, and Spain they lived in perpetual peace and ease for upwards of four hundred years. As there was nothing to pillage them of, says the historian, they were permitted to enjoy their poverty in tranquillity. The natives of the Loo-choo Islands, in the same manner, have no money, and never heard of war. When Lord Amherst, we are told,* mentioned these circumstances to Bonaparte at St. Helena, he exclaimed, "No arms!—*Sacre!*—How do they carry on war, then?"—When the same was related to Mr. Vansittart, the Chancellor of the English Exchequer, he is said to have exclaimed, "No money!—Bless me! How do they carry on the government?"

* Quarterly Review, No. xxxvi. p. 323.

factions; a town without its parties; a village or a hamlet, that does not contain either a despotic country squire, a proud unbending priest, an encroaching farmer, or a narrow, pinching, worthless, overseer? Were you a cynic, my Lelius, you would be almost tempted to say, that the earth more resembled the plantain tree of Guinea and Brazil, than the New Year's Islands.

On the top of this tree reside monkies, continually at war with each other; in the middle are snakes; on the extreme branches hang nests of woodpeckers. A picture far more melancholy to the heart, than even a view of a rich, beautiful, and romantic country, not only without a man to pluck its fruits, but without an animal to graze its meadows, or a bird to animate its woods. It is thus wherever man places his foot! In vain are the landscapes beautiful, and the soil productive! The meanness of some, the arrogance of others, and the rapacious appetites of all, will, as long as the present system of engendering dishonourable association lasts, prevent any material accession to public, or to private happiness.

To suppose, that happiness can exist with the present system of education, is as absurd, as the idea, that a comet, because its course is eccentric, and its period of revolution unknown, wanders without a plan, and without a fixed and pre-ordained orbit. Equally absurd were it to suppose, that the mimosa of Austral Asia, the flexuous honeysuckle of Japan, the pine of Lapland, the plantain of the East, and the banana of the West, will grow to perfection in each other's neighbourhood! What kind of

exhibition does society present? Little better than the interior of a wasp's nest ! Among the rich, an almost general conspiracy against the poor ; a general ingratitude among the poor themselves ; an universal desire prevails to pull every one down ; fevered with a never sleeping appetite to elevate ourselves. Why will not governors believe, that the best instrument for human happiness is a manual for the direction of early association ? As society is now organized, life presents every description of scenic exhibition. Now a comedy, now a dialogue, now a melo-drama, now a farce, and now a tragedy. In the midst of which I sincerely believe, that the most difficult animal to find among all the actors is—a MAN !

Life is a fair, nay, charming form
Of nameless grace and tempting sweets ;
But disappointment is the worm,
That cankers every bud she meets.

Noels.

Confucius tells a melancholy truth in the moral of the following tale. A shepherd having lost all his sheep, except fifty, gave himself up to despair, having a large family of children. His neighbours, who respected and loved him, (as well as worldly-minded men are capable of loving and respecting), came to his cottage, and condoled with him, after the manner of the country. Soon after the loss of his sheep, his wife was seized with a fever, and died. Upon this, his neighbours came to him again ; and, to console him, one offered him his sister, another his daughter, a

third his niece, and a fourth his ward. "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the shepherd, "in what a country do I live! Now I have lost my wife, the best of all my possessions, you tell me, I can repair my loss by marrying either your nieces, your wards, your sisters, or your daughters. But when I lost my sheep, one after the other, to the number of two hundred, not one of you offered me so much as a single lamb! Though you all declared to me, that you loved me better, than all your neighbours beside!"

XV.

But though we might as well suppose, that water will, for a constancy, turn crimson; the blue sky purple; iron become silver, and zinc gold; as to imagine, that man will be, essentially, any other, than their natures prompt them; yet, in the wide sphere of History and Geography, some few instances are on record, where the human mind appears to have enjoyed, at least an appearance of, repose and content. Italy in 1490 exhibited such an imposing picture. For the space of a thousand years preceding, Italy had, at no time, enjoyed such ease, prosperity, and repose. And the people, taking advantage of this halcyon state of public and private affairs, cultivated not only their vallies, but their mountains; and, being under no foreign influence, the cities grew into splendour and magnificence. The country was the seat of majesty and of religion; military glory was not wanting to their pride; and there were men

distinguished in almost every department of science, learning, and the liberal arts. Nature, however, has not granted a long state of happiness, either to individuals or communities. That of Italy was blighted by the expedition of Charles the VIIIth.—For from that event proceeded a long train of misfortunes and calamities: changes of countries and masters; desolation of provinces and states; and the destruction of many cities. While the most cruel murders, as Guiccardini justly observes,¹ paved the way to new diseases; new modes of governing; new customs; and more cruel methods of making war.

In many districts of Java, particularly in those of Sundha,² manners and customs prevail, which bear no very distant resemblance to patriarchal ages. The villages constitute detached societies under a priest or chief: harmony prevails entire in these communities; though one village occasionally disputes with another. Great deference is paid to age; the commands of parents and superiors are strictly obeyed; they hold each other in great esteem; pride themselves upon any good or great deed, performed by their kindred or neighbours; and have a great veneration for the tombs, ashes, and memories of their ancestors. They are honest, ingenuous, and kind-hearted; faithful in their engagements; and extremely cleanly in their persons. Hospitality is not only enjoined by many striking precepts, but

¹ Guiccardini's Hist. of Italy, vol. i. pp. 4, 132.

² Raffles, vol. i. pp. 247, 251. 4to.

zealously practised : and they indicate their fear of acting unjustly or dishonourably, in the possession of a lively sensibility to shame. They rise before the sun ; they go soon after into the rice field with their buffaloes ; return home about ten ; bathe and take their morning's meal. During the heat of the day, they occupy themselves under the shades of trees, or in their cottages, with making or mending their implements of husbandry, or in forming baskets. About four they again go to the fields with their buffaloes ; at six they return and take their supper : then they form themselves into small parties, and the whole village exhibits a picture of quiet enjoyment.

XVI.

There are three species of uncultivated life particularly striking. These are expressly marked by Faria, Tacitus, and one of the Hebrew writers. "The outrages committed in Ceylon," says Faria,¹ "obliged the natives to seek refuge among the wild beasts of the mountains, to shun the more brutal outrages of man." "The Chauci," says Tacitus², "are the noblest among the German nations : and they maintain their greatness more by justice, than by violence. Without any illegitimate desires or wishes, and confident of their strength, they live quietly and in security ; neither provoked, nor provoking to war. But when roused by oppression, they never fail to

¹ Mickle's Dissertation, Portugal, Asia, c. ii.

² De Moribus Germ. cap. xxxv.

conquer." "The five spies of Dan," says a Hebrew writer, "went to Laish, and saw the people that were there, how they dwelt, careless after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure; and there was no magistrate to put them to shame in any thing." That is, they lived in such a state of security and innocence, that even a magistrate was not required for their safety. A state of honourable poverty, in which every father was a patriarch in the midst of his family.

Now let us contrast these pictures with the state of society, in which the Pindarrees of India disgrace the form and figure of men. These outlaws have an origin much earlier, than has been generally supposed; for their ancestors fought against the army of Aurungzebe. When at peace, they live in societies of one hundred, one hundred and fifty, and two hundred, governed by local chiefs. In times of excursion, they are assembled by the trumpet of their great chief, whom they style *Labbrea*. When this chief has resolved upon an excursion, he mounts his horse, and proceeds to a distance, preceded by his standard-bearer, and attended by trumpeters. At the sound of the trumpets the clans quit their occupations, like magic and join his standard. He then marches forward, waiting for no one; and his followers join him as fast as they can, taking with them provisions only for a few days. Wherever they go, they carry want, destruction, death, torture, and consternation. When attacked, they fly in all directions, and trust to chance and their own individual skill to unite again. By a large fire made at night the scattered forces

know the post of their chief, and all endeavour to join him, as soon as possible. They have little order, no guards at night, and no scouts by day; they are, therefore, frequently surprized,

Their prides and chief care consist in their horses, which they feed in the best manner; giving them maize, bread, and whatever they can get: sometimes even chearing them with opium and balls of flour, stimulated by ginger. They sleep with their bridles in their hands; and are, at all times, prepared for plunder, for battle, or for flight: fighting only for the first, they never engage but when they are superior in numbers. Flight with them is no disgrace; and he who flies the fastest, prides himself the most; and his joy at escape is signified by the manner, in which he caresses his horse. Such being the case, his greatest solicitude in the choice of a horse is swiftness; because, when surprized, he can spring upon his saddle, and be out of sight in an instant. If he loses him, however, the disgrace is indelible. His arms consist of a sword, a spear, and a lance; for his use of fire-arms is but partial. To a life of depredation the Pindarrees attach neither crime nor disgrace; personal interest and grandeur are the only laws they esteem; and to secure either, cruelty, stratagem, and every species of oppression, are esteemed honourable. When one of their chiefs, taken prisoner in the last of their battles with the British forces, first beheld Calcutta, the only sentiment, he expressed to Sir John Malcolm, relative to that fine city, was, that it was a glorious place to pillage!

The Deccan and the Rajpoot states were dreadfully infested by these barbarians ; who obtained such an ascendancy over the governments of Scindia and Holkar, that they threatened to establish such a system of annual devastation throughout Hindoostan, as no empire was ever subject to before. Fortunately, however, they were totally incapable of encountering a regular force, to which they attached great power ; and of which they consequently lived in great dread. Major Lushington¹ put a party of three thousand of them to flight with only three hundred and fifty men !

In 1809 they generally invaded a country or province in parties, varying from one to four thousand each. Their arrival and depredations were frequently the only heralds of their approach. They carried nothing but their arms. They had no tents or baggage of any sort ; their saddle-cloths were their beds ; they never halted but to refresh themselves, or to indulge their lust and avarice ; and their subsistence arose out of the plunder of the day. Their movements being exceedingly rapid and uncertain, it was a subject of no little difficulty to way-lay them ; they could only, therefore, be caught by surprise. They retired with the same rapidity as they approached ; and what they consumed was frequently of more value, than what they took away, for nothing escaped them ; and what they did not want they burned, broke, or destroyed, in one way or another. Ruin and desolation marked their footsteps ; and they indulged their propensities, in respect to women, to a most frightful extent ; and

¹ Official Papers, Dec. 27, 1816.

when they had gratified their brutal passions, they not unfrequently murdered their innocent and helpless victims, as rewards for their shrieks and cries. And, to crown the whole, when they had plundered a village, and polluted its inhabitants, they set fire to the buildings: thus leaving the unfortunate survivors alike destitute of house, of food, and of purity.

The chief season for their depredations was that, in which the crops were ripe; and thus the husbandmen were robbed of the fruits of their labour, at the time in which they expected to reap them. Every road was comparatively easy to them; as they marched without guns or baggage: and as they carried terror and destruction wherever they marched, so great was the horror they inspired, that one of the villages¹ of the Deccan, hearing of their approach, unanimously resolved to sacrifice their families, rather than submit to the ravishment of their wives and children. The Pindarrees approached; a battle ensued; and the villagers being overpowered by numbers, they set fire to their dwellings, and perished with their neighbours and families in one general conflagration.

In one excursion of twelve days,² five thousand of these marauders plundered and polluted part of three British provinces. In this assault they robbed six thousand two hundred and three houses; and burnt two hundred and sixty-nine to the ground: one hundred and eighty-

¹ Ainavale. Vide Dalzell's Dispatch to the Secretary at Madras, March 18, 1816. Letter from Ongole, March 20, 1816.

² Answer to a Report drawn up by the Madras Government, April 22, 1818.

two persons also were murdered; five hundred and five wounded; and three thousand six hundred and three subjected to the torture. The property lost and destroyed was valued at two hundred and fifty-five thousand nine hundred and fifty-six star pagodas. These bands became, at length, so numerous, that their force consisted of no less than thirty thousand men;¹ part of whom were in the secret, if not open, service of Scindia; and part in that of Holkar. They were to be heard of in all quarters. The Marquis of Hastings, Governor-general of India, saw ample necessity, therefore, of suppressing, if not entirely destroying, these marauders, who were as dastardly, as they were cruel. By a series of masterly movements, the Pindarree bands were surrounded, and so entirely intersected by a simultaneous movement, at all points, that they were prevented all possibility of escape. The chiefs were, therefore, taken prisoners; and in one campaign annihilated, as it were, from the face of the earth. In this campaign of only three months, conceived in wisdom and executed with vigour, the entire country of Hindoostan was reduced to the authority of the British empire. A dominion more extensive than Aurengzebe possessed, even in the zenith of his power: for it comprizes an extent of country, reaching from the Himalah mountains to the Indus; and from the river Sutlese to the Cape Comorin;—an area containing seventy millions² of subjects;

¹ Debates, House of Lords, March 2, 1819.

² House of Commons, March 1, 1819. Major Fitzclarence compares their ravages to those of an army of locusts. *Journal*, p. 3.

all of whom are kept in subjection by thirty thousand British soldiers. If India, therefore, has gained little by the prowess of British arms, it has at least gained this; that a predatory force has been obliterated, of whom it has justly been said in the British parliament,¹ that there was no violence, they did not perpetrate; and no degree of human suffering, they did not inflict. Rapine, rape, murder, and every species of atrocity and torture, were the constant results of every enterprize; and the constant attendants of every success.

CHAPTER III.

To contrast and variety of climate has been attributed the principal lines and shades of national characters. Mons. Denina, in a paper preserved in the memoirs of the Berlin academy; and Tasso, in his parallel between France and Italy; have given it as their decided opinion, that a country, marked with gentle eminences, and gradually rising mountains, are the most remarkable for men of genius, talents, and learning. Vitruvius² and Vegetius³ attribute to climate an influence on the temper and constitution of men: to the same influence Servius⁴ refers the subtlety of the Africans, the fickleness of the Greeks, and the poverty of genius in the ancient

¹ Debates, House of Lords, March 2; House of Commons, March 1, 1819.

² Lib. vi.

³ De Re Militari, lib. i. c. 2.

⁴ In notis Æneid. vi. v. 724.

Gauls. That climate has an important influence, and is the principle cause of the difference in national characters, has been also maintained with considerable ingenuity by Montesquieu, in the fourteenth book of his *Spirit of Laws*.¹ That celebrated writer imagines climate to exercise its principal power over the *manners*; while Cicero,² Winklemann, and the Abbé du Bos,³ with equal plausibility, argue for its influence over the *mind*. But as great events belong exclusively to no age, great genius belongs exclusively to no nation. Neither is there a virtue exercised, a talent cultivated, or a science improved, that may not be exercised, cultivated, and improved, in the torrid and frigid zones, as well as in the temperate. Absurd, then, is the dogma, which would inculcate; that man may be born in "too high or too low a latitude, for wisdom or for wit." Both these hypotheses may, therefore, justly be doubted; for Greece has produced its Lycurgus: China its Confucius; and Rome its Pliny: France its Fenelon; Spain its Cervantes; Portugal its Camoens; and Poland its Cassimir. England has produced its Newton; Switzerland its Gessner; Germany its Klopstock; Sweden its Linnæus; and, to crown the argument, Iceland its two hundred and forty poets! This is sufficient for the hypothesis of Du Bos.

¹ Machiavel inclines to the opinion, that, in all ages, men, born in the same country, have the same "leading natures." Vide *Discorsi*, lib. iii.

² De Fato, c. 4.

³ Reflections on the Imitation of the Paintings and Sculptures of the Greeks. Fuseli, p. 4, &c.

That climate affects the manners is equally ideal: for the crimes of the west have been equal to those of the east; and the vices of the south equal to the vices of the north. They differ not in their number, but in their quality: for what is vice in one part of the world is not considered vice in another. Thus the Jews esteem it a sin to eat swine; and the natives of Rud-bâr regard it an abomination to eat doves. The use of wine is as strictly forbidden in Turkey; as the possession of more wives than one is in Europe. War in Japan is looked upon with horror; in Europe it is associated with glory.

The Moors, in some parts of Africa, have such an abhorrence of a Christian, that they esteem it no more sin to kill one, than any of their animals. In the Tonga Islands¹ it is regarded as a slight offence to kill an inferior; to steal; or to commit a rape: provided it is not upon the person of a married woman or, upon a superior. Gargilasso says, in his history of the civil wars of the Spaniards, that fathers in Peru were punished for the crimes of their children. In Bantam² the king is empowered, upon the death of a father of a family, not only to seize the habitation and inheritance, but the wife and the children. While in the Afghaun nation, if a man commit a murder, his family is allowed to compensate it by giving six women with portions, and six without, as wives, to the family aggrieved.

Other nations are as criminal in their punishments, as offenders themselves. In England, to steal a sheep is

¹ Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands, vol. ii.

² Montesquien, vol. v. ch. 14.

to incur the penalty of death; to murder a man is no more. In Japan, almost all crimes were once punished with death.¹ The Basheans of the North Phillipine Islands even punished some crimes with burying alive. Dampier² saw them bury a young man merely for theft. They dug a deep hole; and many persons came to bid him farewell. Among them was his mother, who wept as she took the rings from his ears. He yielded to the punishment without a struggle; he was put into the pit; and they covered him with earth; cramming it close, and stifling him.

In the Hindoo creed, it is stated,³ that the blood of a tiger pleases a goddess one hundred years; that of a panther, of a lion, and of a man, one thousand years; but the sacrifice of three men one hundred thousand years. And let a Hindoo⁴ commit ever so enormous a crime, he would suppose himself perfectly safe, if he could be assured, that his friends would throw his body or his bones into the Ganges. "To kill one hundred cows," says the Dherma Shastra, "is equal to killing a Bramin; to kill one hundred Bramins is equal to killing a woman; to kill one hundred women is equal to killing a child; to kill one hundred children is equal to telling an untruth!"

Men, in some countries, killed their own fathers, under the sanction of custom, or the laws. In Rome,

¹ Kempfer.

² Voy., vol. i. p. 432.

³ Ward's Account of the Writings, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos, vol. iv. 4to.

⁴ Vide Collection of Voyages, contributing to the Establishment of the East-India Company, vol. v. p. 192.

and even in Gaul,¹ fathers were allowed, not only the lives of their children in infancy, but their liberties in adolescence. This practice arose out of the erroneous idea, that he, who gives, has a right to take away.² In the reign of Adrian, however, the power was modified; and a father was banished for taking away the life of his son, though that son had committed a great crime. The Jews had the privilege of selling their children for seven years. In Greece, the father pronounced whether the new-born child should live or die. If the latter, it was instantly put to death or exposed. From this custom rose many of the most affecting and romantic incidents in Grecian history; and Euripides has founded his fine tragedy of *Ion* upon it.

Ion, having been exposed near the Delphian temple, became the priest of Apollo. As he was one day standing in its precincts, a lady appeared.—

ION.—Lady, whoe'er thou art, that liberal air
Speaks an exalted mind: there is a grace,
A dignity, in those of noble birth,
That marks their rank.—And yet I marvel much,
That from thy closed lids the trickling tear
Water'd thy beauteous cheeks, soon as thine eye
Beheld this chaste oracular seat of Phœbus.
What brings this sorrow, lady?—All besides,
Viewing the temple of the god, are struck
With joy:—Thy melting eye o'erflows with tears.

CÆUSA.—Not without reason, stranger, art thou seiz'd
With wonder at my tears: this sacred dome
Awakes a sad remembrance of things past.

¹ Cesar, de Bell. Gall. vol. vi. c. 19.

² Cod. viii. 47, 10.

In a subsequent scene Creusa recognizes, in this priest of Apollo, the son, whom, for many years, she had concluded to be dead.

ION.—O my dear mother ! I with joy behold thee.
With transport 'gainst thy cheek my cheek recline.

CREUSA.—My son, my son ! far dearer to thy mother,
Than you bright orb ;—the god will pardon me ;—
Do I then hold thee in my arms ? thus found
Beyond my hopes !

ION.—O my dear mother ! in thy arms I seem,
As one, that had been dead, to life return'd.

CREUSA.—Not without tears, my son, wast thou brought forth ;
Nor without anguish did my hands resign thee.
Now, breathing on thy cheek, I feel a joy,
Transporting me with heart-felt ecstasies.

Euripides.—Potter.

II.

In Rome,¹ young children were frequently exposed in the cavity of a column, called the Lactary, for the purpose of being brought up at the public expense : and their right of life and liberty, with some modifications, was acknowledged a sovereign privilege, even so low down as the era, which produced the Institutes of Justinian.

In Britain, parents were allowed to sell their children, till the right was abolished in 1015. In Dahomy,² the children of the entire territory are still the absolute property of the sovereign. At an early age, they are taken from their mothers and sent into remote villages ; where they are appro-

¹ Festus.

² Norris's *Journey to the Court of Bossa Ahadee*, p. 89.

priated, according to the king's judgment and discretion : the mothers seldom seeing them afterwards.

Infanticide has prevailed in many countries ; particularly in Britain,¹ Egypt,² and the East among the Jews.³ Fathers in Otaheite, also, destroyed their children at discretion ; and when an Englishman remonstrated with them, on the brutality of this custom, they replied, that every man had a natural right to do as he pleased with his own offspring : not only without restraint from their relatives, but even from their chiefs. A great change has, however, taken place in this island. Not less than three thousand copies of the gospel of St. Luke have been distributed in the Otaheitan language ; multitudes can both read and write ; and circles⁴ of Otaheitans are frequently seen, sitting under the shades of trees, listening with pious attention to hear the gospel read, cited, and expounded. The exposition of children prevails, also, in China, Tonquin,⁵ and Koreish Arabia ; and the women of New Holland⁶ esteem it no crime to destroy the *fœtus in utero*.

III.

If some nations have exposed their children for convenience, others have murdered them in the spirit

¹ De Bell. Gall. lib. vi.

² Phars. lib. iii. v. 406.

³ "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousand rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression? The fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" The answer embraces every point of duty, morality, and religion :—"Do justly ; love mercy ; and walk humbly with thy God."—Micah, ch. vi. v. 7, 8.

⁴ British and Foreign Bible Report, 1820.

⁵ Dampier's Voy., vol. ii. p. 41.

⁶ Grant's Voy. of Discovery, p. 136. 4to.

of piety : human sacrifices having been offered in many countries, civilized as well as barbarous. The kings of Whydah and Dahomy¹ water the graves of their ancestors every season with the blood of human victims. At Feejee they frequently sacrifice ten persons, lest the Deity should destroy their chief. And the king of Ashantee devoted not less than two thousand Fantee prisoners, and one thousand Ashantees, in honour of his mother. Human sacrifices, at the time of the discovery of the Otaheite and Sandwich Islands, were common in those islands ; and in Mexico the idols reeked with the blood of human beings. Some of the Spanish historians even assure us, that the king's ambassador told Cortez, that he had fifty thousand men to spare ; with whom he could engage other nations, for the purpose of procuring prisoners of war, as offerings to their gods. The practice was not uncommon even in Persia. Plutarch² says, that fourteen young men, of great families, were buried alive, by command of Amestris, the wife of Xerxes ; for the purpose of honouring some deity of the country.

The Sepharites of Samaria offered children to the sun. And at Sparta, boys were frequently whipped to death, in honour of Diana. At Plataea, a young man and a young woman were annually sacrificed to that goddess ; and the custom continued, till the conversion of the governor to Christianity by St. Andrew.

The Athenians sacrificed two persons ; one as a lustratory sacrifice for men ; the other for that of women. Idomeneus offered up his son ; and the intended

¹ Norris's Journey to the Court of Bossa Ahadee, p. 87, 100.

² De Superstitione, c. xlii.

sacrifice of Iphigenia, for the mere purpose of obtaining a fair wind, is a circumstance, of itself, sufficient to prove, that human sacrifices had little in them, at that time, to shock the prejudices of a superstitious age. Horace gives a true character to such a transaction, when he inquires *Rectum animi servas*¹? But it afforded a fine subject for the pencil of Timanthes; and elicited the most affecting images from the genius of Euripides.—His tragedy of Iphigenia in Tauris was founded upon the following passage in Æschylus.

Rent on the earth her maiden veil she throws ;
 And on the sad attendants rolling
 The trembling lustre of her dewy eyes,
 Their grief-impassion'd souls controlling,
 That ennobled, modest grace,
 Which the mimic pencil tries
 In the imag'd form to trace,
 The breathing picture shews.
 And as, amidst his festal pleasures,
 Her father oft rejoic'd to hear
 Her voice, in soft mellifluous measures,
 Warble the sprightly-fancied air ;
 So now, in act to speak, the virgin stands.
 But when the third libation paid,
 She heard her father's dread commands
 Enjoining silence, she obey'd :
 And for her country's good,
 With patient, meek, submissive mind
 To her hard fate resign'd,
 Pour'd out the rich stream of her virgin blood.

Agamemnon.—Æschylus.—Potter.

The custom, also, prevailed among the Egyptians of Ilythia²; and even among the Jews upon particular

¹ Sat., lib. ii. ; Sat. iii. v. 201.

² Plut. de Isis et Osiris.

occasions: of which the instances of Abraham and Jephtha are memorable examples.

The Dumatenian Arabs¹ even regarded the sacrificing of their own children an act of the strictest piety: and the sentiment is still prevalent in many parts of Hindostan.²

The Hottentots³ were accustomed to expose children when the mothers died. They have no nurses; and the children, left destitute, as it were, by Nature, share the graves of their mothers. The same custom prevails among the American Indians⁴; in Labradore⁵; while in Greenland⁶ little children are not unfrequently buried alive, from the idea, that such a sacrifice will cure their fathers of any disorder, with which they may chance to be afflicted. The Esquimaux Indians of Hudson's Bay,⁷ also, put to death all those children, which are born blind, or deformed. At Arebo, in Benin,⁸ the woman, who produces twins, is slain with both the children; and in Formosa, no woman was once permitted to have a family, till she was past thirty: priestesses⁹ causing mothers to miscarry by striking them on the belly.

¹ Porphyry de Abstinentiâ.

² Vide Ward on the Writings, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos. For the origin of Hindu Infanticide, vide Moor's Essay, p. 29, 44, 106. Lord Wellesley issued an edict against it: vide Murray's Hist. Acct. of Disc. in Asia, vol. ii. p. 201.

³ Thunberg. vol. ii. p. 195.

⁴ Robertson's America, vol. ii. p. 41.

⁵ Chappel's Voy. to Labradore and Newfoundland, p. 196.

⁶ Hans Egede Saabaye, p. 181; Egede, 52.

⁷ M'Keever's Voy., p. 37.

⁸ Bosman's Guinea Coast, p. 415.

⁹ Aristotle advises a practice scarcely less monstrous. Vid. Polit. lib. vii. c. 16.

IV.

The offering of little children, at Carthage, inflamed the mothers of Rome; and yet, some centuries after, they could calmly behold the sacrifice of the Christians, during the persecutions of Nero (A.D. 64); Domitian (94); Trajan (107); Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (153); Severus (203); Maximin (236); Decius (250); Gallus (252); Valerian (258); and of Diocletian (303):—till Constantine, (in 313) gave free license for the exercise of the Christian faith. I have specified the dates, in order, the more fully, to mark the progress and pertinacity of human cruelty: but it is a triumph against philosophy to observe how conspicuous, in this catalogue of impiety, are the names of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

In Persia a persecution began in 330, which lasted forty years! The sacrifice of Christians, indeed, frequently followed the commonest accidents of natural casualties. “If the Tiber ascend to the walls of Rome,” exclaimed Tertullian¹; “if the Nile does not cover the fields; if the earth is agitated by earthquakes; and if there is a famine, or a pestilence; what is the result? The Christians are thrown to the lions.”²

Wanton and detestable, as these cruelties appear, even Christians themselves have exercised barbarities, not unequal, against persons of their own faith. And those, too, only because differences have arisen on points of little comparative importance! The Assassines, a people dependent on Phenicia,

¹ Apolog. cap. xlii.

² Tacitus has a striking passage: *Annal.*, lib. xv. c. 44..

believed, that the surest road to the paradise of Mahomet, was to assassinate some one of a contrary religion. Catholic priests have occasionally exceeded even this enormity of error. Disregarding the canon, laid down in the ecclesiastical history of Socrates,¹ that the orthodox church persecutes no one; such crimes have been committed, under the awful authority of religion, in France, Italy, Sicily, Spain, Portugal, and Ireland, the horrors of which no language can describe. The massacre of the Sicilian Vespers; of Bartholomew; of Moscow; of the Irish Protestants:—these, and the various methods of torture, once practised on the Continent, are not only sufficient to coagulate the blood, but even to congeal the very soul with horror.

The church of Rome has frequently sanctioned the crime of assassination. When Admiral Coligny was murdered in France, there was a public thanksgiving at Rome; a solemn procession, and a jubilee. Pope Gregory XIII. struck a medal on the occasion; and hung up a picture, representing the deed, even in his hall of audience. Te Deums, too, were sung in the churches, in honour of the massacres of Prague, Ismael, and Warsaw! “The great spirit,” exclaimed St. Augustine, “is patient: and he is patient,” he admirably continues, “because he is immortal!”

V.

In Java,² previous to the arrival of Europeans, any person, who murdered a superior, was beheaded; his

¹ Lib. xi. c. 3.

² Raffles' Hist. Java; art. Administration of Justice, vol. i. p. 289.

heart fixed upon a bambu; his body quartered, and delivered to wild beasts. But if a superior killed an inferior, he only forfeited a thousand doits. In Celebes, the compensation for killing a man is thirty dollars; for killing a woman forty. In Greece it was parricide in a slave to kill a free man in his own defence! In some countries it is less criminal to destroy a man, than to steal a sheep,¹ or kill a stag.² In Spain it was once a less crime to commit murder, than to contract a low marriage. "Those who eat mushrooms," says Yama,³ the legislator of India, "fully equal in guilt the most despicable of all deadly sinners." And the Tartars, in the reign of Genghis Khan, thought it no sin to rob or to kill: but no man was allowed to lean against a whip, or to strike a horse with his bridle; under the penalty of death.⁴

What, in the whole code of barbarous nations, can be more gigantically criminal, than the enactment of the following law, even in Britain! This monstrous law decreed, that when a person, charged with crime, refused to plead, he should be taken from the court; laid in a dark room, naked upon the earth, without either bedding or straw; a little raiment was put over his hips, and his head and feet were covered. One arm was drawn to one end of the room by a cord, the other arm to another quarter: and his two legs to the other cardinal points. An iron or stone, as heavy as could be borne, was then placed upon his body. On the next day were presented to him three

¹ Bosman, p. 143. ed. 1721.

² Vide Laws of William I.

³ Sir Wm. Jones, vol. ii. p. 117. 4to.

⁴ Carpini's Relation; vide Montesquieu, b. xxiv. p. 128.

small pieces of barley bread, with no drink. On the third day he had as much water as he could drink, but no bread. And in this manner he was fed till he died.¹ Surely there can be no profaneness in asserting, that the law-makers, (for we must not dignify them with the title of legislators,) who could enact such a custom, and the judge, who could pass such a sentence, were creatures, more loathsome to the great **JEHOVAH**, than a crocodile, or a rattlesnake, is to a man.

Grief shall leave them no repose.
At morning's dawn, at ev'ning's close,
Despair shall round their souls be twin'd,
And drink the vigour of their mind;
As round the oak rank ivy cleaves,
Steals its sap, and blasts its leaves.

Edda :—Cottle.

VI.

The ancient Germans had only two capital crimes²: treachery and cowardice. The former was punished by a halter, the latter by drowning. All other crimes might be compensated. Murder was venial. Even the French salique law made an essential difference, in regard to a Frank and Roman murderer. The former was fined two hundred sols³; the latter one hundred; and for a Roman tributary only forty-five. In Cyprus assassination is compromised by a few hundred piastres; according to the age of the deceased. If between

¹ *Flëta*, l. i. t. 34. s. 33. This sentence, the technical name of which is *peine forte et dure*, is supposed to have been introduced in the reign of Edward I.

² Tacitus de Mor. Germ.

³ Montesquieu, b. xxviii. c. 3.

thirty and thirty-five,¹ the penalty is five hundred piastres.

The laws of the twelve tables were extremely severe²; till they were silently abrogated by the Persian law. "At this period," says the greatest of all our legal authorities, "the Republic flourished. Under the emperors severe punishments were revived; and then the empire fell." In Ashantee, it is not only death to be convicted of cowardice; but even of picking up gold, dropped in the market-place.³ How worthy a circumstance it is to live under the license of passion, and under the influence of a tyrant, we may learn from the practice of Sai Tootoo Quamima, king of that country. This prince, —if prince he may be called,—wrote to the governor of Cape Coast Castle, that so far from allowing the death of one man to retard the permanent union between the English and Ashantees, he should take no notice, if a thousand were flogged to death by the governor. For he well knew the insolent disposition of the Ashantees; which, he confessed, was as great a vexation to him, as it could be to the governor himself.

In cases of treason, the laws of Macedon⁴ extended death to all the relations of the party convicted; and that such severity was not unfrequently practised in

¹ Mariti, vol. i. p. 19.

² In Pegu, creditors may sell their debtor, his wife, and all his children; but, by the laws of the twelve tables, they might even cut his body in pieces, and each creditor have his share. This construction has been, and may be, justly doubted.

³ Bowdich's Mission, p. 121, 4to.

⁴ Quint. Curt., lib. vi.

the times of the Roman emperors, is evident from a passage in the pandects of Justinian: whence¹ one of the papal bulls derived the affectation of mercy, in ordaining a living punishment, in comparison with which death might be esteemed, not only a relief, but an honour. Burlamaqui² has observed, that as all human institutions are founded on the laws of God, so no human laws should be permitted to contradict them. And yet torture was enacted upon the hypocritical pretence, that it arose out of a tenderness for the lives of men! In the reigns of Theodosius and Valentinian, it was a capital offence to endeavour to convert a Pagan to Judaism, Christianity, or any other religion.—A monstrous license in the exercise of legislative authority! But in St. Domingo, during its early possession by the Spaniards, so little respect was paid to human life and human error, that many of them³ made vows to destroy twelve Pagan Indians, every day, in honour of the twelve apostles.

In Greece, several children were condemned, for pulling up a shrub in a sacred grove: and the Athenian judges even caused a child to be executed, for merely picking up a leaf of gold, which had fallen from the crown on the head of Diana's statue.

The following instances of cruelty are parallels, worthy of each other. The fanatic, Damien, having attempted the life of Louis XV., after undergoing many exquisite tortures, was condemned to die. At the place of execution he was stripped naked, and

¹ Comment., b. iv. c. 29.

² On the Law of Nature and Nations.

³ Raynal, Hist. E. and W. Indies, b. vi.

fastened by iron gyves to a scaffold. His right hand was put into a liquid of burning sulphur : his legs, arms, and thighs, were torn with red-hot pincers : then boiling oil and melted resin, sulphur, and lead, were poured into the gashes : and, as a finale to this horrible tragedy, he was torn to pieces by four horses.

The Dutch of Batavia¹ punished the chief of a supposed conspiracy, with twenty of his companions, in the following manner.—They stretched them on a cross ; tore the flesh from their arms, legs, and breasts, with hot pincers. They ripped up their bellies, and threw their hearts in their faces. Then they cut off their heads, and exposed them to the fowls of the air. After this they returned public thanks to heaven !

The Turkish history furnishes many instances. The city of Famagusta having been bravely defended by a Venetian nobleman, named Bragadin, at length surrendered to the superior force of Mustapha. The conduct of Bragadin had been that of a valiant and skilful general ; but Mustapha was so enraged at the ability he had displayed in the siege, that he caused him to be flayed alive. Then he stuffed his skin with straw, tore his body in pieces, and scattered his several members over the different parts of the fortifications. The head and skin were sent to Constantinople ; where they were bought by his brother, who caused them to be buried at Venice, in the church of St. Paul and St. John.—But this is an instance of clemency, when compared with many Turkish practices.

¹ Barrow, *Cochin China*, p. 222, 4to.

VII.

In the year 1813 torture was inflicted, in Algiers, upon the Bey of Oran.¹ He was brought out with his three children. These children were in his presence opened alive, and their hearts taken out. The hearts were afterwards roasted, and the father condemned to eat them. The Bey was then forced to impale two of his slaves: he was then made to sit upon a red hot iron: then a red hot iron was put upon his head, which was afterwards scalped. At last they opened his side, and took out his heart and intestines. The merciless Aga of the Janissaries, (afterwards the Dey of Algiers, so humbled by the Earl of Exmouth), then took the skin of the Bey's head; filled it with straw; and sent it to Tunis. To add to the depravity and horror of this scene, it was acted before the door of the house, in which the unfortunate Bey's wife then was.

Lysimachus² is said to have shut up a friend, who had offended him, in a den, and cut off his ears and nose; where, naked and in filth, the unfortunate captive lost, as it were, the form and nature of man. Clotaire the first, of France, exercised a worse cruelty than this, even upon his own son. For having taken Chramnes prisoner, with his wife and children, he caused them to be put into a small cottage, thatched with reeds; when the cottage was fired, and the whole family perished.

Cruelties have been exercised, also, towards animals, in a manner, scarcely to be credited. The Abyssinian

¹ Salame's Narrative of the Expedition to Algiers, pp. 215, 216.

² Seneca, de Ira.

soldiers frequently cut off flesh from their cows, without killing them; and thus continue, from day to day, till the animal dies.¹ In England, too,—*horresco referens!*—the present Duke of Portland, at the death of his father, caused all the deer in Bulstrode Park to be slaughtered, and buried. A great number were destroyed in this manner. No person was allowed to eat of their flesh; nor to benefit himself by their skins. This act was, of course, an act, proceeding from insanity;—certainly not from the impulses of a barbarous and depraved nature. The keepers shed tears; the gentry remonstrated; the whole kingdom sent forth execrations; and the slaughter was stopt. His Grace, soon after, sold the estate; and left a county, which had been so grossly insulted and offended. Not long after this event, I chanced to travel near the spot, and conversed with one of the keepers. “It is all true, sir,” said he; “the number of tears I shed, no man can tell! The deer, the stags, even the little fawns, most of which I had fondled in my arms, I saw barbarously butchered, before my face: and I could not sleep, for weeks, but I fancied I heard them bleating to me for mercy.”

VIII.

We may here make a few observations on the inequality of punishments to crimes. In Wales, to the time of Henry VIII., the loss of a finger was compensated by one cow and twenty-pence; and a

¹ Asserted by Bruce; doubted by many; but confirmed by Clarke, and other travellers.

life by seventy thymes (ten pounds)¹. In France², it was once so heinous to touch the hand of a free woman, without consent, that the offender was fined not less than fifteen sols of gold: while in Dahomy³ it is esteemed criminal to discourse on politics; or indeed to make any remarks upon the administration of public affairs.

Some legislators seem to have borrowed their creeds from the worst portion of the ancient stoics, who considered all crimes equal. Cicero⁴ and Horace⁵,—if men, occupied in profiting by the present, can be sufficiently wise to profit by the past,—will teach them, equally with Beccaria and common sense, that the doctrine is neither suited to the principles of justice, nor conducive to the great purposes of public utility.

There is no wisdom in fomenting provincial, or even national antipathies. Governments, in general, indicate great weakness in this particular. Are the savages of Africa worthy of imitating? The Feloops⁶ of the Gambia not only never forgive an injury, but they transmit their feuds from one generation to another. With them revenge is virtue, as among the ancient Romans. In Messir⁷, the people were even accustomed to cut off the noses of their prisoners of war; to salt them; and then to send them to the court of their prince. The fury of Tamerlane, Genghis

¹ *Leges Wall.* 278.

² *St. Foix*, vol. ii. p. 81.

³ *Norris's Mem. of Reign of Bossa Ahadee*, p. 3.

⁴ *De Finibus*.

⁵ *Sat.* iii. v. 97.

⁶ *Park's Travels*, p. 15. 4to.

⁷ *Fryer's Trav.*, p. 163.

Khan, and the sultans of the Turks, were satiated by receiving the heads of their enemies: and the Prussians exercised the wantonness of their hatred towards the French, during the late campaign, by cutting off their ears. The Javanese¹ have such an antipathy to the natives of the Coromandel coast, whom they call Khojas, that they have the following proverb; "If you meet a snake and a Khoja, on the same road, kill the Khoja first, and the snake last."

The tomahawk of an American Indian serves for a hatchet and a tobacco pipe: and the most honourable ornaments in his hut are the scalps, he has taken from the skulls of his enemies. The act of scalping seemed so worthy a practice to the early settlers of Kentucky, that they not only imitated the example, by scalping the Indians; but even cut off the skin from the backs of those, that had fallen, and made razor-straps² of them. To the lasting disgrace of the French and English, the practice of scalping was even encouraged by both, during their senseless contests on the American continent. The American allies of Great Britain bore such an antipathy to the French, that they threw the dead bodies, and mangled limbs of their prisoners into cauldrons; and devoured them with as much pleasure, as if they had been animals. The Battas of Sumatra, too, eat the flesh of their enemies; not so much for the value of the food, but as a method of shewing their scorn and detestation. Montaigne³, contrasting similar practices with the barbarities of the rack, feelingly

¹ Raffles' Hist. of Java, p. 154, 4to.

² Palmer's Trav. Amer., p. 108.

³ B. i. ch. 30.

observes, "I think there is far more barbarity in tormenting men by racks and torments, and then roasting them alive, than there is in eating them after they are dead."

IX.

Alexander has been praised for his great and noble qualities, till the ear and the heart are weary of the wantonness! The following instance is sufficient to give the negative to all his virtues. No man of a noble mind could have been guilty of a crime, so foul, under any circumstances. He caused 6,000 Thebans to be unresistingly butchered by the sword.¹ The slaughter continued, while any blood remained to be shed, except that of women, children, and old men. These he spared, it is true; but he sold 30,000 of them into slavery! And yet,—because he performed several shewy actions, and delivered many shewy sentiments, he has been represented almost as a god! That he was superior to a host of warriors, by whom he has been succeeded, may safely be allowed; but, like all other conquerors, he was the pest, the scourge, and nuisance of his time! He had not a virtue, that did not spring from his vanity; and if Aristotle had no other claim upon posterity, than the circumstance of having been his tutor, the historian, faithful to his trust, would have consigned his memory to disgrace.

In the various histories of Alexander's successors and the Romans, innumerable instances of cruelty are recorded, equal to any, committed by African or American savages. As to Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, their very names are disgraces to the universe!

¹ Diod. Sicul. xvii. c. 4.

Montaigne¹ declares, that such instances of cruelty occurred in France, during the Civil Wars, as were almost incredible. He says, that murder was openly and frequently committed, not from lust of power, of revenge, or of avarice ; but merely for the luxury to the perpetrator of seeing the victims die. To feast the ear with their groans, and to delight the eye with their contortions ;—for these purposes, and these only, new deaths and new torments were invented every day. Perhaps, however, none of those cruelties exceeded an instance, recorded by Froissart². In the year 1358, some peasants, being oppressed by the nobles, seized upon one of their castles. “ They hung the lord of it upon a gallows,” says the annalist ; “ violated his wife and daughter in his presence ; roasted him upon a spit ; compelled his wife and children to eat of his flesh ; and then massacred the whole family, and burned the castle.”

Of the cruelties, exercised by the French in Egypt, we may have some conception from a passage, in Miot's History of that Campaign³. “ All the horrors which accompany the capture of a town are repeated in every street, and in every house. You hear the cries of a violated girl, calling in vain for help to a mother, whom they are outraging in the same manner : to a father whom they are butchering. No asylum is respected. The blood streams on every side : at every step you meet with human beings, groaning

¹ Book ii. ch. xi.

² Kaims, vol. i. p. 358.

³ Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Expéditions en Egypte et en Syrie.

and expiring." And yet, when Louis Bonaparte beheld the ferocity of the Arabs, he could overlook the barbarities of his countrymen, and exclaim, " Could Rousseau but have seen the outrages, which we witness, he would have trembled with rage and vexation, that he should ever have been so wanton as to admire savages. Ah! I would that philanthropists would come into the deserts of Africa: they would soon be reconciled to men of education." In fact, whether seen in civilized, or in barbarous life, there is but too much reason to fear, that Julian¹ was almost justified in his opinion, that there is no animal in the world to be feared by man, so much as man himself.

X.

The Romans were barbarous, even in their sports and pastimes. Viewing them as a polished and powerful people, they were the greatest monsters under the canopy of heaven! In other countries, a love of blood and the luxury of it are, for the most part, the distinguishing characteristics of barbarous societies; but in civilized Rome it was an appetite. The profligacy of their manners was such, during the triumvirate of Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, that no honourable man would serve in any office²: and, for the space of eight months, there was not a single magistrate in Rome. And yet—these were the men, whose commands kings were accustomed to receive, as if they came from " the immortal gods³." They

¹ Ammian: Marcellinus, lib. xxii.

² Appian.

³ Livy, lib. xiv. c. 23.

not only buried in the public ways, to familiarize the people with the ensigns of death; but they accustomed themselves to witness the most tragic realities at their banquets. Streams of blood stained not only the floors of their halls¹; but their very tables and drinking-cups.

But the barbarities of the Coliseum eclipsed even the gladiatorial exhibitions; and Rome frequently echoed, from one hill to another, with the cries of wild beasts, let loose into the arena, the like of which had never been witnessed, or heard, in any other country. It was reserved for Justinian to abolish the barbarities of the amphitheatre.

The Dahomees² are said to take a peculiar species of pleasure in contemplating human skulls. The king of that country said to a traveller, "Some heads I place at my door; others I throw into the market-place. This gives a grandeur to my customs; this makes my enemies fear me; and this pleases my ancestors, to whom I send them." The king even sleeps in a room, paved with the skulls of those persons of distinction, whom he has taken prisoners. "Thus" he frequently exclaims, "I can trample on the skulls of my enemies, whenever I please." The Grand Signior, too, is frequently glutted with the heads and ears of his enemies; more than 300 pair of ears having been sent to him at one time.

The Sardinians and Berbycians³ were murdered by their own sons. In several parts of America they

¹ Silius Italicus, lib. xi. v. 51, &c.

² Norris's Journey to the Court of Bossa Ahadee, p. 129.

³ Ælian, Var. Hist. lib. iv. c. 1.

bury the old¹ before they are dead : and the Bactrians² and Hyrcanians even exposed their old men to be lacerated and destroyed by large mastiffs³. This was a practice, posterity would have been justified in not crediting, had we not indubitable authority,⁴ that Alexander caused it to be entirely superseded. The Massagetæ⁵ pierced their dying friends with arrows.

XI.

Among the ancient Romans even suicide was respected and approved : Julian made a law to prevent it. In the present times, it is esteemed in Hindostan frequently justifiable, and never criminal ; while in Japan and Macassar⁶ men and women frequently commit this crime, in order the sooner to arrive at beatitude.

Death is when the soul voluntarily quits the body ;—suicide when the body forcibly separates itself from the soul. In respect to these we may venture, with some modifications, to agree with Julian ; that he, who would not die, when he must, and he, who dies before he ought, are both cowards⁷ alike. The Stoics are

¹ Also in South Africa. Thunberg, li. 194. The Indians of Hudson's Bay strangle* their fathers, at their own request,† and esteem such compliance an act of piety.

² Montesquieu, b. x. ch. 6.

³ The Marquis de St. Aubin esteems this an impossibility. Vide *Traité de l'Opinion*, tom. v. p. 78.

⁴ Strabo.

⁵ Herod. clio. c. xvi.

⁶ Montesquieu, b. xxiv. p. 19. Forbin's Memoirs.

⁷ "Minima pars fortitudinis," says Grøtius, from Lucan, "erat mortem optetere." "To die," says Euripides, "is not the worst of human ills ; it is to wish for death and be refused the boon."—*Electra*.

* Ellis's Voy. to Hudson's Bay. † M'Keevor's Voyage, p. 63.

accused of having held the doctrine, that a man might kill himself, when he could not live with dignity. This sentiment, however, is at variance with the whole tenure of their creed. But suicide, in some countries, has not only been regarded with indulgence, but esteemed honourable.

In India the voluntary deaths of women, on the funeral piles of their husbands, have been celebrated for many ages. It had long prevailed, previous to the time of Herodotus: it continued in that of Cicero¹ and Propertius²: and is but now partially yielding before the benignity of the Christian code³. Chambers supposes, that, in his time, more than 10,000 widows burnt themselves, every year, in the northern provinces of Hindostan. The same custom obtained in Thrace⁴.

The wives of the king of Dahomy⁵ destroy all the furniture, gold, silver, and coral ornaments of his palace at his death; and, having done so, murder each other.

The Gymnosophists, also, esteemed it a virtue to die upon a funeral pile, on attaining a limited age. Calanus⁶ sacrificed himself before the whole army of Alexander; and the example was followed by an

¹ Tusc. Quæst. lib. v. c. 27.

² Lib. iii. El. 13., v. 17, &c.

³ Something analogous to this was practised in Gaul,^{*} and Britain.†

⁴ Herodot. lib. v.

⁵ Norris's Jour. to the Court of Bossa Ahadee, p. 129.

⁶ Strabo, lib. xv. p. 1043.

^{*} Pomp. Meia, lib. iii. c. ii.

† De Bell, Gall. vi. c. 19.

Indian sage at Athens. On his tomb was inscribed; "Here rest the ashes of Zarmano Chagas, an Indian philosopher, who, after the manner of his country, devoted himself to a voluntary death."

The Hyperboreans¹ committed suicide after a different manner. They invited their friends to a banquet; and, after indulging in the feast, threw themselves from a precipice into the sea. Near Puchmarry, in India, there is a cave, sacred to Mahadeo, called Deo Pahar, over which rises a high mountain, whence devotees frequently precipitated themselves on a particular day of the year. A similar practice prevails among the tribes of Berar and Gondwana². To the former of these mountains, mothers, who are childless, go and vow to offer up their first-born by throwing them down the precipice. And this is frequently done, when a child is born after the vow. In the kingdom of Kanāra,³ also, zealots and devotees subject themselves to voluntary deaths;⁴ while the Scandinavians⁵ thought no one went to the hall of Valhalla, but those, who died in battle, by suicide, or by some other violent means.

Phædon⁵ and Cleombrotus of Ambracia thirsted so much for immortal life, that they threw themselves into the sea to obtain it. The example was followed by many of the earlier Platonists. The disciples of Hegesias⁶, also, frequently committed suicide, in the

¹ Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. iv. c. 12.

² Asiat. Researches, vol. vii.

³ Hamilton's Account of the East-Indies, vol. i. p. 280.

⁴ Mallet, North. Antiq. vol. ii. p. 314.

⁵ Ctc. Tuc. Quest. lib. i. c. 34.

⁶ Ibid.

hope of acquiring a life, ~~more delightful than~~ the present. It was in consequence of this, that ~~Pulchrum~~ forbade Hegesias to lecture.

One of the princes of Lithuania¹ even enacted suicide, as a law of humanity. Every man, therefore, whom the judges condemned to die, were compelled to be their own executioners; since he thought it criminal in the laws to permit any man to punish a crime, by which he had not been a sufferer².

In Marseilles, suicide was regularly permitted by the laws. Poison was kept at the public expense; and every one was allowed to drink of it, who could shew a sufficient cause before the magistrates. Valerius Maximus³ relates a curious instance of this custom, in another quarter. A lady having arrived at an advanced age, in the enjoyment of all earthly conveniences, feared it probable, that if she consented to live longer, fortune would, in some way or other, overwhelm her with misfortunes: she therefore poisoned herself in the presence of all her family. This occurred in the island of Negropont. Sextus Pompey was present at the curious scene; and learned, with surprise, that suicide was not only allowed by the laws, but that it was held in no little esteem.

¹ Witholde. Montaigne, book iii. p. 14.

² Suicide is, in some measure, countenanced by the code of Justinian. The manner, in which the subject is treated, is extremely guarded and remarkable. "Si quis impatientia doloris, aut tædio vitæ, aut morbo, aut furore, aut pudore, mori maluit, non animadvertatur in eum.—*ff.* 49, 16, 6.

³ Lib. ii. c. 6. De Externis Institut. sect. vii.

This crime, too, was regarded with complacency in other cities, connected with Greece. In the capital of Ceos, one of the Cyclades, and the birth-place of Prodicus, Simonides, Bacchylides, and other celebrated characters, every one was permitted to die voluntarily by law, who had attained the age of sixty: a custom, allowed upon the pretence, that every man usurped a station in life, which another ought to fill, when he became incapable of military service.

XII.

In ancient times, whole cities¹ devoted themselves to voluntary deaths, in order to prevent themselves from falling into the power of their enemies: and this, too, not unfrequently after quarter had been offered them by the conqueror. Several instances are recorded by Livy and Plutarch. The Xanthians² considered voluntary death so glorious, that multitudes committed that crime, during the period in which they were besieged by Brutus: and the men of Saguntum burnt their wives, children, and themselves, in one common pile, rather than fall into the hands of the Romans.

Numantia had neither walls, bastions, nor towers: and yet it resisted the power and skill of the Romans upwards of fourteen years. At length, Scipio Africanus was charged with the conduct of the siege. His army consisted of 60,000 men: a body more than fifteen times larger than that of the Numantines, who made a gallant, and indeed almost miraculous, resistance. But supplies being at length cut off, they were

¹ Diod. Sic. lib. xvii. c. 18.

² Plut. in Vit. Brut.

reduced to the necessity of living on the flesh of horses ; then on that of their companions, slain in the siege ; and lastly to draw lots among themselves. In this extremity, they were summoned to surrender. They refused with indignation ; set fire to their houses ; and threw themselves, their wives, and their children, into the flames. A few, and those only, who had previously deserted to the enemy, disgraced the triumph of the conqueror.

When the inhabitants of Phocia were routed by the Thessalians, in the midst of their distress, they raised a pile of combustible materials ; and resolved, by the advice of Deiphantus, to burn their wives and children, rather than see them led into captivity. This desperate proposition was unanimously approved of by the women, who decreed a crown to Deiphantus, for having suggested it. The pile was prepared, and the women stood ready to devote themselves ; when the Phocians, animated by such an heroic sacrifice, rushed upon their enemies ; entirely routed them ; and saved the state.

A remarkable instance is recorded of the Jews, by Josephus. At the siege of Jerusalem by Vespasian, some Jews took refuge in the castle of Masada, in which they were blockaded by the Romans. These Jews were under the command of Eleazer, by whose advice they murdered their wives and children ; and ten men were chosen by lot to destroy the rest. Upon the execution of this, one of the ten was chosen to destroy the remaining nine. This he executed, fired the palace, and stabbed himself. Of 967 persons,

only five boys and two women escaped, by hiding themselves in the aqueducts.

In the reign of Richard I., a severe persecution raged in England against the Jews, by the hatred of the people, who were enthusiastic in the approbation of the Crusade war. At this time, multitudes of Jews were barbarously murdered by the populace at Lynn; St. Edmund's Bury; Lincoln; Stamford; Norwich; and, above all, at York. Five hundred Jews having been admitted into the castle of that city, for protection, with their wives and children, the people surrounded the castle, and insisted upon the Jews surrendering at discretion. The Jews offered large sums to be permitted to retire, with their families, out of the city. The populace, however, insisted upon giving them no quarter. Upon which a rabbin, of more authority than any of the rest, seeing the desperate condition, to which he and his persuasion were reduced, proposed to the Jews, that, rather than fall into the hands of the Christians, they should destroy themselves. The proposition was agreed to, and carried into immediate execution. They murdered first their wives and children; then their servants; and lastly themselves.

XIII.

Herodotus asserts, that many Scythians clothed themselves in the skins of men, and drank out of their skulls. The first Feuillans, on the contrary, used human skulls for drinking cups, in order to mortify their appetites¹. Eating men, assuredly, prevailed

¹ L'Histoire dogmatique et morale du Jeune, p. 92. Paris, 1741.

among the Scordisci of Pannonia. Human flesh ~~has~~ frequently been eaten by sailors, when driven to extremity at sea. The law of preservation extends not to this monstrous purchase of human life. The practice ought to be condemned; and the perpetrators punished. It is still less to be excused on shore, even in the utmost extremity of famine: and yet it has been practised in many cities and countries. Even the French and Chinese have followed the example. During a period of scarcity, occasioned by a deluge, the latter fed on human flesh: and the Gauls of Gascoigny, during the siege of Alecia, ate the bodies of those, who were incapable of bearing arms. Juvenal¹, however, in alluding to this circumstance, qualifies the account by adding, *est fama*.

At the capture of Rome by the Goths, in 410, the lands not having been tilled, for some time, and the ports being blockaded, such distress prevailed, that human flesh was publicly sold in the markets; and many mothers ate their own children. At the time, in which Belisarius was employed in the Gothic war, a horrible famine afflicted Italy. Procopius assures us, that multitudes, in the agony of their want, committed suicide. Numbers ate acorns and the grass of the fields. Many mothers even destroyed their own children and ate them: and one woman, who lived by letting lodgings, murdered and ate no less than seventeen strangers, who had lodged at her house in succession. Her enormities coming, by accident, to the knowledge of the eighteenth, after he had entered her house, he dispatched her.

¹ Sat. xv. v. 93.

The annals of Milan record an instance, in which a woman had such an appetite for human flesh, that she absolutely enticed children into her house, where she killed, salted, and ate them. She was discovered, broken on the wheel; and burnt, in the year 1519.

The Jews, above all other people, are accused of this disgusting practice. An instance is recorded, in the second book of Kings¹, where two women are described, as agreeing to eat their two sons, during the famine in Samaria. And when the Jews destroyed upwards of 200,000 Romans, in the time of Trajan, they are said to have glutted their rage by feeding on their bodies. These enormities were even foretold by their prophets. In Baruch² it is written, that "the man shall eat the flesh of his own son, and the flesh of his own daughter." In Deuteronomy³, Moses describes it, as being one of the curses, entailed upon their heirs, for the crime of disobedience: "Thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body; the flesh of thy sons and thy daughters in the siege, and in the straightness, wherein thine enemies shall distress thee. The tender and delicate woman, which would not set the sole of her foot to the ground, for delicacy and tenderness, shall eat the children, which she shall bear; for want of all things, secretly, in the siege."

During the great famine at Moscow, not less than 500,000 persons perished. Multitudes were seen in the roads and streets; some dead; some ex-

¹ Ch. vi. v. 28.

² Ch. li. v. 3.

³ Ch. xxviii. v. 53.

piring; and some with hay and straw in their mouths. Children sold their parents for bread; and even mothers and fathers satisfied their hunger with the bodies of their children.

During the reign of Shâh Husseyn, Ispahan was besieged, by Mahmûd, chief of the Afghauns; when the besieged, having consumed their horses, mules, camels, the leaves and bark of trees, and even cloth and leather, finished,—so great was the famine,—with not only eating their neighbours and fellow citizens, but their very babes. During this siege, more human beings were devoured, than was ever known in a siege before. Mahmûd having at length listened to terms of capitulation, Husseyn clad himself in mourning; and with the Wâli of Arabia, and other officers of his court, proceeded to the camp of his adversary, and resigned the empire. The Afghaun chief, in receiving his resignation, exclaimed, “Such is the instability of all human grandeur! God disposes of empires, as he pleases, and takes them from one to give to another!” This occurred in the year 1716. During a late revolution at Naples, too, the lazaroni are said to have roasted men in the public streets: and to have begged alms of the passengers, to enable them to buy bread, wherewith to eat their meat. This fury was directed against the Jacobins.

The New Zealanders,¹ also, ate the bodies of their enemies: Captain Furneaux had ten men devoured by them. Knight is said to have found “man eaters” on the coast of Labradore²; and when the American

¹ Hawkeaworth, vol. p. ii., 389.; vol. iii., p. 447, &c.

² Purchas his Pilgrimes, vol. iii., p. 827.

Indians go to war, they put a large kettle on the fire, as an emblem, that they are about to destroy their enemies, and will have the satisfaction of eating them after they are dead. Even in King George's Sound, where the natives are reported to be mild and inoffensive, they offered to our ships human skulls, hands and feet, with the flesh hanging upon them, by way of barter, with the same indifference, that they would have offered beef or mutton.

The Derbices¹ slew their fathers and ate them. The Indians,² also, ate the bodies of their parents. And when Darius³ inquired of the Greeks, what reward could induce them to follow such example, they replied, "no recompence under heaven!" They shrunk with horror at the bare suggestion; but we are told, that when the Indians were advised to burn the bodies of their friends, their horror and disgust was fully equal to that of the Greeks: grounding their preference to their own custom on the piety of making themselves the tombs of their parents. In spite, however, of the Grecian disgust, Artemisia swallowed the ashes of her husband: and the act of becoming his living sepulchre was associated with glory.

XIV.

It is curious to note a few laws and customs, prevalent in some countries, in regard to women. Polygamy has never been acknowledged in the northern regions of Europe; though Tacitus⁴ seems inclined

¹ Tertullian, in Lib. Contr. Marcion.

² Sextus Empiricus, lib. ii.

³ Herodotus, lib. iii.

⁴ De Morib. Germ., c. 18.

to believe, that it was occasionally allowed to kings in Germany, but to no others. In Sweden it is a capital crime, both by the ancient and the modern laws. In France, Henry the Second caused it, also, to be punished with death¹: an instance of cruelty, not incurious in a man, who had the disgusting effrontery to live with the mistress of his own father! In England,² also, it was once punishable with death, but with benefit of clergy.

Polyandry exists in Tibet,³ Malabar, and Patagonia.⁴ In the second, women may have as many husbands as they please. Hamilton,⁵ however, restricts them to twelve: children taking pedigrees from their mothers. The emperor of Bishnagar, beyond the Ganges, prides himself, on the contrary, in being "the king of kings, and the husband of a thousand wives." The king of Ashantee is allowed the mystical number of three thousand three hundred and thirty-three; three thousand of whom are trained to arms, under a female officer.

The custom of servitude for a certain period formerly obtained in Asia. Jacob served Laban for Rachel fourteen years. The custom of purchasing wives prevailed amongst the Jews, Greeks, Thracians, Spaniards, Goths, Tartars, and Afghauns.⁶ The Assyrians and Babylonians even disposed of them by auction. The former custom still continues among the Samoides, in Pegu, the Moluccas, and many other

¹ Father Bodin.

² Stat. i. Jac. I. c. ii.

³ Turner's Embassy to the Court of the Teeshoo Lama.

⁴ Molina, vol. i. p. 320, in notis. ⁵ Account of the Indies, p. 311.

⁶ Elphinstone's Canbul, p. 179, 182. 4to.

semi-barbarous countries. In Circassia, wives are still bought. They are exposed in the public market-place; and a beautiful woman is not unfrequently sold for eight thousand piastres. In Scotland, and even in England,¹ wives, in early times, were, also, not unfrequently sold. In England they have been, in some instances, even left by will. Sir John Camois followed this example. "I give and devise," said he, in his last testament, "my wife Margaret to Sir William Painel, knight, with all her goods, chattels, and appendages, to have and to hold, during the term of her natural life." I am not aware of any other instance of this nature; but it could not have been unfrequent, since Pope Gregory, in a letter to Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, says, that he is informed, that in England men give away their wives, while living; or grant them by will to others, when they shall be dead.

Cicero describes a state of barbarism, in which no one knew his own offspring: Herodotus says, that the Auses of Lybia lived like animals: and Pliny and Diodorus relate the same of the Garamantes and Taprobananes. The value of chastity was so little felt in some countries, that Herodotus² mentions a people, whose women were accustomed to indicate the number of their lovers, by the number of fringed tassels on their garments.

The marine Malabars even make presents to strangers, in order to induce them to deflower their brides. Ulloa assures us, that a Peruvian esteems

¹ Leges Ethelbert., sect. xxxii.

² Lib. iv.

himself dishonoured, if he find he has taken a virgin for his wife: and De Guys relates, that Mitylenian women think themselves disgraced, unless strangers relieve them from the reproach of virginity. This is a custom of ancient date. But in Rome, virgins were so sacred, that their execution was prohibited. The daughter of Sejanus, although condemned, could not, in consequence, legally be executed.¹ Her enemies were resolved, however, to obviate the difficulty: before she was strangled, therefore, she was ravished by the hangman.

XV.

In Venice, fathers and mothers once publicly sold their daughters to prostitution; and their friends and neighbours frequently congratulated them on a good sale. It is curious, says Misson,² to see a mother deliver up her daughter for a sum of money; and swear solemnly, by her God, and upon her salvation, that she cannot sell her for less.

The religion of Zoroaster permitted marriages between brothers and sisters³: the Tartars were even allowed to marry their own daughters⁴; and incest is, even in the present day, allowed by the laws of Spain and Portugal, after the ancient manner of Egypt,⁵ provided it is committed by a prince. As to the Spanish and Portuguese princes, they are a

¹ Tacit. Annal., lib. v. cap. 9. ² Misson, vol. i. p. 267, Ed. 1714.

³ Philo, de Specialibus Legibus, quæ pertinent ad precepta Decalogi, p. 778.

⁴ Hist. Tartary, part iii. p. 236.

⁵ Vide Code de Incestis et inutilibus Nuptiis, leg. viii.

disgrace to mankind for such a practice: and the sovereigns and princes of Europe ought to avoid contaminating the purity of their blood by an union with such families, as they would shun the embrace of an ourang-outang. It is a crime, not to be tolerated in a christian land !

Solinus¹ relates, that the kings of the Western Islands of Caledonia had no property of their own, but might make free use of their people's: neither had they any wives; but they had free access to those of their subjects. This law was enacted for the purpose of taking from them all power, as well as all inclination, for aggrandizing themselves, at the expense of the state.

Ovid² alludes to nations, where fathers married their daughters, and mothers their sons. The Guebres of the East permitted unions between brothers and sisters; and Strabo gives a horrible picture of similar enormities among the African tribes. The Jews³ married their brothers' widows; a custom which still prevails in Caubul.⁴

Pausanias says, the Greeks forbade second marriages: and among the Thurians,⁵ he, who introduced a mother-in-law to his children, excluded himself from all participation in the public counsels. In India, some nations⁶ even slept with their wives in public.

¹ C. xxxv. The right of concubinage prevailed in Scotland, till the time of Malcolm III. *Selden.*

² Met. x. fab. ix. v. 35.

³ Law of Moses, Luke xx., 2, 8, 9.

⁴ Elphinstone, p. 179, 4to.

⁵ Diodorus Sic., lib. xii.

⁶ Sextus Empiricus, lib. i., c. 14.

The Spartans, the Romans,¹ and the Tapurians² not unfrequently lent theirs to their friends: and many islanders, even in the present day, visit European ships, merely for the purpose of making a tender of their bosom companions. To refuse them is always a subject of mortification to the visitors; and sometimes even a signal for revenge. The Laplanders,³ also, offer their wives to strangers, and esteem the acceptance of them an honour.

Though the custom of lending wives prevailed at Rome; wives enjoyed no privileges, emanating from themselves. During the consulship, husbands might kill their wives, if taken in adultery. The Julian law, enacted by Augustus,⁴ and confirmed by Domitian,⁵ commuted it into the loss of dower; and gave the punishment into the hands of the wife's father: but a woman, thus detected, in the time of the emperors, was condemned to prostitution, in the public streets, with whomsoever should please to disgrace himself with her, in that odious manner. This law⁶ was abolished by Theodosius. Bachelors were fined for living single⁷; and rendered incapable of receiving legacies or inheritances,⁸ except from relatives.

In Malabar,⁹ if a man is accused of receiving a favor from a lady of rank, superior to himself, he is

¹ Tertullian, in Apolog., c. 39.

² Strabo, lib. vii.

³ Clarke, Scandinavia, p. 390. 4to.

⁴ Suet. in Vit. Aug. c. 34.

⁵ Juvenal, sat. ii. v. 30.

⁶ Kaime, Socrates. Eccl. Hist. lib. v. c. 18.

⁷ Dion. Halic. lib. xxxvii.

⁸ Lipsius Excursionem ad Tacit., ann. lib. iii.

⁹ Dillon's Voy., p. 97, &c.

bound hand and foot; carried before the prince; put to death; and the nearest of the lady's relations has the privilege of killing all his friends, for three days, in that part of the country, where the crime was committed.

These instances,—drawn from the practises of every climate,—sufficiently disprove the argument of Montesquieu.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Du Bos says, that the most sublime geniuses are not born great, but only capable of becoming such¹; and when he says, that want debases the mind; and that genius, reduced through misery to write, loses one half of its vigour; it is impossible not to acknowledge the propriety of his observations. But when he proceeds to assert, that genius is principally the result, as it were, of climate, we must proceed to facts.²

Nor can we implicitly give faith to the assertion of Tacitus, that the times, which have produced emi-

¹ Vol. ii., ch. viij.

² Vol. ii., ch. ix. I can forgive the Abbé all things but two. I am disgusted with him, for giving countenance and currency to Boileau's senseless *clinquant*, when applied to Tasso (vol. i. ch. xxxv.); and still more offended with his envy of English literature: since, in an express dissertation on tragedy, he has not once mentioned Shakespeare. And, yet,—as if to mark the insult more strongly,—he speaks of Otway's *Venice Preserved*; an English translation of Molière's *Comedies*; Phillip's *Distressed Mother*; Rochester's *Valentinian*; and Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*. He could, also, quote a detached sentiment of Addison, where he accuses English tragedy of having better style than sentiment.

nent men, have also produced men, capable of estimating their merits. For eminent men have been produced in many ages, that possessed no power of forming adequate estimates of their value : and their reward has, therefore, arisen out of the applause and admiration of posterity. In fact,—there is not one evil, that does not arise out of the inability of men to estimate real benefits.

Sir John Chardin seems to have given the tone to the opinions of Du Bos. “The temperature of hot climates,” says he,¹ “enervates the mind as well as the body; and dissipates that fire of imagination, so necessary for invention. People are incapable, in those climates, of such long watchings and strong applications, as are requisite for the productions of the liberal and mechanic arts.” But though this hypothesis, in my opinion, is destitute of data and solidity, there is, assuredly, great truth, great ingenuity, and great beauty, in many of the arguments, adduced to its support.

But let us speak of results. Has not poetry been cultivated on the burning shores of Hindostan; in Java; in China; in Persia; in Arabia; in Palestine; in Greece; in Italy; in Germany; in France; in Great Britain; and in Iceland? Thus we see, that poetry has been successfully cultivated in every species of soil; and in every degree of latitude. That the poetry of one country is not suited to the readers of another is only a confirmation of the opinion, that

¹ Description of Persia, ch. vii.

the beauty of poetry, as well as that of the person, is relative : all nations relishing their own poetry most.

In respect to architecture. There we shall find, that experience militates *in toto* against the hypothesis. The wall of China; the pagodas of India; the mosques of the Mahometans; the ruins of Palmyra, Balbec, Memphis, and Thebes; the Pyramids; St. Sophia of Constantinople; Athens; Rome; France and England: what do all these objects, cities, and countries prove, but that architecture has been practised in every climate. The only difference consists in the diversity of tastes: some countries delighting in the greatness of bulk, and others in the greatness of manner.

I am even disposed to doubt, in some degree, the extensiveness of the argument in respect to health. In Columbo (Ceylon) are assembled every tint of the human skin¹: African negroes; Caffres; Javans; Chinese; Hindoos; Persians; Armenians; Malays; Cingalese; Malabars; Arabs; Moors; Portuguese; Dutch; English; and every species of half casts! They all enjoy their healths. This is, almost of itself, sufficient to prove, that health does not depend upon the parallels of latitude. The human frame is, in fact, adapted to Equatorial heat and Arctic cold. The chief precaution in founding settlements, therefore, is reduced to that of avoiding situations, in which heat is accompanied by moisture.

In regard to virtue. If one order of men is found in a country, capable of exercising every species of

¹ Perceval.

benevolence ; why may not the whole people ? Every species of crime is committed in India ; yet the Parsee merchants of Bombay exceed all the merchants in the world, for active benevolence and philanthropy. This character was first given them by Ovington ; and it has been attested by almost every traveller since, down to Lord Valentia, and Sir William Ousely. In a country, exhibiting such a frightful dissolution of morals, it refreshes the soul to read of their virtues ! If men really and ardently desired repose, they would return to vegetable diet : till they do, they may rest decidedly assured, that all their plans of happiness will be little better than chimerical.

II.

A few observations may here be introduced, relative to food : for some persons suppose, that food has great influence. In Java, white ants, as well as every species of worm, are esteemed dainties ; the Arabs eat locusts ; the Indians of Cumana, millepedes ; the Bushiesmen of Africa, spiders ; the Hottentots, grasshoppers and snakes ; the Tonquinese, frogs ; and the French and Viennese, snails. In New Holland, the natives eat caterpillars ; and some of the Bramins of India esteem the grain, which has passed through the cow, as the purest and most exquisite of food !

In certain districts of Bengal they not only eat the sheep, but the skin ; not only the skin but the wool ; and not only the wool, but the very entrails : being, like the Moors of Africa, always in the extremes of abstinence and gluttony.

The Chinese, residing on rivers or the coasts, like the bears of Kamschatka,¹ and the sheep of ancient Persia,² live almost entirely on fish. The Persians, on the contrary, will never touch it, if they can get any thing else to eat: and the natives of Caurifiristan, near Caubul, abhor it; though they eat animal food of every other kind. The Japanese, on the other hand, prefer it to all things; and, like the Icelanders and the inhabitants of the coast of Caithness, will even eat sea-weed.³

The existence of cannibals was, for a long time, disputed; and it would be well, if it could be disputed still: but the fact is established beyond the possibility of doubt. The Caribbees were accustomed to devour the bodies of the negroes, whom they fought in Guiana⁴; and the New Zealanders still cut their prisoners in pieces, broil, and eat them: while in Celebes, several instances have occurred, in which, after they have slain their enemy, they have cut out the heart, and eaten it while it was warm.⁵ Riche discovered the *ossa innominata* of a young girl in the ashes of a fire, left by the savages of New Holland⁶: the natives of New Caledonia,⁷ also, are cannibals:

¹ During the years 1816 and 1817, the fish having forsaken the coast, an incredible number of bears issued from their retreats; invaded the north-east tracts of Siberia; and devoured a great number of inhabitants.

² Quintus Curtius.

³ *Fucus Palmatus*.

⁴ Bancroft's Nat. Hist. p. 260.

⁵ Hist. Java, Appendix F., vol. ii. p. 179.

⁶ Voy. in Search of La Perouse, vol. i. p. 173.

⁷ D'Entrecasteaux' Voy. by Labillardiere, vol. ii. p. 199-225; vol. p. 333.

When a war broke out upon the island of Jonga-taboo (*Polynesia*), the most horrible atrocities were committed; and the missionaries, who lived in the greatest possible state of mental suffering, saw women dip their hands in the wounds of the slain, and lick the blood. One prisoner was roasted alive on the field of battle; and another was cut up, while still breathing, and eaten raw. But the Paramahausans of Hindostan are even more disgusting than these: for they eat the putrid bodies, which they find floating down the Ganges. They esteem the brain the most exquisite of food; and many of them have been seen, near Benares, floating on dead bodies, feasting upon them raw. Authorities for the existence of this monstrous appetite are so numerous, and so respectable, that it can neither be questioned nor denied. But of all demi-civilized countries in the world, India does afford such instances of human corruption, that the soul is sick!

CHAPTER V.

UNDER the line the heat is not so oppressive, as within three or four degrees of the tropics¹: the days being shorter. At the Equator, days and nights are of equal lengths; twelve hours each: near the tropics the longest day consists of thirteen hours and an half. The Hindoos divide their year into six seasons: the dewy, the cold, the rainy, and the hot; the period of

¹ Dampier's Voy., vol. ii., p. 33.

spring, and the clearing up of the rain. But though the Hindoos number so many seasons, there is, by no means, a great variety of climates in Hindostan. Before the coming of the rain, the earth appears pulverized and parched like a desert; the rain commences, and the hills and vallies are covered with verdure. The rain ceases, and, for nine successive months, scarcely a cloud deforms the matchless serenity of the sky. Through this country runs a parallel chain of mountains, from north to south: when it is winter on one side, it is summer on the other.

The neighbourhood of Wassota abounds in mountains, rising in succession one above another, in many a spacious amphitheatre; yielding the pepper vine, the Malacca cane, the bastard nutmeg, and a profusion of flowering shrubs and aromatic plants; presenting abundant materials for the naturalist, geologist, and botanist. Many scenes in this country resemble part of the province of Kirin-ula, in eastern Tartary—so remarkable for the solemnity of its silence. To the north of Mugden it is a continued succession of vast forests, stupendous mountains, deep vallies, and desert wildernesses; with scarcely a house, a cottage, or a hut. These scenes are peopled with wolves, tigers, bears, and serpents. Nothing is heard but the roaring of woods, the rushing of rivers, the fall of cataracts, the hissing of serpents, and the howling of beasts of prey. In the midst of all these scenes of horror grow roses, violets, and yellow lilies.

How does this country differ from Nova Zembla and Greenland, whose rocks are almost insensible to

spring; and from Iceland, where the skies, at one season of the year, exhibit not a single star; and where at another—

The western clouds retain their yellow glow,
While Hecla pours her flames thro' boundless wastes of snow.

The Scalders.—Sterling.

How does it differ, too, from a large portion of Crim Tartary, where scarcely a brook is heard to murmur, or a bush, a shrub, or a bramble, are ever seen to grow! Crim Tartary is subject to few phenomena; but Greenland is frequently visited by one, which is seldom witnessed in any other quarter of the world. Sometimes the images of travellers are reflected on a frozen cloud, as in a mirror; at other times, the ships in the harbours, with their sails unfurled, and their streamers flying, with huts, animals, trees, and other objects, are reflected, magnified, or diminished, according to their distances, and the density of the atmosphere. These phenomena resemble the *Fata Morgana* in Sicily, which Howel erroneously attributes to a bitumen, that issues from rocks at the bottom of the sea. A phenomenon similar, though of more striking effect, was observed by Vernet, the landscape painter; who, during his stay in Italy, saw a town, with all its houses, towers, palaces, and steeples, completely reversed in the atmosphere.

Than Greenland, in no quarter of the globe could the sciences of gravitation, magnetism, and electricity, be cultivated with such probability of producing advantageous results. Than Spitzbergen, no country

is more sublime and terrific. Its peaks are inaccessible; capt, as they are, with snow, coeval with the globe. Its valleys are choaked with glaciers, which, in spring, pour vast cataracts of melted snow from their bosoms: while, in summer, the mid-day and the midnight are illuminated with almost equal splendour. In this island there are no settled inhabitants; but the Russians occasionally resort to it for the purpose of hunting bears. No lightning was ever seen there; nor was a single burst of thunder ever heard. Craggy mountains rise, in fantastic shapes, higher than the clouds; the glens are choaked with eternal snows; and ice is seen floating, in every direction, of a fine blue; exhibiting arches, coves, curves, cylinders, spheroids, and pyramids. Amid these scenes of desolation polar bears, seals, and walrusses, take up their abode; and along the ocean fly the *larus glaucus*, the *larus arcticus*, the *alea alle*, and the beautiful *larus eburneus*, with the *sterna hirundo*; the plumage of which surpasses that of all other birds in the arctic regions. But—

———Within the enclosure of your rocks
No herds have ye to boast; nor bleating flocks;
No groves have ye; no chearful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard.

But the whistling of the winds, the collision of large masses of ice, and the roaring of the ocean, conspire to create a combination of sounds, unequalled in any other region; and form a characteristic accompaniment to the finest picture of desolate grandeur, that the world contains.

II.

Circassia, lying near the Caucasus, forms a striking contrast to the manners of its inhabitants. It is a country more delicious, in point of natural productions, than it is possible to imagine : but it is a paradise, peopled with human wasps and serpents. For the inhabitants are represented as going armed to their harvests; almost every man is said to be a robber; and every woman either the daughter, sister, wife, or mother of an assassin.

To the climate of Circassia we may compare the elevated province of Cashmere; a district, not more celebrated for the temperature of its climate, than for the elegance of form, and beauty of countenance, which, if we except the Circassians, distinguish the Cashmerians above all the nations of the earth. Bounded by the mountains of Tartary and the Caucasus, innumerable cascades and cataracts enliven, with their music, the various vales and vallies, into which the province is divided.

To be near the lov'd one what rapture is his,
 Who, in moonlight and music, so sweetly may glide
 O'er the lake of Cashmere, with that one by his side!
 If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
 Think, think, what a heaven she must make of Cashmere!

Moore.

To this spot, worthy the scene, witnessed by Huon and Sherasmin, near the city of Bagdad,¹ Aurenzebe was accustomed to retire, when fatigued with busi-

¹ Vid. Wieland, Oberon, canto lii. st. 1.

ness, or disgusted with royalty. In his progress from the capital, he was attended by an immense army all the way. When, however, he came to the entrance of Cashmere, he dismissed his soldiers; separated from his retinue; and with a few select friends retired to the palace, he had erected: and, in the solitude of those enchanting valleys, contrasted the charms of content and the delights of tranquillity with the hurry and noise, the treachery and splendid anxiety, of a crowded court.

This country is the paradise of India; being a garden of evergreens abounding in bees: and its woods, like those of New Zealand, resound all night in spring with the songs of innumerable birds. Thus Nature had power to charm even the greatest of Indian hypocrites. In the midst of a war this monarch would act, as high-priest, at the consecration of a temple; and, while he signed warrants for the assassination of his relatives, with one hand, says Dow,¹ he would point to heaven with the other!

III.

In Asia Minor the air is pure, soft, and serene; and in Arabia, after its periodical rain, there is a clear unclouded sky during the year. Arabia Petrea is almost alike destitute of water and verdure: but Arabia Felix has been celebrated for its beauties and its shades in every age. Yet, like all the natives of the east, its inhabitants are remarkable for their love of finery; and their poets for hyperbole and bombast.

¹ History of Hindostan, vol. iii. p. 335.

Persia has three separate climates, involving coldness, temperance and heat. In the south, there are but few flowers; in the Hyrcanian forest, however, they are abundant even to profuseness: and the climate of Shiraz is so agreeable and delightful, that Sadi says, it produces the most fragrant roses of all the east. In many parts of Persia and Arabia, the inhabitants, during the summer, sleep on the roofs of their houses: their beds being laid on terraces, and their only canopy the sky. It is curious to remark, that the present revenue of Persia is the same, as it was in the time of Darius Hystaspes: viz. three millions.¹

Caulbul :—"one day's journey from Caulbul," says the Emperor Bauber, in his Commentaries, "you may find, where snow never falls; and in two hours' journey a place, where the snow scarcely ever melts." The climate of Nepaul has never been ascertained with precision. This retired kingdom lies at the feet of the mountains of Thibet; four thousand feet² above the level of the sea. It abounds in elephants, wandering in inexhaustible forests, containing trees, still unincorporated in the botanist's vocabulary.

Malabar is dry in one part of the year, and moist at another. In 1750,³ it had many towns and cities, but no villages: every house in the country standing by itself, enclosed with trees or hedges; in which lies the lady-viper; so beautiful, that no one can see it without admiration; and so harmless, that the ladies fondle it in their bosoms.⁴

¹ Malcolm. ² Kirkpatrick, p. 171. ³ Dillon's Voy., p. 108.

⁴ Linnæus calls it the coluber *domicella*; Lacepede, *couleuvre des dames*.

Siam has a winter of two months, a spring of three months, and a summer of seven; its winter is dry, and its summer moist:—autumn is unknown. Independent Tartary has a temperature exceedingly healthy and agreeable. In some parts of Chinese Tartary winter is immediately succeeded by spring, when flowers of every kind shoot up, by myriads, in a week. In Western Tartary there are wild mules, horses, and dromedaries; deer, wild boars, two species of the elk, marmots, and goats with yellow hair: among the birds is the shoukar, having a white body, with red beak, tail, and wings. Not a tree is to be seen, from one end of the country to the other; though there are a few shrubs of the dwarf kind. In 1769 there was not even one house in all Mongalia. The inhabitants lived in tents; even the prince and the chief Lama: and, having no knowledge of agriculture, their time and industry were wholly directed to the care of their flocks. During the summer, autumn, and winter, these flocks live in abundance; and, to ensure an early rising of grass in spring, the Tartars set fire to detached portions in autumn. The flames soon spread before the wind; and a space of twenty or thirty miles is, in a short time, cleared. This fire not descending so low as the root, the grass, which is consumed, mellows into the earth, when the snow melts; and becomes a rich and effectual manure.

Little or no change has ever been observable in the manners and habits of these people. They seem to be stationary, in the midst of their wanderings; hospitable without a house; and addicted to

poetry without a single book. The Occidental Turkmans, who in winter occupy the finest plains along the banks of the Euphrates, dwell also in tents. In summer, they are clad in vests of calico; and in winter, in long gowns, made of sheep skins. In summer, they encamp between the springs of the Tigris and Euphrates, among vallies, formed by the mountains of Armenia. Sometimes the Arabs invade these temporary settlements; break the horns and legs of their cattle; and rob them of their wives¹ and daughters. In consequence of this they, not unfrequently, march in bodies, consisting of two hundred families: and, being accompanied by their sheep, goats, and camels, they are esteemed the richest shepherds of the Ottoman empire.

IV.

The distinguishing characteristic of the climate of Tibet is, for nearly half the year, a clear uniform sky, attended with a dry and parching cold. Japan is excessively cold in winter, and equally hot in summer; with great falls of rain at midsummer. In Kamtschatka, occupying the north-eastern part of Asia, trees bud in June, and their leaves fall in September. The air of Formosa, on the contrary, is so pure and serene, that almost every description of fruit grows in the island; and, in the rice season, it resembles a vast garden. As to gold,—the inhabitants were, at one time, so ignorant of its value, that large ingots were used in cottages for domestic purposes.

¹ Bentinck, in *Genealog. Hist.*, p. 423-4

The pleasure of their mornings and evenings is not to be imagined by those, residing in more northern latitudes.

In Ceylon, the harvest continues in one part or other of the island, all the year long: nothing, therefore, can surpass the variety of its scenery; rich as it is in every beautiful and sublime accompaniment. Its fertility almost equals that of Madagascar. Its bolder landscapes exhibit hills rising over hills; some rich in verdure; and others frowning with rocks, resembling castles, battlements, and pyramids. "Nature," says a recent traveller, "breathes there an eternal spring; flowers, blossoms, and fruits adorning the valleys at all seasons. A vast wilderness of noble plants rises in ten thousand beautiful forms, raising emotions of admiration, which cannot easily be described." In fact, when viewed from the sea on the southern, eastern, or western shores, it is impossible, we are told,¹ for the imagination to picture any thing more magnificent or delightful.

In the interior the forests abound in a vast profusion of birds; many of which are still unknown. There, also, are the largest elephants in the world; and the soil produces enough to satisfy, even to abundance, not only all the wants and necessities of savage, but even that of polished life, if adequately valued. Its harbour of Trincomallee is almost unequalled. Important for its cinnamon, pearls, and elephants, and commanding, as it does, the coasts of Malabar and

¹ Editor of Hugh Boyd's Works,

Coromandel, it may well be styled the key to India : But Nature has, in a measure, contrasted these advantages by loading the island with almost every description of insect and reptile ;—from the spider to the cobra capella, and the most horrific of all animals, —the boa-constrictor.

This island will, for many ages, be noted for a remarkable cruelty, exercised by a young Malabar, whom Talave had raised to the throne. The wife and children of Edeyboga, chief of the province of Saffragan, being in the Malabar's power, Edeyboga was summoned to appear at Candy in March 1814. The chief, not answering the summons, the Malabar caused his wife and four children to be carried into the market place. Three of them were murdered before the mother's face; the fourth was torn from her arms; its head was severed from its body with a sabre; and cast into the mortar, in which the unfortunate mother was herself compelled to pound it! After this unheard of act of ferocity, she was thrown, with her female attendants, into the neighbouring lake.

The Maldivé islands deserve some notice, because the Madras System of Education¹ seems to have originated amongst them: but they have little beside to distinguish them from their neighbours.

¹ " Pour apprendre à écrire à leurs enfans, ils ont des planches de bois faites exprès, bien polies et bien unies, et estendent dessus du sable fort menu et fort delié, puis avec un poinçon ils font les lettres, et les font imiter, effaçans à mesure qu'ils ont écrit, n'usans point en cela de papier."—*Pyrard de Laval* (A.D. 1614).—From a passage in Thunberg (vol. iii. p. 124), it would seem, that this system was not unknown in some parts of Japan:

Batavia is as beautiful, as a mere plain can be rendered ; but the climate being pestilential, and the water poisonous, it forms at once “a garden and a grave.” A young man coming out of his ship, after a long voyage, was so enraptured with the general appearance of this settlement, that he exclaimed, “surely this is an abode for the immortals !” Three weeks after his arrival, however, he died ! The malignity of the Batavian climate has, however, of late years been considerably mitigated.

Java, of which Batavia forms a part, is remarkable for its variety of vegetation ; indicating Nature, as it were, in her youngest beauty : and, unlike all other tropical islands, is abundant in water. It is, indeed, a magnificent island. The soil, in many parts, resembles the rich garden mould of Europe ; and when exposed to inundation, bears one heavy and one light crop every year. From the tops of the mountains to the sea-shore it possesses six distinct climates, each of which furnishes an indigenous botany. There is not a plant upon the globe, that could not be cultivated in Java : and its indigenous fruits are equal to those of any continent. On the cliffs are edible swallows ; and in the forests, peacocks, stags, and two distinct species of deer : to which must, however, be added jackals, several species of the tiger, leopards, wild dogs, and the rhinoceros. This island was taken from the Dutch in 1811 ; and, under the able administration of Sir Thomas Raffles, raised in a short time to a greater

¹ Stavorinus, vol. iii. p. 403, in *Notis.*

degree of prosperity, than any other colony in the Indian seas. Soon after the peace, it was redelivered to the Dutch authorities.

V.

Sumatra is an island, recently discovered to be rich. During an excursion into its interior, Sir Thomas Raffles found gold, cassia, and camphor. To his astonishment, also, he discovered it to be exceedingly populous; highly cultivated; and peopled with a fine athletic race of men. The country, too, was magnificent; being varied by rocks and mountains,¹ frequently covered with trees, even to their summits. Over this island, according to the natives of Molucca, the bird of Paradise floats in "aromatic air." Their flight extends over most of the Spice Islands; but New Guinea is their native land. When first seen, they seem as if they descend from heaven. They live on butterflies and nutmegs, and fly in the upper regions of the air. In a high wind, they croak like ravens; and in their flight resemble starlings. At night, Sir Thomas and his lady slept covered with the leaves of trees. She was the sign of amity put forth, says the journalist; and, under the influence of her beauty, treaties of peace and commerce were concluded with the native princes.

Borneo has a brilliant sky, and a hot climate:—its state of intellectual progress may be estimated, in some degree, by the following circumstance. Two

¹ Six thousand feet in height.

Portuguese ambassadors¹ being sent to the king of this country for the purpose of making a treaty of commerce, among other presents, they exhibited a piece of tapestry, representing the marriage of Catharine of Arragon with Henry VIII. of England. When the king saw these figures, he was alarmed ; believing them to be real personages enchanted into the canvass, for the purpose of depriving him of his kingdom. The Portuguese explained the nature of this tapestry ; but to no effect : the king ordered them immediately to depart : as he had no inclination to see any other monarch in Borneo, than himself.

Bali has a soil and climate similar to those of Java, from which it is not far distant ; and may, possibly, at some remote era, have been severed by an earthquake. Shut out from foreign commerce by the nature of its coast, the inhabitants have manners, customs, and habits, more original than either Java or Sumatra. To strangers they appear unceremonious, and even repulsive ; but, on a more immediate intercourse, these rough manners are perceived, not to proceed from abstraction to their own concerns, but from an undisguised frankness of nature. The female character is said to have a beauty and a dignity, almost unknown in any other island, or continent, of the east. They have kindly affections ; and are extremely partial to their relatives. The parents are mild in the exercise of their authority ; and their children, as a natural consequence, are docile and affectionate.

¹ Joao de Barros, 4th Decade, b. i. ch. 17 ; Trans., vol. iv. part i. p. 107.

They are addicted to gambling, but inebriety and conjugal infidelity are unknown to them. They have a great respect for age and learning; and are free from the listless indolence of other eastern nations. But, even here, the tincture of a barbarous state exhibits itself; for, like the negroes of the Gold Coast of Guinea,¹ they use no milk; and the burning of widows is far from being unfrequent.² They are divided into four casts; having much of the Hindoo, not only in religion but in manners. Some of them eat no animal food, except goats, ducks, and buffaloes; others eat it generally. Rice is their principal sustenance; but the mountaineers live, almost entirely, on maize and sweet potatoes. They employ oxen for ploughing, and women reap; but they do no other office of husbandry. In 1816 the population was about eight hundred thousand. Some years since, the slave trade was carried on in this island; when all insolvent debtors, prisoners of war, thieves, and those who attempted to emigrate, for the purpose of eluding the laws, were sold to slavery.

VI.

In the island of Celebes, which is well watered, the climate is salubrious; it has one mountain, the *Bou-tain*, which is 8,500 feet above the level of the sea. The inhabitants procure subsistence without much exertion. Marriages are early; polygamy is allowed; and women are held in more esteem than, in polygamous countries, they generally are. It is, indeed,

¹ Bosman, p. 226, ed. 1721.

² Crawford's Communication to Sir S. Raffles, Appendix, p. cccxxxix.

said to be more difficult to procure a wife, than a husband. The peasantry are bold, and have a spirit of independence and enterprize; while no little pride of ancestry and chivalry distinguishes the higher orders: but many of their customs are barbarous in the highest degree. Thus, they eat the blood and the flesh of animals raw; and one of their favourite dishes consists of the heart and liver of a deer, cut into pieces, and mixed raw with the warm blood. In respect to their ferocity, it may be sufficient to instance, that it has several times occurred, that, after they have slain an enemy, they have cut out the heart, and eaten it while it was warm.¹ The slave trade, too, exists in its most odious form; one of the chief sources of the Rajah's revenue consisting in the sale of his subjects. "Let us represent to ourselves," says an official report,² "our town of Macassar filled with prisons, the one more dismal than the other, which are stuffed up with hundreds of wretches, the victims of avarice and tyranny; who, chained in fetters, look forward with despair towards their future destiny: and, taken from their wives, children, parents, friends, and comforts, languish in slavery, helpless and miserable. If we would lift up another corner of the curtain, a scene no less afflicting presents itself. Here we discover wives, lamenting the loss of their husbands; children missing their parents; parents missing their children; who, with hearts filled with rage and revenge, run

¹ Raffles' Hist. Java, Appendix E., vol. ii. p. clxxix.

² Report of a Commission to inquire into the Abuses of the Slave Trade in Celebes, dated Macassar, Sept. 21, 1799.

frantic through the streets, to do all, that love of children for their parents, the tenderness of parents for their children, can inspire ; in order, if possible, to discover where their dearest relatives are concealed. And often, after all their labour and anxiety, they are obliged to return, hopeless and comfortless, to their afflicted friends and relatives."

VII.

The Corean Archipelago affords the most picturesque views in the world. For a hundred miles ships sail among islands, which lie, in immense clusters, in every direction, varying in size, from a few hundred yards to five or six miles in circumference. The sea is generally smooth ; the air temperate ; and the natives are frequently observed, sitting in groupes, watching ships as they pass. The valleys are cultivated, and objects perpetually changing. When Captain Hall was in this archipelago, he counted no less than 130 islands from the deck of his ship, presenting forms of endless variety. Many of those isle clusters are inhabited: the houses are built in valleys, almost entirely hid by hedges, trees, and creepers ; but the natives are, in manners, cold and repulsive. They have many gardens ; and on the sides of the hills are seen millet and a peculiar species of bean. The animals seen here, and at Loo-choo, are pigeons, hens, hawks, and eagles ; crows are innumerable. Here are also cats, dogs, pigs, bullocks, and horses ; butterflies, grasshoppers, spiders, snakes, and monkeys ; and in pools, left by the tide, are numerous fish of various colours. The inhabitants, as we before observed, are

Climate ;—Africa ;—Congo.

cold; while, not far distant, reside the Loo-choos, a people amiable and engaging to the last degree.

VIII.

The heat of Africa is but little relieved, in any latitude of that great continent. At Congo, the climate may be ascertained by the number of its flowers. There is scarcely a field, that does not present a richer assemblage, than the finest garden in Europe: the lilies, which grow in the woods and valleys, are exquisitely white, and of the most bewitching fragrance. Flowers, which grow single in other places, are here seen blushing upon one stalk in clusters; under the trees and hedgerows are beds of hyacinths and tuberoses, one or two hundred in a groupe: their colours are variegated profusely; and the roses and honeysuckles afford a stronger perfume, than those of Asia: while American jessamine, some white, and others of the brightest scarlet, grow, as we are informed, by dozens in a bunch. These flowers yield little scent in the day; but in the evening and morning they are truly delicious. The soil is, in fact, encumbered with luxuriance of vegetation: and Captain Tuckey¹ found the natives stamped, as it were, with mildness, simplicity, and benignity.

The Cape de Verd Islands approach, in vegetation, more nearly to the temperate regions, than the tropical: owing, it is supposed, to the abundance of its vapours. Madeira has the most healthful climate of all the African islands; but Madagascar is the most

¹ Narrative, p. 350, 4to.

beautiful: Nature seeming there to have taken pleasure, in exhibiting herself in the richest brilliancy of youth; and in producing every species of fine landscape; from the luxuriousness of uncontrolled vegetation to the grandeur of immense forests, and the sublimity of cataracts and precipices. This is a country in which, though Nature has done every thing, man has done comparatively nothing: for its natives are wild in their habits, and barbarous in their manners to the last degree. Here, too, are found gum-lacca, benzoin, amber and ambergris; beds of rock chrystal; and not only three kinds of gold ore, but a multitude of jaspers, sapphires, topazes and emeralds. Above all, the island contains two hundred millions¹ of acres, equal to any in the world. It would, therefore, be pre-eminently worthy of being erected into an empire; were not its climate so noxious, and its waters so pestilential. It produces apples, pears, peaches, guavas and strawberries; with oranges, lemons, grapes, and other fruits, growing both without and within the tropics: bulbous-rooted flowers, too, are innumerable; and the hedges are frequently composed of myrtles, quinces, and pomegranates.

The southern Cape of Africa, displays all the splendour of the vegetable kingdom. In no quarter of the world are flowers more rich in size, in colour, or variety. At the source of the Elephant river, corn grows luxuriantly with little culture; and so abounding is it in apricots, figs, mulberries, and

¹ Rochon's *Voyage to Madagascar*, 1792, p. 171.

almonds, that the Dutch called it the Good Hope.¹ Aloes are in blossom all the year; and the air is so pure, along the south-eastern coast, that the new moon is frequently seen like a piece of white silk. Dividing the Atlantic from the Indian ocean, it has—

A shore so flowery, and so sweet an air,
Venus might plant her dearest treasures there.

Camæno. — Africa.

IX.

Towards the south pole, stretches a land, discovered by Dirk Gherritz, a Dutch captain, in 1599. In 1790, two vessels discovered land in lat. 47° and 48°, but they did not land, on account of the ice. In 1820, an English captain, voyaging from Monte Video to Valparaiso, found land in 61° longitude 55°. He coasted its shores for two hundred miles; but was unable to discover whether it was an island or a continent. He called it New Sheetland. There were no inhabitants; the land, for the most part, was covered with snow; pines, and other arctic plants, were occasionally seen; and there were vast numbers of seals and whales.

The coast of Patagonia, southward of the American continent, is wild and horrific. "Hares, deer, wild fowl, and ostriches," says a friend, writing from Bahia de Fodos Sontes, "are seen in every direction." Horned cattle abound in the vast plains, affording food to tigers and lions; though the latter are smaller in size, and less fierce than those of Africa. The Patagonians are the finest race of men in the world; having regular features, and admirably proportioned limbs. The Spaniards having introduced

¹ Paterson's Travels in Africa, 4to. p. 34, 1790.

horses into this country, the various tribes eat horse-flesh, and lead a wandering life, like Tartars.¹

X.

New Holland is equal, in circumference, to three-fourths of Europe; and it is curious to remark, that it contains only one river of great volume. The harbours of Derwent and Port-Jackson, however, are nearly equal to those of Trincomallee in Ceylon, and Rio Janeiro in South America. These settlements are the cradles, as it were, of a mighty empire. Not many years since, the whole continent was unknown to every other part of the world. It had neither swine, cattle, sheep, nor horses; potatoes were unknown; and wheat, barley, and oats, were foreign to the soil. By the last authentic survey, however, there were found to be, in the British settlements only, fourteen thousand five hundred acres of land, planted with potatoes; one thousand two hundred and fifty acres of oats, barley, and wheat; and eleven thousand seven hundred acres of maize. There were, also, two thousand eight hundred and fifty-one horses; eleven thousand four hundred swine; sixty-six thousand six hundred and eighty-four sheep, and thirty-three thousand six hundred and thirty-seven horned cattle.³ Near these

¹ The Patagonians head their arrows with flints. Some system-builder may, perhaps, hereafter arise, who will trace their origin, in consequence, to Persia: for arrows of this kind were used by the Persians in their wars with Greece. Many of them have been turned up by the plough, the spade, and the harrow, on the field of Marathon. • 1817.

³ Since this was written, another survey has been taken: and it may afford data, by which may be calculated the progress of animal population.

mettlements are found copper, alum, potter's clay, coal, slate, lime, and fossil salt; with white, yellow, and brilliant topazes. In the sea of the same continent, embracing also Van Dieman's Land, are found vast multitudes of sea elephants, seals, herrings, pilchards, and whales'; with skaites, having heads like sharks. And as to black petrels, they are so exceedingly multitudinous, that one hundred and fifty millions² have been seen flying in the air in one day. On the shores are seen kangaroos, having bags under their bellies for the security of their young. There also are seen white and mountain eagles; cassowaries seven feet in height; black swans,³ three hundred in a groupe; cockatoos, parroquets, and parrots with legs like those of seagulls; and there also fly the most beautiful of all the birds of paradise.⁴

we shall compare the amount of the several years, beginning with that of 1813, and closing with that of 1818.

	Horses.	Horned Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.
1813 1891	12,543	45,621	14,641	
1814 2197	23,263	73,230	10,921	
1815 2328	25,279	62,476	10,106	
1816 2451	21,116	55,097	11,372	
1817 2851	33,637	66,684	15,634	
1818 3618	55,450	201,247	22,633	

In the above enumeration a very remarkable deviation from the general progress appears in respect to sheep. Surely some error must have crept into the official returns. At all events, some explanation ought to have been given, to account for the very extraordinary eccentricity they present.

¹ Wentworth's Historical and Statistical Description of Botany Bay.

² Captain Flinders.

³ First Discovery in New Holland, by Vlaming, in 1697.

⁴ *Mazura Superba*.

There also are seen, one bird having a note like the tinkling of a bell; one that seems, by its voice, as if it had the power to laugh¹; and a quadruped² which walks in fresh water, like the hippopotamos, having at the same time the beak of a bird. There grows a species of cherry, which has its stone on the outside of the fruit; and in no part of the world is there a greater variety of insects. There are, also, four thousand two hundred species of plants; referable to one hundred and twenty orders. Curious, also, is it to remark, that most of the animal and vegetable productions assimilate.³ All the quadrupeds are like opossums; all the fishes like sharks; and the trees and grasses bear great similitudes. The birds, however, differ very materially.

The climates of the South Sea Islands bear a relative similitude to each other. The manners and language of the inhabitants, also, are analogous. That they can form as strong attachments, as Europeans, has been proved by a multitude of examples. The following is an affecting instance. A young man, named Stewart, having been guilty of mutiny at Taheite, quitted his ship; and taking up his abode on the island, married the daughter of a chief. By this young woman he had a beautiful child. The Pandora soon after coming in search of him, he was seized, taken to the ship, and laid in irons. His wife followed him with her infant; and a scene took place so tender and heart-breaking, that she was obliged to be separated from him by force. Stewart sailed

¹ "Ha! ha! ha!"—Grant's Voy. of Discov., p. 134, 4to.
² *Ornithorynchus Paradoxus*; vide Phil. Transact. 1802. ³ White.

with the Pandora, and was shipwrecked. His wife soon after pined away, and died of a broken heart.

The Island of Tinian, situate $15^{\circ} 8'$ north latitude, and $114^{\circ} 50'$ west longitude of Acapulco, is only twelve miles long and six broad; but in that small compass is exhibited almost every species of beautiful scenery. With such advantages, we indulge but little surprise, when we learn, that when the original natives were taken from their native island to recruit the exhausted population of Guam, they languished and died of grief. Added to the extreme loveliness of its scenes, Tinian abounds in all kinds of tropical flowers and fruits in the utmost profusion. It is fortified by a difficult anchorage, occasioned by its coral rocks: is abundant in fowls of many descriptions; and its cattle are of a milky whiteness (except the ears, which are brown and black), resembling those upon the banks of the Clitumnus. What a contrast to all this are the frozen regions of the north, stretching on every side the pole; covered with perpetual snow; with lakes and seas, agitated by boisterous winds; and fretted with enormous masses of floating ice! The Isle of Tinian, which Nature has most extravagantly endowed, blooms to no human purpose! The footsteps of a casual stranger alone presses its shore: while Iceland, with fields divided by vitrified cliffs; without a tree; abounding in precipices, burning lakes, and barren mountains, produced a Thurstleton, a Thorsden, and a Frode, with two hundred and forty poets, at a time when Sweden and Denmark and Norway cultivated no science: when the Tartars

were emerging from the northern kingdoms of Asia, and overrunning all the empire of the Saracens; when the houses of England, France, and Germany were thatched with straw; and when scarcely a poet had appeared in Britain¹!

XI.

Varenius, without consulting refraction, enumerates thirty different climates; Ricciolus about twenty; the most agreeable of which are those, situate between the thirty-fourth and forty-second degrees of latitude. If, however, we reckon from the equator to the poles, and allow half an hour's difference in the longest day in summer between each parallel, there are, strictly speaking, twenty-four climates between the equator and the polar circles, and six between the poles of each hemisphere.

The climate of the Brazils is delightful to a proverb; and the entrance into the harbour of Rio Janeiro is said to be even more magnificent than that of Constantinople. The landscapes of the Brazils derive additional charms from the quivering of the humming-bird. The size of this little animal is between a large bee and a small wren. Its wings, tail, and bill, are black; its body of a greenish brown, with a beautiful red gloss; its crest green, gilded at the top. The large kinds have no crest; their colours are crimson;

¹ Dr. Holland informs us, that many of the Iceland guides speak Latin; that many of the natives have formed their tastes upon the models of Greece and Rome; and that many would not disgrace the most refined circles of civilized society.

which appear to vary in different lights ; hence the Indians call them “sun-beams.” Their nests hang at the end of the twigs of orange, citron, pomegranate, and other odoriferous trees. Such is the bird, that gives life to every shrub and flower in many parts of South America ; while, in Africa, the creeper-bird, of brilliant plumage, flutters from blossom to blossom ; and, sitting on the edges of the corollas, sips the honey from the mellifera, and warbles in a most delightful manner.

Mount Etna, proudly overlooking a country, which, though profusely fertile in all natural advantages, and enriched with many of the noblest monuments of classical antiquity, has in every period proved an hereditary nurse of tyranny, is divided into three regions : the fertile, the shady, and the barren. These have been called the torrid, temperate, and frigid regions. But the greatest variety of climate on one range may be found among the Cordilleras ; for in the space of a few hours may be experienced the greatest intensity of heat, and the greatest intensity of cold : while, in the ascent, every intermediate variety is quickly observed, and sensibly felt. These varieties, however, produce scarcely a wrinkle in the cheek of an Indian. Age in this country creates few wrinkles ; and it is difficult, as we are informed by M. Humboldt, to observe any difference between twenty and fifty years of age : the father appears as young as the son : the hair is of the same colour ; and even an age of sixty years produces little or no decrepitude.

Peru is a country, says Vanier,¹ on which Providence has bestowed summers, which emulate the coolness of spring; a winter free from cold; and a sky unincumbered with clouds. The people of this country live to a great age; not only Indians, but Spaniards. Signor Atychio mentions several instances. In Chota he knew an Indian, who had lost only one tooth; had not one grey hair; and appeared not above sixty or seventy years of age. Another named Agif, one hundred and forty-one, whose sight was clear; hair of a fine black colour; pulse firm; and of a frame so strong, that he took the exercise of shooting every day.

Chili derived its name from a peculiar species of thrush. It is the garden of South America. In some parts the soil is so inexhaustible, that the lands have been cultivated every year, since the Spaniards arrived; and yet have lost none of their original fertility: and artificial manures are said² to be not only superfluous, but injurious. Of the ninety-seven species of trees which are indigenous, thirteen only shed their leaves: and so refreshing are the breezes, that, though on the frontiers of the Torrid Zone, Chili has no extremity of heat. In some parts it enjoys the balsamic air of Valencia, Murcia, and Estremadura; and the atmosphere is impregnated with the most delicious perfumes. The ancient inhabitants of this coun-

¹ *Felices nimium populi, quæis prodiga tellus
Fundit opes ad vota suas, quæis contigit Æstas
Æmuala veris, Hyems sine frigore, nubibus aer
Usque carens, nulloque solum fecundius imbre.*

² Molina, vol. ii. p. 344.

try and Peru divided the year into four parts; marking the arrival of summer and winter, and the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. "What blessings," exclaims Montesquieu, "might not the Spaniards have done for the natives of this country, and the Mexicans! They had a mild religion to impart to them; but they filled their heads with a frantic superstition. They might have set slaves at liberty; they made free men slaves. They might have undeceived them with regard to the abuse of human sacrifices, instead of which, they destroyed them. Never should I have finished, were I to recount the good, they might have done, and all the mischief they committed."¹

XII.

In the bay of Campechy, in the Gulph of Mexico, besides customary animals, are seen squashes, feeding on nothing but fruit; sloths baring every tree they mount; armadillos covered with shells, yet burrowing in the ground like rabbits; porcupines, and tiger cats; and monkies, sullen and untameable, dancing from tree to tree. There, too, are found cormorants and pelicans; parrots, parroquets, turtle-doves, and humming-birds. Opposed to which are rambling ants; spiders as large as men's fists; yellow, green, and dun snakes, with black and yellowish spots; crocodiles and alligators.

Barbadoes rises into hills from the coast by a regular ascent to the interior. It has few trees; but the

¹ Spirit of Laws, b. x. ch. 4.

houses are partially shaded by straggling cocoas. It furnishes landscapes, however, curiously contrasted; and, having no marshes or forests, has a serene atmosphere. Tobago is a continued plain, studded with various trees, peopled with birds of a most resplendent plumage. St. Vincent is a rich and beautiful island; and the vale of Buccament is the most delightful in all the Windward Islands. Antigua has not a river; and Nature seems there to have dropt the usual benevolence of her character; for the soil is parched, and the whole picture wears "an aspect of disappointment." The island of St. Domingo,¹ on the contrary, is one of the finest in all the world; whether it is considered in reference to the natural richness of the soil; the beauty of its internal landscapes; or the fineness of its shores. It contains every species of soil usual in tropical climates: and the plains of Los Llanos are intersected with natural groups of the noblest trees; much after the manner of an English park. The forests abound in palms, mahogany, machi-

¹ It is impossible to calculate what may be the destiny of this people, when we see a black secretary writing to a black Emperor, in the following manner:—"Like the Romans, we go from arms to the plough; from the plough to arms:—and when we have taken advantage of the mechanical arts, and employed machines, animals, fire, air, and water, our country will be the most beautiful, populous, and flourishing; and its inhabitants, hitherto so unfortunate, the happiest people in the world."—When the French had managed to get the mild Maurepas (the black general of St. Domingo), into their power, they bound him to the mainmast; nailed his hat upon his head; and his epaulettes upon his shoulders; and then precipitated his wife, his children, and himself into the sea!—Let France no longer exclaim against the savages of Africa.

neals, and palmettoes, round the trunks of which wind the convolvulus and the wind-band in many a graceful fold : forming a complete school to the architect, for the study of domes and peristyles, arches and colonnades.¹ While surveying these beauties, Columbus was struck with wonder, admiration, and delight ; and boasted, that he had discovered the original seat of paradise. This island is probably destined, one day, to prove not only the errors of Montesquieu and Du Bos ; but to solve the problem, whether ability and genius are indeed regulated by the colour of the skin.

XIII.

North America, adorned in the midst of boundless solitudes, celebrated for its mountains, lakes, rivers, and cataracts, has soils of every quality, and climates of every degree. In Canada the thermometer reaches to 96° in August ; and mercury freezes in winter. Upon the breaking up of the frost, however, flowers, as in Lapland, burst into almost instant existence. North of Canada the rigour has still greater severity.

In the United States the transitions from heat to cold, and from cold to heat, are frequent and instantaneous. These states comprize a territory of more than two millions seven hundred thousand square miles ; in which are the dregs of almost all the European nations, blending in the distance, as it were, with men capable of every lofty enterprize. What a

¹ Walton's *Hispaniola*. Edwards' *Hist. Survey of St. Domingo*, c. ix. p. 152.

field for the man of science and the moralist does the northern continent of America present, in natural wealth and national manners! Gifted with every valuable material, it exhibits society in almost every shade of distinction: from the disgusting savage on its north-western shores, where Russians, in procuring skins, sleep with rifles under their arms, and cutlasses by their sides¹; to the noble savage of the interior, whose manners are compensated by the rudiments of many virtues; and thence to the commercial circles of New York, and New Orleans.

What a beautiful and unequalled extent of country stretches from the Alleghany to the rocky mountains on the west! comprising an area of more than one million six hundred thousand square miles. Watered by innumerable rivers, all of which are tributary to the Mississippi, and blest with a pre-eminently productive soil; this region possesses a capacity for improvement beyond any other on the surface of the globe. It is by far the richest portion of North America; and may one day, perhaps, contain a population of nearly one hundred millions of inhabitants. With New Orleans for its foreign commerce; and the mouth of the Ohio for the centre of its greatest activity; this great vale may, and most probably will, afford the most delightful picture of industry the world has ever witnessed: and the more so, since there are not only extensive salt-springs, but mines of coal, limestone, iron, and lead. At present it offers the

¹ Portlock and Dixon's *Voy. round the World*, 1785-1788, p. 49.

beautiful perspective of one thousand years for the active industry of man.

Now let us turn our eyes to Greenland and the northern regions. There we shall behold a melancholy picture of a waste of frigidity, forming a bird's-eye contrast to the waste of torridity in Asia and Africa. It seems a woe-struck region; but it has phenomena, exceedingly striking to curious observers. The sun does not go down in summer for many months: Captain Ross beheld continued day from the 7th of June to August the 24th; making an interval of one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two hours. The sun moves in a circle round the horizon: and shadows point to all parts of the compass. At this season, the earth is farther from the polar star, than it is, at the winter solstice, by one hundred and eighty millions of miles. In allusion to the constancy of the sun in summer, and of the moon in winter, Davis' ships, in his second expedition, were called Sunshine, Moonshine, and the North Star. This sunshine is succeeded by long twilights. In winter, the moon is constantly above the horizon every alternate fortnight; and the hemisphere is perpetually illuminated by the auroral coruscations, and the northern constellations. In those regions, too, are seen vast icebergs¹: some two miles in circumference. These are frequently aground even at the depth of three hundred fathoms; they are often three hundred and sixty-seven feet high: and if reduced to a plane of one inch in thickness, they would cover

¹ Purchas', *Pilgrimes*, vol. iii. p. 837.

an area, equal to twenty-one thousand miles ; and if weighed by measurement¹ they would equal the result of one thousand two hundred and ninety-two millions three hundred and ninety-seven thousand six hundred and seventy-three tons.

XIV.

In Disco Bay, the summer lasts from the end of May to the middle of September : the remainder of the year is winter²: a winter so intense, that in latitude 68°, even French brandy freezes by the fire-side. Cradled, as it were, in the womb of Nature, and nurtured in the midst of privation, the name of want is yet scarcely known to the Greenlanders. The whale chiefly constitutes their food ; as its oil furnishes them with light. And here, in a region, cold and sterile even to a proverb, and where the breath is visible to the eye, we behold men, whose virtues, in many engaging points, would honour the latitude of Italy. They have no laws ; no magistrates ; no discipline ; and they have little occasion for either. The head of every family is its father, magistrate, and sovereign : and the courts of equity and law reside in every house. Thefts are so little known amongst them, that locks and bolts are comparatively useless. In their conduct to the foreigners, who frequent their shores for their own purposes, however, they are not so scrupulous : but their urbanity towards them is said to equal that of any other nation. In their temperaments they are placid and content ; and peculiarly

¹ Lieut. Parry.

² Egede. *Descript. Greenland*, p. 21.

averse to altercation. They have no written laws ; yet they enjoy an almost perfect security of property ; and are so attached to their country, relatives, and friends, that no argument and no reward can induce them to leave their native shores. In the northern parts of this country there is little or no grass :—The peasants are, therefore, obliged to buy it from the southern parts, in order to put in their shoes to keep their feet warm.¹ But, unlike the inhabitants of every other northern region, they have a fixed aversion to every kind of spirituous liquor.

In the Arctic regions iron is found so soft and ductile, that it may be cut with a hard stone. The natives called glass ice ; when they saw a watch, they took it for an animal ; they could count only to the number of their fingers ; and before they saw Captain Ross, they believed themselves to be the only inhabitants of the universe ; and the globe, to be entirely composed of snow and ice, except the small portion they inhabited. When they saw the English ships they took them for birds,² having sails for wings : and they had no conception where they could come from, unless from the sun or the moon.

The object of exploring the polar regions is to discover a nearer route to China, than by Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope. The latter of these routes is five thousand five hundred miles ; by the polar one, if it exist, only two thousand five hundred and ninety-eight : a saving, therefore, would be effected of two thousand nine hundred and two

¹ Egede, p. 44-7.

² Ross's *Voy. of Discovery to the Arctic Regions*, p. 93, &c. 4to.

miles : that is, more than one-half of the whole distance.

In Prince Regent's Bay the vegetable productions consist only of coarse grass, moss, and heath. The moss is used for fuel ; and, when dried, and immersed in whale oil, is used for light. In the grass and heath are seen hares and other small animals.¹ Whales are large and numerous ; there are also a considerable number of black, white, and red foxes ; and trade might extend itself in the teeth of seals and bears ; and in the ivory of sea unicorns.

A green sea is the most clear of ice² ; a blue one the fullest : but Scoresby³ has proved, that the existence of land is not essential for its production. In fine weather the water is so transparent,⁴ that the bottom may be clearly seen, even at the depth of fourteen fathoms. The icebergs themselves are frequently of a bright verdigris blue, varied with tints of red ; some near their bases of a sea-green ; with summits snow-white. One astonishing peculiarity of these regions consists in the number of medusæ. They are indeed incalculable. They lie about a quarter of an inch from each other ; and it has been calculated,⁵ that a cubic mile of them contains not less than 23,888,000,000,000,000.

At Cape Farewel⁶ the eye is presented with spiral rocks, rising amid blue mountains, striking the spec-

¹ Ross, p. 119, 137.

² Purchas' Pilgrimes, vol. iii. p. 564.

³ Memoirs of the Wernerian Society, vol ii. part ii. p. 294.

⁴ Ellis's Voy. to Hudson's Bay, p. 296.

⁵ Scoresby.

⁶ Pickersgill's MSS. Barrow, p. 322.

tator with delight or with horror, in proportion to the cloudiness or brilliancy of the sun. The ice, in the neighbourhood of these scenes, as well as in Spitzbergen, is frequently shivered with the sound, wafted from fire-arms. Similar effects, from the concussion of the air, are witnessed among the Alps; and the report of a gun has the effect of occasioning a fall of snow among the Himalaya mountains.

In the vast reservoirs of ice in these seas, myriads of herrings seek refuge, for the purpose of breeding in security. In the middle of winter, having deposited their spawn, they quit their recesses; and pour in vast columns along the coasts of America, Ireland, and Great Britain; emitting brilliant reflections, like those of the rainbow. In October they return to their icy habitations.

Captain Parry passed through Lancaster Sound; proceeded westward, running down the parallel of latitude 75° , and arrived at about 114° west longitude. He took up his winter quarters in a harbour of Melville Island. This island he supposed to be one hundred and fifty miles long, and from thirty to forty broad. He saw many fragments of snow and ice, resembling what Freminville¹ beheld in other parts of the arctic regions, *viz.* steeples, towers, colonnades, castles, and fortresses. The animals, seen on this desolate coast, were deer, foxes, white mice, and one American musk ox, having a mane large and shaggy like that of a lion. The vegetables consisted of grass,

¹ Voy. to North Pole, p. 8.

poppies, and saxafrage in tufts and patches : and the birds were the glaucus, the king-duck, and the ptarmigan. These birds were seen only in summer ; but owls, in full beauty of feather, were observed during the whole of their stay.

XV.

Europe, though it is the garden of the globe, has many variable climates. That of the Netherlands is more remarkable for “moisture than for warmth ;” and its principal celebrity is derived from the merit of its artists. Holland is cold to intemperance and humid to a proverb. Its painters are of a low and vulgar cast ; its writers in French and Latin removed from mediocrity ; but it boasts not a single sculptor or musician : and only one poet. Denmark has a cold winter, a moist spring, and a temperate summer ; without a poet or a philosopher ; with only one historian, and that credulous. Its literature is dull, meagre, and penurious ; and rendered still more tedious and frivolous, by being so much infested with antiquarian research.

It has been remarked,¹ that the western shores of continents are more warm than eastern ones. An east wind is, in fact, dreaded in most countries. The cold is frequently intense in Kamschatka, when on the opposite shore of America it is comparatively warm. The western part of Iceland² is free from those enormous glaciers and mountains of snow and

¹ Humboldt. Dampier.

² Barrow's Polar Regions, p. 372.

ice which so much deform the eastern shore ; and on the east coast of Britain a pea-blossom is scarcely known in May, while in the west, myrtles, and even fuschias, grow in the open air, throughout the winter. In this island, dry autumns and summers, with warm springs and abundant showers, have been the most remarkable for plentiful years : and, upon reference to meteorological observation, we shall find, that in those years western winds have principally prevailed. In winter, the north and north-east winds are generally productive of frost, and a south-west wind of thaw.

But climates frequently vary, even in the same province ; a variation caused by soil, comparative absence or prevalence of woods and stagnant waters, the pernicious effects of which steam from vegetable and animal decomposed substances.

In Canada the ground freezes so hard in winter, that no graves can be dug ; dead bodies are, therefore, kept till the commencement of a thaw ; when the vegetation is so exceedingly quick, that the grass may be almost seen to grow. In other regions of America soil and heat produce an equal sterility, and moisture an equal luxuriance of growth ; but, for the most part, America has temperatures, differing from regions, occupying the same parallels of latitude. Its general climate is more islandic than continental ; and yet its coldness and its moisture cannot be caused entirely by the proximity of two oceans ; since we find islands in the Pacific, the Atlantic, and the Indian seas, still warmer, and equally as dry. That America,

If we except the western coast, is colder and more moist, than corresponding latitudes, in other countries, is certain: and that those qualities may arise, in some degree, out of the neighbourhood of two such vast oceans, as the Atlantic and Pacific, and a comparative height above the level of their surfaces, is highly probable. But these causes are assisted in producing their results by the vastness of the forests, the length and breadth of the rivers, the imperfect state of cultivation, the nature of the soil, and certain peculiarities of electrical phenomena.

In tropical climates, the flesh of animals has neither the succulence nor the flavour of those of Europe; but they abound in cooling fruits. Insects, reptiles, birds, and some quadrupeds are, also, very vigorous, and grow to a great size. The quadrupeds of America are, however, not so large, as those of corresponding latitudes in the Old World, though the reptiles are larger. Fishes, for the most part, attain the largest size and weightiest bulk, in cold and temperate regions. Fishes, inhabiting a peculiar element, are, to the human race, the most innocent, and not the least profitable, of animals: they have no opportunity of giving offence, except that opportunity is sought by man himself. But in the hot climates of every continent, and almost of every island, man is annoyed in a manner, scarcely to be conceived by the more fortunate natives of Europe. The Philippine Islands are infested by large bats; Porto Bello with toads; Egypt with asps; the south of Africa, Asia and Panama, with serpents; Guinea

with ants ; Guadaloupe with beetles ; and many parts of Africa with innumerable locusts.

In respect to soil, we may observe, with the author of the "Spectacle de la Nature," that though good soils yield the most abundant harvests, in bad ones wild fowl is more delicate and wholesome ; game of a more delicious flavour ; fruits of a purer juice ; and bees yield a better honey and a better wax. In hot soils, vegetables are hard and strong, but not prolific ; in moist ones luxuriant and prolific, but neither strong nor hard.

XVI.

That climate has an effect upon the skin is evident from three circumstances among a multitude of others : first, that if a native of Europe is in a hot climate, his children have darker complexions than his own. Secondly, that African children are born white, continue so one month, when they deviate to a pale yellow ; after a time they become brown, then black, and, lastly, glossy and shining. Thirdly, that the negro population, in American climates, grow gradually less black : and fourthly, that Jews, remarkable for marrying among themselves, in all ages and countries, are observed to be white in England ; swarthy in Portugal ; olive in America ; and copper-coloured in Arabia. Europeans are white ; the Arabs, Persians and Chinese, brown ; the East Indians copper coloured ; and the Javans yellow. The Moors are swarthy ; the Africans, under the line, black ; and the natives of New South Wales

of a dark chocolate. Greenlanders, when born, are as white as we are; but they have a blue spot in their skins, sometimes above the loins, and sometimes under, three quarters of an inch in diameter. As they grow up, this spot¹ gradually extends over the whole body. Hitherto, we have paid too great a respect to colour. The time is, however, approaching, when prejudices of this kind will subside; and we shall know little or no distinction between white brethren, black brethren, red brethren, or olive brethren. The age of prejudice, thank heaven! is gradually passing away.

The hornbill seems to vary more with the latitude than the longitude: in Java and Sumatra its bill is so large, that it is called the rhinoceros; in the Philippines it decreases; in Abyssinia it grows less; in the Moluccas still smaller; and in the Manilla, it sinks into a mere protuberance; while the black-billed hornbill of Senegal has no protuberance at all.

In Ashantee the crows have white rings round their necks, and the pigeons are green. Turtle doves in Europe are generally ash-coloured; in Japan they are white; and, at the Cape of Good Hope, blue. In America pelicans are brown; in Manilla of a rose colour: in the Old World swans are invariably white; in New Holland more frequently black. In Europe the bones of cocks boil white; but among the Indian woods as black as ebony. Many of these peculiarities may arise out of the food, which the respective

animals consume ; and have little connexion, therefore, with the subject of climate.

In the old continents we find men varying in their colour, according to their relative latitudes ; but in America it is otherwise ; the natives of that vast continent, being, with small diversity of shades, of a red copper colour, from north to south, and from east to west. The Esquimaux, that freezes near the arctic pole ; the western Indian, who sleeps upon leaves, and has the woods for his canopy ; the Mexican, who burns between the tropics : the Peruvian, who sees the sun set behind the peaks of the Cordilleras ; and the Brazilian, who beholds it rising out of the bosom of the Atlantic, all bear the stamp of one original. There are no negroes under the Line, nor are there any whites either in the frigid or the temperate Zones : a white face, a black breast, and a woolly head, are equally unknown. The American Indians are remarkable, too, for the thickness of their skins and the hardness of their fibres ; hence their comparative insensibility to bodily pain. They are also distinguished by a mellifluous language, and a classical symmetry of structure. Indeed, so beautiful are their forms, that when the celebrated American painter, West, saw the Apollo Belvidere at Rome, so struck was he with the resemblance, that he instantly exclaimed, “ How like a young Mohawk warrior ! ” When the Italians heard this exclamation, they were mortified : but, upon the painter’s describing the elasticity of their limbs ; their dexterity with the bow and arrow, and their indications of conscious vigour ; and when he assured

them, that he had often seen them stand in the very attitude of the Apollo; with their eye following the arrow, just discharged from the bow, they were reconciled to the exclamation of the painter, and felt all the value of the criticism.¹

From the complectual diversities, alluded to, has arisen the belief, that the whole human race have not sprung from one original; but that either two species were created, one with hair, and the other with wool; or, that as many men were created as there are different colours; with some allowances for partial shades. Others, on the other hand, contend, that these diversities are merely varieties of one species; as in vegetables many varieties of one plant derive their distinguishing features from the soil, the culture, or the climate.

M. Baillie² has asserted, that there is only one thirty-second of difference between the extreme of summer heat and the extreme of winter cold. In tropical regions spring begins at the end of September; summer in December; autumn in March; and winter in June. In the northern latitudes this order is reversed; and in their summer the heat, occasioned by the constant presence of the sun, is tempered by the large quantity of caloric, absorbed by the masses of ice and snow, as they pass from a firm to a fluid state. The beech grows to the fifty-seventh degree of latitude; the oak reaches sixty; the cherry and apple sixty-three; the osier, willow, and quince sixty-six; the fir sixty-eight; the pine sixty-

¹ Life of West.

² Lettres sur l'origine des Sciences, p. 292.

nine; and the birch, seventy :—Sometimes in this latitude the cold is so extremely rigorous, that the sap of the trees freeze; when they snap with a loud noise.

XVII.

Sweden has long, cold, and dreary winters. In the north prevail several weeks of total darkness in winter; while in the summer the sun is frequently seen at midnight. Many parts of this country are equal to any picture, the imagination can present. Acerbi was delighted with them: he seemed to be transported to a new world, and to have been suddenly cast upon an enchanted island. Upon one in the lake of Pälarnjervi he and his companion passed the most agreeable hours. The scenery there resembles fairy land. The fish of the lake furnished their table; they procured game from the woods: they fished; hunted, bathed, and amused themselves in drawing landscapes, collecting plants and insects, and in contemplating the sun making his daily circle round the horizon, without once bathing himself, as it were, in the ocean.

In former times, the accomplishments of a Swede were to fight valiantly; to sit a horse well; to be an adept at swimming; to be skilful at the oar; to be a good skater; a good archer; to play at chess; and to know the names of the stars. Boasting in later times of several literary societies and men of science, Sweden has produced some good poets, and several eminent

statesmen. Linnæus and Puffendorf alone were sufficient to redeem even Kamschatka from the imputation of barbarism. Prussia has cold winters, moist summers, and a rainy autumn. Without a painter, a sculptor, or an architect, this country owes most of its literary reputation to the poet Ramler. Austria is mild, yet exposed to intemperate winds. Its literature, for the most part, is bigotted and metaphysical; dull and pedantic. Russia has every climate; from the moss and snows of Siberia to the olives of the Taurida; from the wastes of the reindeer, to the wastes of the camel. With this diversity of soil and season, it abounds in little, either of learning, science, or imagination; though in the humble merit of imitation, it surpasses every other country in the world. Hungary has such a climate and such a soil, that a traveller was induced to declare, that, out of Hungary, "there is no living; or if there is living, there is no life." This country is remarkable for the multitude of its Roman and Grecian coins and medals.

Switzerland;

There, level with the ice—ribb'd bound,
The yellow harvests glow;
And vales with purple vines are crown'd,
Beneath impending snow.

Helen Maria Williams.

Wearing, in general, the unpolished organs of a rude and unlettered people, this country boasts the production of patriots equal to those of Rome and Greece; and of writers, scarcely to be equalled in

their several branches. Being a country where auriculas grow wild among moss, half covered with ice, summer and winter may be traced on the opposite sides of the same mountain: and it is no uncommon circumstance to gather flowers with one hand and snow with another!

In the south of France the temperature of the air, and the mildness of the climate, render the towns and cities highly agreeable to reside in, and exceedingly conducive to the restoration of health. And yet it formed a subject of complaint to Rousseau, in one of his letters to Malesherbes, that the French had little taste for Nature, and still less for landscape. In the beautiful parts of literature, France is superior to England; but decidedly inferior in point of morals, politics, and philosophy. From Lyons to Bourdeaux and thence to Thoulouse, the climate is the climate of Paradise. The moon rises, for the most part, in cloudless splendour; and the sun sinks with all the rich tincture of an Italian atmosphere.

Portugal has an exquisite climate: her mornings being delightful, and her evenings truly enchanting. She boasts of two hundred fine days in the course of the year! In poetry Camöens is her principal glory; and that poet she would not rescue from a life, not of comparative poverty, but of absolute want! Her rank in science is of the third order.

There are parts of Spain, which would seem, in some degree, to corroborate the hypothesis of the Abbé du Bos. Justin¹ said of the Iberians, that they

¹ Illis fortior taciturnitatis cura quam vitæ.

were as much afraid of losing their goods, as some persons are of losing their lives. This character applies, in a great measure, to their descendants. Livy, too, said of the ancient Catalonians, that it was more difficult to disarm, than to destroy them; a remark equally applicable to the modern Catalonians. These instances are not insulations. Others might be brought from the various provinces of Europe; but surely Montesquieu, were he now living, could not suppose, that the modern French bear any resemblance to the natives of Gaul; when the Franks possessed themselves of the west part of that country; the Burgundians of the east; and the Visigoths of the north. And yet his hypothesis would imply the argument.

Spain has a climate for the best painter and the richest poet; while its literature is copious in every department, except those of science and philosophy. It is a country formerly romantic for its chivalry; the beauty of its women; and the pride of its ancestry. In latter days it has become a prey to all the evils of a foreign and domestic despotism. It is a country, which nothing but a bad government could, in any way, impoverish!

Few climates have been more celebrated, than that of Italy; a country celebrated for its specimens of art; its ancient love of liberty; and its modern patience under tyranny. Vain are the inhabitants in the midst of poverty; and luxuriant against the lessons of disease. The general climate of Italy, however, has been much

¹ Ferox gens, nullam esse vitam, alio armis putat.

misconceived. It is not so favourable for astronomical observation as England; England having more clear days and nights: since it is subject to frequent fogs in summer; and to rain in winter. When the atmosphere is clear, however, the skies are transcendent: sometimes like pearls and silver; and in the evenings like burnished gold! Piedmont so beautiful, so fruitful, and abounding in every luxury of life, boasts a climate, superior to that of Italy in general; and yet—who can refrain from expressing astonishment and indignation, when he recollects, that neither painter, nor an historian, and only one poet of eminence were ever born in the country!

—— She pines beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap!

Thebes² has produced her Pindar; Cappadocia its Strabo and Pausanias; its Basil and Gregory Nazianzen; Bristol has redeemed its character by its Chatterton and its Southey; but Piedmont!—she is a disgrace to her climate!

XVIII.

It is remarked by Tacitus, that the ancient Germans, dividing their year into three seasons, had no idea of autumn. That season, on the contrary, was better esteemed in ancient Thessaly, than either summer or

¹ Victor Alfieri. Born at Asti, Jan. 7th, 1749.

² Abdera and Thebes were bye-words for stupidity; and yet the former produced Protagoras, Anaxarchus, and Democritus; and the latter, Bacchus, Cadmus, Amphion, Hercules, Hesiod, Pindar, and Plutarch, Epaminondas, and Pelopidas.

spring; being remarkable for its long continuance, and its brilliant skies.

Though the summers in the Crimea are variable, the autumns pestilential, and the winters rigorous, the springs are highly delightful. The hills are covered with sheep; the air is mild; the sky serene; and the wild vine mingles in the hedges with the arbutus and jessamine. Flowers of every colour spring up in myriads; the perfumes, which ravish the senses, are unequalled by those of any other country in Europe; while the soil is capable of producing every description of fruit, that grows in France, Italy, or Greece.

The climate of the Dardanelles is delightful in the extreme; while the seasons of Syria may be said to be separated by hours; for so many varieties of climate are felt, in a short space of time, that the Arabian poets figuratively observed, "that the Sannin bears winter upon its head; spring on its shoulders; and autumn in its bosom; while summer lies sleeping at its feet."

The Morea has a climate temperate and agreeable. From April to August there is seldom rain: the most agreeable season is winter: the stars shed a golden light, unknown in ruder climates: its skies are exceedingly brilliant: and the water of its coasts, and of the Archipelago, is of a deep azure.

Mytilene was celebrated for its wine, its climate, and its women. The birth-place of Arion and Pittacus, Phanios, Sappho, and Theophrastus, it was worthy of being the occasional residence of Aristotle and Epicurus. Fragments of the finest marble attest

its ancient magnificence. Croto was said, in ancient times, to have been remarkably conducive to the strength of men, and the beauty of women. The Isle of Samos consists of rocks, mountains, and precipices, interspersed with pines, mulberries, and olives, growing over mines and quarries of white marble. Thunder-storms in this island are more frequent in winter than in summer. Samos was so fertile and beautiful, that Horace applies to it the epithet *concinna*.¹ The air in the Isle of Siphnos was so pure, that men lived longer on that island, than in any other of the Greek republics: and Rhodes, an island once so celebrated for its roses, had so mild a climate, that there was not a day in the year, in which the sun did not shine upon it. Pindar called it the daughter of Venus and the wife of Apollo.

The climate of Crete is as delightful, as its constitution was formerly excellent. Its winter of two months resemble the May of England and the April of Italy. The rest of the year is a continued succession of fine days and brilliant nights. In the day, the sky is cloudless; in the night, a countless profusion of stars, whose brilliancy is seldom obscured by vapours, renders the season of sleep more beautiful than the splendour of the day. Hence it was called "Macarias, the happy Island." The ancients might well fable this country to be the birth-place of Minerva, the cradle of Jupiter, and the theatre, in which he consummated his nuptials: The favourite haunt of Cybele; and on whose enchanting shores the Dardan hero was so anxious to erect a city.

¹ Eplst. xi, l. 2.

I have always esteemed that passage one of the most affecting in all Virgil, where Eneas, after having made good his landing, erected a fort, and built houses; where, after his companions had begun to cultivate the soil, and he had turned his thoughts towards legislating for his little colony, by dividing the lands, promoting marriages, and enacting laws, he is represented as finding himself under the necessity of quitting the island, and of seeking his fortune in another country! For his corn was blighted, and his grass was parched; his trees devoured by caterpillars; and his companions in danger and in exile, falling every day from fevers, occasioned by noxious vapours.

XIX.

Upon quitting Greece we may remark, that though, for the most part, it was sterile; yet it was the land of freedom and the arts. Sicily, on the other hand, was so fertile, that it was called the granary of Rome. There is, in fact, not a wealthier soil in the whole circumference of the globe: and yet what a nursery of tyrants it has always been!

The republic of San Marino affords nothing, by which we may accurately judge of the effect of climate; but it proves how compatible happiness is with a sterile soil, and an elevated region. This small republic, standing upon an indurated sand-rock, has neither soil, climate, nor spring-water to boast; but it has independence and happiness. It consists of an abrupt mountain, surrounded

by small crags lying around it; enveloped, for the most part, in clouds; with neither a flower nor a rivulet; and frequently covered with snow, while the country beneath glows with alternate shade and sunshine. This republic owes its origin to the circumstance of a Dalmatian having fixed upon this craggy eminence for a hermitage. Having obtained, during the course of a long life, a high reputation for sanctity, many religious persons resorted to him; and having effected what the world regarded a miracle, the princess of the country gave him the entire property of the mountain. From this time the eminence increased in population; and a republican form of government was instituted, which exists even at the present day: an interval of one thousand three hundred years having elapsed since its creation. The history of this unique republic comprizes only seven folio pages. The first commemorates the origin: the second records the purchase of a castle (A.D. 1100): the third the purchase of another castle (A.D. 1170): the fourth mentions a war (A.D. 1460), in which the inhabitants assisted Pope Pius II. against one of the lords of Rimini; and for which they received four small castles in recompense. The fifth gives an account of their territories, reverting to its ancient limits: the sixth records some of the intrigues of Cardinal Alberoni to overturn the republic: the seventh and most interesting page, records a proposition, that was made to them by Napoleon Buona-parté, of increasing their territory; which, in conformity to ancient principle, they had the magnanimity

to refuse. Thus, among precipices, the natives of San Marino, five thousand four hundred in number,¹ enjoy a liberty and a tranquillity, entirely unknown in any other part of the world! The natives of this republic seem to be indebted for a great portion of their happiness to three peculiar regulations: *viz.* the commissary, who pronounces judgment, must always be a foreigner, a doctor of laws, and resident only three years. The physician must be thirty-five years of age, and remain only three years: and the school-master is chosen for the purity of his morals, his humanity, mildness of temper and useful knowledge. One of the chief doctrines, he is called upon to instil into the minds of his pupils, is to make them satisfied with their condition; to love their country as their own house, and their fellow citizens as their own families. Thus situated, and thus educated, the inhabitant of San Marino thinks that every thing, which is valuable, is centered on his native rock.²

¹ Mons. Augustus Frederick Crome, in his general view of the relative political strength of European nations, states, that the republic of San Marino is in extent about eighteen English square miles; that it has six thousand inhabitants, and a public revenue of fifty thousand Rhenish florins.

² Boccalini fables,* that a difference arose in Parnassus, on the subject of precedence, between Julianio Corbelli, doctor of law at San Marino, and the Baron of Bisagnano. This difference was referred to the congregation of ceremonies, who decreed, that Corbelli being born in a free country was to walk hand in hand with kings; and, therefore, to take precedence of any baron or even prince, born in a country, where liberty was unknown.

* Adv. Parnass. vii.

With these detached people we may, not inappropriately, associate the natives of St. Kilda. St. Kilda is a large rock, five miles in circumference, rising out of a sea that never sleeps: and against which the waves dash with tremendous fury. Though this rock is insulated from land several leagues, it has wells of the purest water. The natives are described as being models of simplicity and innocence. Envy, jealousy, and ambition are totally unknown amongst them. They have no money; but barter with fowls, and feathers, Solan geese, and birds' eggs. Bred in social affection, they are mild and humane; and when sailors are wrecked upon their shore, they pay them all possible attention. They are, also, extremely sensible to the charms of poetry and vocal music.

The great Loo-choo Island is, also, fortunate in many respects. It lies out of the usual track of trading ships: it has no want of foreign commodities; and produces nothing to tempt the avarice of strangers. The inhabitants have no arms; and no money: and, like the arctic highlanders¹ of Baffin's Bay, cannot be made to understand the nature of war. Kæmpfer relates, that they are all either fishermen or husbandmen; that they lead a contented life; are cheerful and affectionate; and that after their daily work is done, they take their children and wives into the fields; where they sit; drink a little rice liquor; and play upon musical instruments. Hall's account of this interesting people is equally picturesque and engaging. The Deity is

¹ Vide Ross's *Voy. of Disc. to Arctic Regions*, 4to. p. 135.

known to them by the name of Boòsa¹: but there is nothing in the climate of this island to make the inhabitants wiser, better, or more happy, than their neighbours ; and yet they are so.

XX.

Of the climate of England² much has been said by those, who have written on the subject. For my own part, my Lelius, I am persuaded, that you are well contented with it ; being thoroughly convinced, that Bishop Berkely was justified in saying, that groves and meadows were no where in such perfection as in England ; and that Charles II. was equally correct, when he declared, that a gentleman might walk out oftener and with greater comfort in England, than in any other country of Europe. Let us, therefore, adapt our wishes to our climate ; rather than presume to expect, that Nature will adapt our climate to our wishes : and the more so, since even in the age of Elizabeth, the best compliment, ever paid to any climate in the world, was paid to this : *viz.* “That it was too pure for a slave to breathe in.” Britons ! remember, that liberty is not only your birth-right, but the birth-right of your children. Be, therefore, neither cheated, canted, coaxed, nor conquered out of it. It is more to be valued than beauty, manners, wealth, rank, power,

¹ Clifford's Vocabulary of the Loo-choo language.

² For some curious observations, relative to the weather of these islands, vide Lieut. Mackenzie's System ; discovered in 1816-1817. He makes the cycle complete in fifty-four years.

³ 2. Rushworth, p. 468.

ah! more to be prized than life itself. It is the gem of all mental ornaments; and the whole universe has nothing to compare to it, either in grandeur or in beauty.

In this part of my subject, I shall take leave to record the very extraordinary season of 1818 and 1819. The year 1817 had been remarkable for its violent storms, inundations and earthquakes. The mountain of Hausnick, in Upper Austria, sank into a lake; the lake of Porciano, in the territory of Ferentino, Italy, became dry; flames issued out of a bed of sulphur, near Salzbouurg, in Bavaria; and a whole mountain in the bailiwick of Rattenburg, fell into a valley, which stretched at its feet. The summer of 1818 was the most delightful, in respect to weather, ever remembered in this country. The days were so mild, so pure, so radiant; and the evenings so serene; that it might be said, that England, for one season, was converted into Italy! In August, such was the dryness of the air, that the leaves fell from the trees, as in autumn; the harvest moon being the third of a series of ten years, in which it proves most beneficial to farmers. During these remarkable heats, it was observed, that they were nearly equal in many European latitudes; the thermometer of Reaumur standing at the same point at Rome, Madrid, Vienna, and Berlin. In November the narcissus was seen to bloom in Hampshire; in other districts grass was mown; and, in others, wheat was seen coming into ear. Indeed, a miracle seemed to be effected in the vegetable world, almost

every day. In the county of Perth, garden strawberries were in full blossom; the berries of the *arbutus* were ripe; the buds of many forest trees swelled, and those of many hazel bushes expanded; tulips appeared in leaf above the ground; and sweet pease and mignonette were luxuriantly in flower. In December, tulips were seen in Scotland, five inches in height; flowers of ten weeks' stocks, and marigolds, were as fresh and vigorous as in August: on Wanstead Flats, in the county of Essex, leaves of lime-trees fully expanded; a snow-drop was in blossom; and swallows seen. At Appledore, in Devonshire, a second crop of apples were gathered, full grown, the tree being in bloom, when the former crop was gathered. Near Plymouth, jonquils, hyacinths, anemonies, pinks, stocks, and monthly roses bloomed in great perfection; there were, also, ripe raspberries. In the fields and hedges violets, hearts'-ease, purple vetches, red-robins, and other flowers blossomed; the oak and elm retained much of their foliage: and birds were sometimes heard, as if it were spring; and on the 24th, a robin's nest, with four young ones, nearly fledged, were found in the thatch of a poor man's cottage at Hemington, near Salisbury. During the first six days in January, the air was calm, but foggy; the wind fluctuated between the south and east; from the 7th to the 14th, fell several heavy showers; but, during the month, there were not less than twelve serene days, and no snow had fallen from the commencement of the winter. On Eskdale Moor, in Cumberland, a

young brood of red grouse were hatched; and by the 24th, they were able to fly. In the first week of February, bean plants were from ten to twelve inches high, with all their perfection of foliage, similar to what they are in June. The German tamarisk was observed in full bloom, and in the beginning of the month, the blossoms of the *erica herbacea* began to open. In Sweden and Norway there was neither frost nor snow; and in Russia great inconvenience was felt from that want of regular intercourse between one province and another, which snow, frozen, contributes so much to facilitate. In Savoy, not only Mount St. Gothard and the Simplon were crossed without difficulty, but even Mount St. Bernard. In the beginning of February, too, several swallows were seen in the gardens of the Tuilleries at Paris.

Such was the season in Europe during the winter of 1818 and 1819. But of all climates the island of Teneriffe presents the most delightful; since it is suited to the wheat and vines of Europe; the bread-tree of Otaheite; the coffee-tree of Arabia; the figs of India; plants common to Jamaica and to Lapland; the cinnamon of the Moluccas; the cocoa of America; the date of Provence; the laurels of Italy; the olives of Greece; and trees, resembling the oaks of Thibet.

XXI.

Montesquieu used to observe, that “Germany was the country to travel in; Italy to sojourn in; England to think in; and France to live in.”—*Tempora mu-*

tantur ! And Pompey being, one day, on a visit to Lucullus, at Tusculum, enquired of that general, how he could be so absurd, as to make his villa fit only for a summer residence. "What?" said Lucullus with a smile, "do you imagine, that I have less sense, than storks and cranes? shall they change their habitations with the season, and Lucullus remain in one residence all the year?"

Since then the emoluments of Nature are not to be enjoyed, to the fullest advantage, all the year, I would in this aspire to imitate the conduct of Lucullus. January, therefore, I would spend in Portugal; February in the Madeiras; and March in Spain. April in Sicily; May in Lapland; June in Italy; July in Switzerland; and August in France. September in England; October among the variegated forests of America; November in Crete; and December in the islands of the Cape de Verd.

XXII.

We have now travelled the globe; from east to west; from south to north. Noticed every description of climate; alluded frequently to the natural productions of the various soils; traced men in various stages of society; and noticed many of their peculiar customs. What is the result? We find, that in islands, and in countries the most beautiful, as well

¹ The great khans of Tartary, as well as the present emperors of China, were accustomed to change their residences according to the seasons.

as in those, the most savage and forlorn, great crimes disgrace the inhabitants. In some islands, where Nature is most luxuriant and profuse, we observe, not only no genius, but no humanity. The same may equally be applied, whether those islands are in the frigid, temperate, or the torrid zones. There are differences in their manners; and modifications in the display of their mental capacities: but for the causes of all these, we must look to other reasons than to those, arising from the difference of climate. For whence proceeds it, that, in Persia and Arabia, poetry is almost characteristic of the people; and yet in Egypt, nearly in the same parallel of latitude, though it is, as it were, the eldest of nations, not one single poet has ever been known in the country! Then as to times and seasons: Orpheus lived in the infancy, as it were, of the human mind; Euripides in the vigour of Grecian liberty: Virgil in the morning of Roman slavery: Boethius in the evening of learning; Dante in the darkness of violence and superstition; and Camoens in the dawn of maritime discovery. Genius depends, then, not on climates, nor on countries; on times, nor on seasons. It n^o where rises or falls with the barometer. It is the gift of Nature only; and its developments depend on an infinite variety of circumstances.

Arguing on the principles of Montesquieu, Raynal, Winklemann,¹ Du Bos, and other plausible writers, it

¹ Winklemann insists, that Englishmen are incapable of much excellence in painting; not only from natural incapacity, but from the unfavourable nature of their climate!

would be impossible to account for that distinct variation, which is observed in the dispositions, habits, and genius of those people, residing on the opposite banks of frontier rivers; on the transverse sides of high mountains; and particularly of the same people, at different periods of their history. Of this the ancient and the modern Greeks afford a curious exemplification. Both enjoyed the same soil, and the same climate; yet the former as much excelled the latter, as purple and white surpass yellow and brown.

An artist may yet enliven the forests of America, or the solitudes of Siberia: a Gessner may soothe the savannahs of Africa; a Raphael may delineate near the wall of China; a Palladio may adorn the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul: and even a Newton may arise in Lapland.

BOOK VIII.

CHAPTER I.

OF all the passions, which derive additional force from scenery, none experiences a greater accession than Love; that noble feeling of the heart, which Plato calls "an interposition of the Gods in behalf of the young." A passion celebrated by all, yet truly felt by few. "Dost thou know, what the nightingale said to me?" says a Persian poet; "what sort of a man art thou, that canst be ignorant of love?" Rather would I enquire, "what sort of a man art thou, that canst be capable of love?" Since, though of all the passions it is the most productive of delight, it is the most unfrequent of them all. How many of us feel the passions of hatred and revenge, of envy and desire, every day! But how few of us are capable of feeling an ardent affection, or of conceiving an elevated passion! That was not love, which Mahomet felt for Irene; Titus for Berenice; Catullus for Lesbia; or Horace for Lydia¹: and though Anacreon is never weary of boasting his love, the gay, the

¹ In Shakespeare how delicately is love delineated in *Twelfth Night*; and in *Cymbeline*. 'That of the beautiful, and I had almost said disgusting, Juliet has nothing to compare with it.

frantic Anacreon never felt a wound. Homer, however, was sensible of all the delicacy of affection; and he paints the difference, alluded to, in the examples of Helen and Paris; and Hector and Andromache; while he makes even the savage Achilles alive to the purity of honourable passion:

The wife, whom choice and passion doth approve,
Sure every wise and worthy man will love!

H. ix. l. 450.

Euripides, too,—the poet of the heart,—declares, that love would of itself induce us to adore a deity, even in a country, peopled by atheists. But the Greeks, generally speaking, were almost as much strangers to legitimate love, as the barbarians, they affected to despise. The passion of Sappho was nothing but an ungovernable fever of desire; though the fragment, she has left, has been so long, so often, and so widely celebrated, that the world imagines she was the essence of love! As a poem it has been unjustly celebrated; (if I may venture to differ from so admirable a critic as Longinus¹;) because it has been celebrated, far beyond its merits: and even as a faithful picture of desire, it has nothing to compare with a poem of Jayadeva. “*The palms of her hands support her aching temples, pale as the crescent rising at eve. ‘Heri! Heri!’ thus she meditates on thy name,*

¹ It is astonishing, that not only Longinus, but Addison and Du Bos, have fallen into this illegitimate enthusiasm. One would really suppose, that none of them could, by any implication, have known the occasion, on which this celebrated ode was written.

as if she were gratified; and she were dying through thy absence. She rends her locks; she pants; she laments inarticulately; she trembles; she pines; she moves from place to place; she closes her eyes; she rises again; she faints! In such a fever of love, she may live, oh! celestial physician, if thou administer the remedy; but shouldst thou be unkind, her malady will be desperate."

Heron has preserved an Indian song, translated by a Catabà Indian, who had acquired the English language at Williamsburg, more simple; but far more affecting to the mind and heart. "I was walking in the shade of a grove, in the morning dew. I met my fancy. She talked with her smiling lips to me. I gave her no answer. She bade me speak out my mind; "Bashful face spoils good intent." That cheered my heart. But when my love is gone from my side,—then my heart faints, and is low."

II.

Terence paints affection in the scene between Pamphilus and Glycera:—and when Phædria is taking leave of his mistress, how natural are his exhortations. "Love me by day and by night; but when you are in the society of that soldier, seem as if you were absent. Dream of me; expect me; think of me; hope for me; take delight in remembering me; let me always be in your imagination; and let me reign in your soul, as you reign in mine.¹" The picture of Jayadeva, it is true, is drawn with force and with all

¹ Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sis;

Dies noctesque me ames, &c. *Eun. act 1. sc. 2.*

the wild irregularity of the passion itself; but what has desire to do with the passion of love? That mild and elegant affection, which sinks the deepest where it shews itself the least: that *curiosa felicitas* of the heart, which can animate only the wise, the elegant, and the virtuous: that sacred passion, which bestows more rapture than perfumes, than sculpture, than painting, than landscape, than riches, than honours, and all the charms of poesy, united in one general combination. Read the ode of Sappho, and the fragment of Jayadevâ, my Lelius, again and again, and tell me, if you are half so agreeably attracted to their merits, as to those of the following beautiful indication of elevated attachment? The feeling, which this exquisite *morceau* expresses, must be felt by every woman, who aspires to the passion of love, or the name of love is prostituted, and its character libelled.

Go, youth belov'd, in distant glades
 New friends, new hopes, new joys, to find;
 Yet sometimes deign, 'mid fairer maids,
 To think on her thou leav'st behind.
 Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
 Must never be my happy lot;
 But thou may'st grant this humble pray'r,
 Forget me not—forget me not.

Yet should the thought of my distress
 Too painful to thy feelings be,
 Heed not the wish I now express,
 Nor ever deign to think on me.¹

¹ Odyssey.

Yet, oh ! if grief thy steps attend ;
 If want, if sickness, be thy lot ;
 And thou require a soothing friend :
 Forget me not—forget me not.

Mrs. Opie.

Animated with an affection like this, the earth with all its inconveniences, is a paradise : even when toiling through the parched deserts of Lybia, the solitudes of the Ohio, or the frozen wastes of Lapland.¹

I love the memory of Mr. Pitt on many accounts. He was an unfortunate statesman, it is true ; but he had a lofty eloquence, capacious views, and a noble mind. Sir Walter Farquhar calling one day, the premier observed him to be unusually ruffled. "What is the matter ?" exclaimed the patient. "Why, to tell you the truth," replied Sir Walter, "I am extremely angry with my daughter. She has permitted herself to form an attachment for a young gentleman, by no means qualified in point of rank or fortune, to be my son-in-law." "Now, let me say one word in the young lady's behalf," returned the minister. "Is the young man, you mention, of a respectable family?" "He is." "Is he respectable in himself?" "He is." "Has he the manners and education of a gentleman?" "He has." "Has he an estimable character?" "He has." "Why, then, my dear Sir Walter, hesitate no longer. You and I are well acquainted with the delu-

¹ "*Sic amor contorquet caput nostrum,*" says a Lapland poet, "*mutat cogitationes et sententias. Puerorum voluntas, voluntas venti; juvenum cogitationes, longæ cogitationes.*"

Schefferi Lapponia, cap. xxv.

sions of life. Let your daughter follow her own inclinations, since they appear to be virtuous. You have had more opportunities, than I have, of knowing the value of affection, and ought to respect it. Let the union take place; and I will not be unmindful, that I had the honour of recommending it." The physician followed the direction of his patient; the lovers were united; and the patronage of the minister soon testified his satisfaction.

III.

Though Horace seems to have known but little of this passion, the Romans in general, as well as Tibullus, Propertius, and Ausonius, in particular, seem to have enjoyed a much higher opinion of it. Hence deities were appointed to guard affection in many of its stages. One tied the nuptial bands; a second conducted the bride to her house; a third kept her from gadding; a fourth preserved a unity of soul; and a fifth took charge of reconciling the parties, when any difference accidentally occurred.

Chesterfield called women "toys;" Montesquieu said, they were found to delight by personal charms¹: while Cato declared to the senators, in a debate on the Appian law, that if they made women their equals, they would soon be their superiors.² Hippocrates, Euripides, Plautus and St. Chrysostom, have likewise borne testimony to the dishonour of women. Weak

¹ Spirit of Laws, b. xvi. c. 2.

² Livy, lib. xxxiv. c. 2.

men, in their turn, signalize their vanity and their heroism in the endeavour to degrade them: they call them the "weak sex;" the "frivolous sex;" the "sensitive sex;" the "bad sex."

If you were men, as men you are in shew,
You would not use a gentle lady so.

Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii. sc. 2.

Some, following the example of Adam in his anger, style them "the fair defect of Nature:" while the Talmud of Babylon insinuates, that the great power, foreseeing the evils, women would bring upon men, refused to make Eve, till Adam had repeatedly requested him; fearful that men should consider the making of women an act of malice! Augustine, however, esteemed them the "pious sex:"

————— a gentlier star
His lovelier search illumin'd.

See women in what country you will, with few exceptions,¹ we find, that travellers give the same account of their virtues: from Ledyard down to Golownin.² The pedant, the coxcomb, and the man of the world, affect to despise women: so do those, who are conscious, that women despise them. But the man of pure sentiments, and of unaffected consciousness of his own strength, prides himself in his

¹ Vide Shipwreck of the Oswego, p. 117, 145, 210, 225.
² Captivity in Japan, vol. i. p. 103, 104.

companion: while the man of misfortune, hailing women by the endearing name of the "good sex," compares them to Aurora and Thetis, asking arms for Memnon and Achilles.

IV.

"He is truly free," says Rousseau, "who, to accomplish his happiness, wants not the assistance of a second person." Fortunately for the moral of this argument, a man, so constituted, not only does not exist, but cannot exist. It is the wild vision of an imagination, teeming with enthusiasm, and producing in melancholy! Women are the charms and delights of our existence. When they love, they do so with purity, with disinterestedness, with constancy. Their hearts are sanctuaries, and fit to become the centres of every pure enjoyment. I speak not, it is true, of the gay, the frivolous, or the supercilious; and yet even to many of these, the following lines are not always inappropriate or inapplicable.

Oh Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Scott.

The appetite of the wanton is like the south wind of Arabia, breathing over the strings of lutes. The strings relax, and the lutes are never in tune; the

girdle of love bursts from under the bosom ; while love is like a tree, yielding in all seasons either blossoms or fruit. It builds its nest, as it were, with cinnamon ; and gives a charm to life, as silver leaf gives greater lustre to the polish of the chrystal. Men there are, however, who laugh at love ! The power of ridicule alone distinguishes them from animals. In their families they are wasps, or gnats, or gad-flies : terrific as lions to their wives and children ; but mere mice to men !

Love is composed of all, that is delicate in happiness and pleasure : it is an union of desire, tenderness, and friendship ; confidence the most unbounded ; and esteem the most animated and solid. Filling the entire capacity of the soul, whether in sickness, in sorrow, or in poverty, it elevates the character by purifying every passion ; while it polishes the manners with a manly softness. When the flame of a love, so pure and delicate as this, goes out, a friendship, the most solid and affecting, springs from its ashes. And where love, like this, exists, far better is it to be joined in death, than by the malice of a wayward fortune, to drag on years of anxious separation.¹ He who is capable of acting greatly and nobly, when

¹ Ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquando præstat morte jungi, quàm vitâ distrabi.—Valerius Maximus. Moore has a similar sentiment :—

Oh ! I would ask no happier bed,
Than the chill wave my love lies under :
Sweeter to rest, together dead,
Far sweeter, than to live asunder.

under no influence of affection, animated by the applause of a woman, whom he loves, would act splendidly and sublimely.

And is this the passion, which every animal, that usurps the name of man, flatters himself he is capable of feeling? As well may he imagine himself capable of forming the Hercules Farnese; of painting the exquisite water of a diamond; of composing the Messiah of Handel; or of writing Shakespeare's Hamlet, Milton's Paradise Lost, or Newton's Principia.

Of all miseries upon earth, there can be nothing to a man of refinement, so entirely odious to the soul, as that of being chained to an insolent, vain, vulgar, half-educated woman. Nor is there a fate, more sickening to the imagination, than that of a mild, modest, delicate and affectionate woman, doomed to waste her beauties and her sympathies, in behalf of

“ An eating, drinking, bargaining, slandering man!”

A French painter (Nicholas Loir), in order to shew how much love depends upon plenty, painted Venus warming herself before a fire; and Ceres and Bacchus retiring to a distance. How little does this idea harmonize with a Greek marble, I have seen, in which Cupid is sleeping on a lion's skin.¹ How little, too, does it realize the generosity, the sensibility, and the rectitude of heart; the warm imagination,

¹ Canova has a charming group: a nymph sleeping on a lion's skin, and a boy playing on a lyre.

the elevation and the energy of soul, which M. Retz describes, as being the very elements of affection.

V.

Love has several analogies with natural beauties. "What is more like love" says a German philosopher, quoted by Zimmerman, "than the feeling with which the soul is inspired, when viewing a fine country, or the sight of a magnificent valley, illumined by the setting sun?" Albani, in his picture of the Loves and the Graces, represents them, as enjoying themselves on a beautiful evening, in a valley, reclining on the banks of a rivulet. One of them, says Dupaty, is stretched upon the grass; and several are beckoning to him to quit his rural couch; but he will not! Indeed, so obvious is the connexion, to which we have alluded, that the French peasant girls, when they separate, at the close of evening, frequently exclaim, "good night! I wish you may dream, that you are walking with your lover, in a garden of flowers."

Have we lost a beloved mistress or an affectionate friend? Do we hear a tune, of which she was enthusiastically fond; or read a poem, he passionately admired? Are not our thoughts swayed by a secret impulse, as, by the faculty of association, we recal to mind the many instances, we have received, of their affection and regard? If a melancholy pleasure is awakened by what we hear, and what we see, in familiar life, how much more is that faculty

of combination enlarged, when, after a long absence, we tread the spot, or behold the scenes, which once were the objects of our mutual admiration. If, divided by distance, the lover indulges reveries of felicity among grand or beautiful scenery, the image of his mistress is immediately associated with it: and, at peace with all the world, he sinks into one of those silent meditations, which, in so powerful a manner, expand the faculties of the imagination, and chasten the feelings of the heart. Such are the consolations of absence, when there subsists a true and aboriginal affection; and when that affection can boast a virginity of thought as well as of the body. Thus was it with Petrarch. When he was at Valchiusa, he fancied every tree screened his beloved Laura: when he beheld any magnificent scene among the Pyrenees; his imagination painted her standing by his side: in the forest of Ardenne he heard her in every echo: and when at Lyons he was transported at the sight of the Rhone, because that river washes the walls of Avignon.

Love without imagination loses the principal portion of its charms: with it, it acquires a purity, that vulgar minds can never dream of. Hence in unfrequented recesses, and in savage solitudes, the lover delights to indulge the luxury of meditation. There every object serves to increase the strength and delicacy of his passion: and all Nature, dressed in her boldest, or most beautiful drapery, wears to his imagination

— a look of love :
 While all the tumults of a guilty world,
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sink away.

This passion is ridiculed and calumniated by the vulgar. It was, indeed, not made for them : neither was the Portland vase, the Ionic order, or the Gnidian Venus. Yet love exists ; and where it does exist, a prison is a palace ; and a desert an Elysium. The force and the vigour, that it gives to life, is beautifully allegorized in the fable of Cupid and Anteros.¹ It embraces admiration, and the sweetness of tranquillity. Two lovers, in each others society, are the most attractive objects in Nature : for love embellishes every thing ; giving grace even to ugliness itself. It is a resting place between earth and heaven.² Hence the propriety of St. Catherine de Siena's observation ; that the condemned probably derive all their misery from their utter incapability of loving

¹ Cupid was the god of love ; Anteros the god of mutual love. Gray has a beautiful imitation of an Italian sonnet by Buondelmonte.

Lusit amicitiae interdum velatus amictu,
 Et bene composita veste fefellit amor.
 Mox irae assumpsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
 Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas :
 Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti ;
 Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

² The poets and medallists have an allegory illustrative of its disarming the Eternal of his justice. There was an agate with this subject, in the collection of the Grand Duke of Florence. Bot. Gard. vol. i. v. 396, *et in Notis.*

and of being beloved. A good woman is more consoling to the soul, than the balm of Mecca, or the balsam of liquid amber, are healing to the body. Like the magic island of Prospero, she is full of "sounds and sweet airs, giving delight." For Nature has granted her the power of producing every gradation of happiness; even though it may, at first view, seem foreign to her: as occasionally she paints animals and landscapes in the body of an agate or a jasper. For my own part, happy, eternally happy may she be,

whose tongue
 Makes Welch as sweet, as ditties highly penn'd;
 Sung by a fair Queen, in a summer's bower,
 With raviſhing diviſion to her lute.¹

VI.

In the whirlwind of life, what so delightful to the imagination, as the bosom of love in the shade of retirement? For wisdom, severe and tasteless, as some have represented her, luxuriates in the smile, that animates the cheek of affectionate innocence. Where purity of love prevails, how small to the heart are the greatest of vicissitudes! "If you repeat every word of the Alcoran," says the Persian Rosary, "and yet suffer yourself to be enslaved by love, you have not learnt your alphabet." When applied to illegitimate passion, where is the error? If applied to an

¹ Henry IV., 1st part, Act iii. Sc. 1. See also *Two Gent. Verona*, act ii. sc. 5.

honourable one, where is the truth? When Milton wrote, that love

refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges¹; hath its seat
 In reason, and is judicious; in the scale
 By which to heavenly love we may ascend;

Was he young? Was he an enthusiast? Or was he, on the great theatre of life, only a poet? His *Comus*, it is true, he had written in his youth: but when he wrote this, he had been a statesman for many years; and had written largely and successfully against *Morus* and *Salmasius*. Shall we class a thorn with an oak? A nettle with a fuschia? A pebble with a diamond? A vermes with an ant? A starling with an eagle? Or a sloth with an antelope? Neither will we suffer the low, degraded, fulsome, passion of a degenerated mind to breathe upon the flowers, that decorate a virtuous love!

There's a bliss beyond all, that the Minstrel has told,
 When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
 With hearts never changing, and brow never cold,
 Love on through all ills; and love on till they die!
 One hour of a Passion, so sacred, is worth
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss:
 For, oh! if there be an Elysium on Earth,
 It is this;—it is this;—it is this!

Moore.

Woman, even to the eye of an astronomer, is the most attractive constellation in the whole range of

¹ Felices ter, et amplius
 Quos irrupta tenes cupula.

Horace.

the universe. Hence the love of an excellent woman is the Paradise of delight. Disgusted with the cold and indigent realities of life, it penetrates, satisfies, and enchants the soul: imparting a grace, a lustre, and a satisfaction, to every mental quality. Nature seems to have completed her work, when, gliding amid the tranquil enjoyments of domestic life, the soul melts in the silence of its satisfaction, at the artless smiles, unobtrusive graces, and fascinating manners of a mother and her infants.¹

1 "In early life," says Rogers, "while we yet live among those we love, we love without restraint; and our hearts overflow in every look, word, and action. But, when we enter the world, and are repulsed by strangers, and forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches, even to those we love best. How delightful to us then are the little caresses of children! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms; and then, and then only, we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure."—

At jam—domus accipiet te læta ;—Uxor
Optima,—dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere, et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.

Lucret. l. iii. 907.

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem :
Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses.
Incipe, parve puer, cui non risere parentes, &c.

Virg. Ecl. iv. l. 60.

—————Parvulus,
Matris e gremio suæ,
Porrigens teneras manus
Dulce rideat ad patrem
Semihante labello.

Catul. Epithal.

Women, like sealing-wax, are susceptible of any impression, with those they love. But, this love must not be gilded with tinsel ; nor must it flame before it burns. Its best and most eloquent language is silence ; which, from slow impulses, insinuates itself into the heart. Alloy, however, sometimes increases this passion, as copper increases the ductility of gold. For women love human beings better than angels. Love is lessened by a too lively consciousness of inferiority.

VII.

Sophocles having been asked, whether he still enjoyed the pleasure of love, replied, "I thank the gods, that I have escaped its wild and furious tyranny." Sophocles was either unsuccessful in his addresses, or as ignorant of its refinements, as were most of his countrymen. Theognis, on the other hand, assured his companions, that "he was the richest and happiest of men, who possessed a gentle and a virtuous wife." Love and aversion is not so much bodily, as it is mental, attraction and repulsion. The love of something is, in fact, necessary to the human heart. If a woman has no lover, she keeps a dog : and if a prisoner has no associate, like the Count de Lauzun, he forms a friendship with a spider.

Love, too, is the best of all tutors. Raphael Mengs' picture of Venus and Mercury teaching Cupid to read, (a copy from Corregio) struck me, therefore, as being defective. Love is the parent, not the child ; the tutor, not the pupil. It is the god of benevolence,

chastity, fortitude, discretion, fidelity, patience, piety, and veracity. And where love is not the parent of these, love is itself an illegitimate child. Love, too, is not an instigator to cruel deeds, and an incentive to military glory, as it has been represented: though desire is. But in a just cause it is active in attack, and still more vigorous in defence. The barbarians loved their wives better than the Greeks and Romans; and Tacitus, Florus Vopiscus, Olaus Magnus, and Saxo Grammaticus, give repeated instances of women, fighting by the side of their husbands, and obtaining victories.

"There are a thousand ways," said Mons. Neckar, "in which we may express our hatred, our contempt, or our indignation: but only one mode of saying, 'I love you,' that can be believed." So curiously does the organ of speech embody the feelings of the heart. Bodily strength pays homage to beauty; but mental strength pays homage to love: for a union of these only can make the heart overflow with felicity. "Husband," "father," "wife," "mother," become the most sacred of appellations: and objects, if so dignified by affection, however deficient in beauty, seem as if they sprung from Gnidus, and were educated by the Graces.

1 ——— With strenuous watchfulness anticipate

All thy desires; to shew myself, at all times,

Whichever most thou wishest me to be:

Consort, protector, brother, friend, or servant,

Behold to what I pledge myself:—in this,

And this alone, my glory, and my life,

Will be all centered.

Alfieri.—Lamb.

Love, like this, endureth to the end of life : but the phantasm, which most men call love, is like the pith of plants : which diminishes as the tree grows old, and at length disappears. And here I cannot refrain from alluding to a beautiful series of coincidences, which occurred at Lanark, in Scotland, in the relative lives of William and Mary Douglas. They were born in the same hour, and brought into the world by the same midwife : they were baptized together, at the same font ; married in the church of their native village ; lived to the age of one hundred years without illness ; died as they were reposing in the same bed ; and were buried under the same font, at which they had been baptized.

Love is nearly allied to benevolence. Men have little need of frugality in the indulgence of satisfactions, arising out of the heart or of the mind. The deeper, and the oftener, they drink, the purer and more copiously will the fountain flow. In the amplitude of large cities there is peace and independence : social life being there divested, in a great measure, of impertinence, the soul may soar, or melt, at its discretion. A just method of reasoning, and a true standard of observation, in respect to mankind, are presented ; and though the mind is wrapt in wonder, when it contemplates scenes, in which Nature exhibits magnificent forms, and others, in which she seems to have abandoned the universe, the soul seems, like that of Elijah, to be more worthy of heaven, without first tasting of death, when it throws into the bosom of want the refinements of education ; when it elicits

from the eyelid of distress the tear of delight ; and illumines the countenance of sorrow with the smile of satisfaction.

The clouds doe from our presence flye ;
'Tis sunshine where we cast our eye ;
Where'er we tread on earth below,
A rose or lily up doth grow.

Hawkins.

CHAPTER II.

IF the hunter delight in the society of the hunter if the idle and the dissipated derive an illegitimate satisfaction, when recalling to their mutual recollection the follies of their youth, and feel themselves entitled to the friendship of each other, because they have partaken of the same vicious indulgences ; with how much more pleasure shall polite and accomplished minds remember those persons who are, in any way, connected with scenes, which have administered to their happiness ! If such are their associations, in regard to casual acquaintances, how strongly must those recollections cement the friendships, which have previously been awakened by mutual esteem ! By elevating the character of thought, and by giving a decided tone to all the finer sentiments of the heart, recollections of this nature confirm the affections of those, whom we have the happiness to rank in the number of our friends :—friends not formed in courts, tried at banquets, nor cemented by slavish compliances ; but contracted with those

with whose minds and feelings ours intimately harmonize; and to whom we are united by similar habits, opinions, and reflections, and by the indulgence of mutual benevolence to all mankind.

II.

Æschylus, in exhibiting the love of Electra for Orestes, paints, in a lively and affectionate manner, that species of friendship, which, of all others, is the most holy and the most enduring, viz. the friendship of brothers and sisters.—

Thou dearest pledge of this Imperial house,
Pride of my soul ;—for my tongue must speak ;—
The love my father shar'd, my mother shar'd,
Is centred all in thee. Thou art my father,
My mother, sister, my support, my glory,
My only aid.——

Æschylus.—*The Choephoræ*.—Potter.

Friendship, which, next to love, is the most sacred of all moral bonds, and one of the most affecting of all moral obligations, has been a favourite theme in every age. Who is there so unlearned, as to be unacquainted with the excellent axioms of Ecclesiasticus ; Cicero's celebrated Treatise ; or, with Horace's consolatory Ode on the Death of Quintilius ? Plutarch esteems it an union of two bodies in one soul, or one soul in two bodies ! Aristotle associated it with virtue ; Pythagoras called it an immortal union ; and even Voltaire, (of a warm head, but of a cold and calculating heart), said, that it supplies our wants, and multiplies our being. It has

its origin in heaven, says Boethius ; is a sacred felicity ; and ought not to be numbered with the gifts of fortune. Such are the charms and advantages of friendship : and hence it arises, as a natural result, that no one, who possesses a friend, can ever be truly indigent. For as the tourmalin absorbs and emits the electric fluid, in proportion to the increase or diminution of its own heat, so, those who are capable of a sentiment so exalted as that of friendship, glow with one love ; feel but one interest ; burn with one resentment ; and participate the same enjoyments in a measure, commensurate with their taste, feeling, and virtue. As substances, which the magnet attracts, may be rendered magnetical themselves, so those friends, whose virtues have endeared them to us, impart so much of their qualities, that if we do not largely partake of their essence, we may yet immediately be recognised, as belonging to the same province, if not to the same village. So pearls concrete, and take a tincture from the air they breathe ; and evergreens, engrafted on deciduous plants, cause the latter to retain their leaves.

Watching our interests with solicitude ; assisting us with promptitude and diligence ; advising us with sincerity, tempered with delicacy ; and combating our prejudices with logic, rather than with rhetoric ; a friend becomes the partner and the ornament of our lives : In our absence, protecting us from the shafts of others with prudential zeal ; in our presence, he chides our follies, and condemns our vices, by giving credit to our virtues. Preserving all the dignity of discretion, and

abounding in innocent compliances, he treats us with a studious and gratifying politeness. By dividing his enjoyments, he introduces us to new pleasures ; and, participating in our afflictions, his consolations are medicines, and his bosom is a sanctuary.

III.

Friendship has its origin, progress, and completion in virtue¹; hence is it able to subsist only in the bosom of good men:—Without it life is but a dull, uninteresting drama ! In the present state of morals and of mankind, however, a friend is almost as difficult to find, as a quarry of porphyry. In our search, let us remember the fate of the unfortunate peasant, who, when drawing a mountain brook into his garden, in summer, forgot that he was introducing a friend, who, in winter, would inundate and destroy every flower and shrub in his little territory. Many are the friendships recorded in history ;—As to the friendships of men in general !—where is the calm, the innocent heart, and temperate appetite, which, springing from a pure mind, bespeak a man, capable of esteem-

¹ Denique in solis christianis verum lumen amicitie mirabiliter eluxit.
 * * * Cum enim amicitia à virtute nascatur, necesse est, ut vera atque perfecta amicitia in his tantum sit, in quibus perfecta virtus insidet. *Osorius de Nobil. Christian.* lib. ii. p. 406, ed. 1580. The Japanese seem to have a great respect for this virtue. Vide *Rikord's Account of his Negotiations with the Japanese*, p. 288.

We may compare friendship to genuine Madeira wine. This liquid sustains no injury from being congealed by frost, or thawed by heat ; from being boiled ; left to cool ; exposed to the sun ; or buried in the cellar.

ing misfortune the greatest of all claims for respect and veneration? The Romans adopted a significative motto for the escutcheon of friendship :—" *Near and far : summer and winter.*"—All friendships must begin in one virtue, and end in another :—respect and gratitude.¹

CHAPTER III.

IF a love of Nature give additional force to the lover and the friend, it is no less productive of that high spirit of liberty, and that ardent love of true glory,² which gives such a decided impulse and dignity to the soul. For impressive and sublime scenes, checking the more violent passions, subdue the natural arrogance of our nature, reduce ambition to humility, and place man and man upon a level with each other, by subduing the vanity of the proud, and exalting the hopes of the humble. Of this opinion was Sir William Jones; who, bred in the school of Greece, and imbibing with

¹ Gratitude, said Massieu, the pupil of Sicard, is the memory of the heart. Milton's idea (book iv.) has been adopted by Rouchefoucault : perhaps both may be traced to a sentiment in Phalaris' Epistles. xvii.

² Gloria nihil est in rebus humanis pulchrius, nihil amabilius, nihil cum virtutis altitudine copulatus. Nam et a splendore virtutis excitata est, et excellenti pulchritudine ad amorem dignitatis allicit, et homines ingenio præstantes ad virtutis studium inflammat. Omnes enim, qui maximo ingenio præditi sunt, stimulis gloriæ concitati, res præclaras aggrediuntur. Tolle gloriæ cupiditatem, et omne studium virtutis extingues.

Osorius de Gloria, p. 44. ed. 1560.

his love of ancient literature the most elevated ideas of liberty, never permitted them to wither or decay! Hence is it, that those countries, remarkable for a combination of scenerial contrasts, have, at all times, made the greater advances towards the cultivation of science and the arts; or, in their absence, have rendered themselves conspicuous for a detestation of despotism; for a strong and ardent desire of retaining their liberties, when in possession, and of recovering them, when lost. I need not call to your recollection, among other examples, those of Rome and early Greece; or of that lovely and unfortunate country, once loved, honoured and admired, dear to all lovers of landscape, the seat of virtue, the abode of peace and content, and where the honest face of poverty was never seen to blush. And much is it to be hoped, that some one, animated with a love of liberty, and gifted with the rare qualities of an historian, may yet rescue the heroic deeds of its heroes from the hands of the annalist. Switzerland! thou art a country, that my heart does doat upon!

In that country was born the celebrated Aloys Reding, who learned the art of war in the service of the King of Spain. After some time, he became disgusted with that regime; retired to his native country; and devoted himself to the science of agriculture. In this occupation he was engaged, when the French revolution electrified the whole of Europe. The liberty of the Swiss was uncongenial to his taste; for it was a liberty rather in name, than in substance. The change, that he desired, was an amelioration of the

federal system; but he desired such amelioration to be effected by the Swiss themselves; not by the aid of French bayonets, or of French councils. Animated by these sentiments, he resumed the sword in favour of his country; and with a small force performed many splendid actions. But the armies of his enemies were too numerous, and treachery and cowardice diminished his numbers. At length the time arrived, which was to decide the issue of the contest. Certain death appeared to await the whole of the heroic band. On the sublime heights of Morgarten, Reding appeared at the head of his troops. Morgarten had been a theatre for the performance of great actions; and calling to mind the heroic achievements of ancient times, the brave general thus addressed his soldiers. "Comrades and fellow-citizens! The decisive moment is arrived. Surrounded by enemies, and deserted by our friends, it only remains to know, if we will courageously imitate the example, formerly set by our ancestors among these magnificent mountains;—indeed upon the spot, on which we now stand. An almost instant death awaits us. If any one fear it, let him retire: we will not reproach him: but let us not impose upon each other at this solemn hour. I would rather have an hundred men, firm and stedfast to their duty, than a large army, which by flight might occasion confusion, or by a precipitous retreat, immolate the brave men, who would still defend themselves. As to myself,—I promise not to abandon you, even in the greatest danger. Death and no retreat! If you participate in my resolution,

let two men come out of your ranks, and swear to me, in your name, that you will be faithful to your promises."

When the chieftain had finished his address, his soldiers, who had been leaning on their arms, and listening in reverential silence, instantly hailed its conclusion, with loud shouts, of "we will never desert you;" "we will never abandon you;" "we will share your fate, whatever it may be." Two men then moved out of each rank, as Reding had desired; and, giving their hands to their chief, confirmed the oath, their comrades had taken. This treaty of alliance between the chief and his soldiers was sworn in open day, and in one of the sublimest scenes in all Switzerland. A treaty, which, as the historian¹ observes, bears marks of patriarchal manners, worthy the simplicity of the golden age. These brave men fought and bled with the resolution of heroes, and the enthusiasm of patriots; but fate having, for a time, decreed the subjugation of their country, they fought therefore in vain.

II.

As you are a friend to social order and uniformity of government, my Lelius, perhaps you may start at the now unfashionable name of liberty;—the mother of the arts, of science, and philosophy; the friend of virtue, and the surest guardian of a people's happiness. Where liberty languishes, happiness never

¹ Zschöckle.

fails to wither away. Like the best of Indian rubies, it requires no polish: glowing with its own fire, the brilliancy it emits, is native in the quarry.

The revolution in a neighbouring state, which resembles a beautiful symphony to a wretched concerto, and the crimes, perpetrated during which, not all the waters of the Loire, the Seine, or the Rhone, can ever wash from the historic page, has weakened your national attachment to those greatest of all heaven's benefits, freedom of action and liberty of speech. You resemble the herb, called by the ancient naturalists, *Zacolon*; which being bruised and cast into wine, turned the wine to water, preserving the colour, but losing the strength and virtue of wine. But, my *Lelius*, Liberty, (the loss of which necessarily involves the ruin of the human mind), is not to be despised, because few, in these degenerated days, have any fixed regard for her. Nor is her character to be libelled, because vicious men, in all the wantonness of license, have formed so many schemes, and committed so many crimes, under the assumed privilege of her honourable name. How many an act of treachery has been perpetrated under the name of friendship: and how many a virtuous woman has fallen a sacrifice, at the fascinating shrine of love! In spite of all this, friendship is still the most exalted of the virtues: love is still the most delightful feeling of the heart: and since justice is the peculiar attribute of heaven, let liberty, —pure, unadulterated, liberty,—be the idol of the good.

III.

Nobly, justly, and honourably, was it observed by one of the Jewish rabbins, that were the sea ink, and the land parchment, the former would not be able to describe, nor the latter to comprize, all the praises of Liberty. It is the rich prerogative of man! The mother of every virtue; and the truest friend, the only nurse of genius. And so natural is it to the human breast, that it is as difficult to eradicate, as it is to convert a circle into a square.

Shout, hiss, and abhor *license*, my Lelius, as much as you will: there is not an honest man in the country, who will not echo her disgrace. She is an *harlot*: and the worst and most execrable of harlots! But if you despise the character of a slanderer; if you respect the honour of your sister, and the chastity of your wife: if you would secure the uninterrupted possession of your property: and if you regard the interests of your children and the purity of your name: disregarding the caution of the worthless, and disdaining to shelter yourself under the despicable garment of neutrality, you will honour the character of Liberty in all times, and in all places, and claim its exercise, as an unalienable RIGHT. There is not a mendicant, who begs from door to door, that has not as clear, and as indisputable a title to this inheritance, as the proudest aristocrat, that, in his admiration of tyranny, ever disgraced the honours of ancestry. Nature implanted the desire: nature prompts us to command the exer-

cise: and may he, who seeks, by any indirection, to deprive us of this invaluable inheritance, be the scorn of this world, and an outcast in the next! All other sins may be forgiven.—But the sin of ruining a whole people, for the sake of crawling on the mantle of an unworthy sovereign,—it is an offence, that kneels for mercy, even a thousand years!

Dion Cassius expressly marks the comparative characters of despotism and anarchy. “The times are certainly bad,” says he, “when men are not permitted to do what they please:—but they are much worse, when they are permitted to do every thing they please.” The abuse of liberty produces anarchy, as naturally as despotism tends to the production of liberty. “We are content with alarms,” said an Afghaun to Mr. Elphinstone; “we are content with discord; but we will not be content with a tyrant.”

It was the opinion of Machiavel, that the froth and the dregs, as Voltaire distinguishes the upper and lower orders of society, contended only for the *name*; the middle classes for the *essence* of liberty. When therefore, my Lelius, you say, that the people have no honest regard for liberty, you are mistaken; and much mistaken. For truly has Pliny remarked,—and in his panegyric on Trajan too,—that people never love their prince so much, but that they love liberty more.

In regard to the neutrality your friend, Priscus, recommends, let me remind you, that Solon declared every man vicious, who, in any civil dissension, should

continue neuter.¹ Aulus Gellius affirms the penalty to have been no less than the banishment of the delinquent, and the confiscation of his effects²: and Cicero³ once had the intention of proposing a law, that an offence of that kind should be esteemed capital. Hypocrites there are of liberty, who would stifle the occasional excesses of its more ignorant admirers, by imposing a nightmare upon all its sons; as the women of the Fox islands, to stifle the cries of their children, take them to the sea shore, and hold them in the water till they are dead. Like the legate of the sovereign pontiff, they become ambassadors of intrigue to palsy the liberty of action. But every country, that

¹ Plutarch in Vit. Solon. The best defence of neutrality is that of Nepos in behalf of Atticus. This defence, however, fails, when we compare the character with human nature. The manner of associating Catalus with Lucretius, is exceedingly offensive in this writer, c. xiv. 21. An argument employed afterwards by Luccan, in favour of men of prudence, seems to have had its due weight upon the accomplished Atticus.—“Let the affairs of others go on, as they will; it is my opinion, that it is our business to mind our own; to know our former and our present condition; and to know in what manner to act most agreeable to our interest.” Boccacini* says, that Bernardino Rota, a Neapolitan poet, won the affections of every one, by “not desiring to know, much less to busy himself in other men’s affairs; by seeing and concealing the actions of his friends and companions; and by divulging those things only, which might purchase others glory and reputation: by applying himself to every one’s humour; and by perfuming their ears with the essence of commendation.”

² Aulus Gell. Not. Att. l. ii. c. 12.

³ Epist. ad Attic. iii. 1.

submits to be a land of slaves, deserves to be a land of ruin. Patriotism is that virtue, which "all generations call blessed:" and yet, would they whither it in the bud; and make it languish, as the human intellect withers and languishes, beneath the influence of a pestilence.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould;
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

A few words shall now satisfy us. 1. It is incumbent on the people to shew no little indulgence to princes, on two particular accounts. First,—because they are compelled to see through spectacles, formed of other persons' eyes. And secondly, because every prince, from Heliogabalus to John Lackland; and thence to Napoleon of France; has been almost suffocated with praise. 2. We ought to remember, that though most men, either in public or in private, can chaunt the glory of liberty; it is not liberty for others, but liberty for themselves, that they so earnestly desire. Who could brawl more intemperately for liberty, than the Spartans? And yet their conduct to their slaves was enough to bring a curse upon the whole peninsula of Greece! In truth, most men are tyrants: and if all tyrants were kings, there would be nearly as many kings as subjects. And this was, doubtless, one of the reasons, why Napoleon hesitated so little in renewing the despotism of France. Knowing the ap-

petites of men, perhaps a greater insult was never hazarded to a country, than when he converted his infancy of authority into a manhood of power, under the specious pretence of being the friend and father of freedom. Promising every thing, he finished in being the only free agent in all his dominions :

————— *Toto jam liber in orbe*
Solus Cæsar erit. —————

What a solitude !—Placing, however, a sentinel over the tongue and the pen : and proscribing liberty, as he had before affected to value it, like the wasp and the hornet, he lost his sting and strength for ever.

Let us now refer to two beautiful maxims. They are taught us by men of wisdom and authority : no poison, therefore, lurks concealed in their buds. 1. “A prince is not born for himself; but for his subjects. In elevating him, the people confide to him power and authority; reserving for themselves, in exchange, his cares, time, and vigilance.” This political canon is laid down by a Catholic priest,—Massillon : and it derives no little authority from the source, whence it proceeds : for Catholicism has been, hitherto, the prolific and affectionate parent of despotism. As this canon has been universally acknowledged to be legitimate; it, of necessity, follows, that the minister, who presumes to infringe upon the established liberties of a country, out of an insidious respect to royal authority, is nothing more, and nothing less, than a pander to his sovereign, and an enemy to his country. A minister should be deposed, upon the second bad symptom

he exhibits. Nor ought he to be permitted to furnish a third: lest he finishes in imitating the example of the Marquis de Pombal; during whose administration not less than three thousand nine hundred and seventy persons died in the prisons of Portugal, without being convicted of any crime. During the continuance of the Spanish Inquisition, too, (from 1481 to 1820), two hundred and ninety-one thousand four hundred and fifty persons were sentenced to be imprisoned, and their properties confiscated: seventeen thousand six hundred and ninety, to be burnt in effigy: and thirty-two thousand three hundred and eighty-two to be burnt alive.

2. "A man in a state of slavery," says the first and greatest of poets, "has lost the best half of himself." What has been lost, a people have a right to recover: and the longer the time they defer, the more difficulty and danger will await the attempt. But in every contemplation of change, we must be essentially certain, that the benefit can be purchased *at no other price*. And in the attempt to gain what has been lost, we must be cautious, that we do not resemble the savage of Louisiana, who, desirous of fruit, cuts down the tree to come at it.

But this is not sufficient. The ardour of liberty must be checked by a reverence of it. Excess of liberty is the worst species of despotism: for it creates a tyrant in every man we meet. We must neither seek it as a lover, as a warrior, nor with too much familiarity. We must seek it, as a son seeks a father he has lost; calmly, manfully, vigorously; and

with a resolution, not to be changed by power, circumstance, or time.

There is, in the contemplation of change, one great general fear, of which insidious ministers amply avail themselves:—the fear, lest in repairing the walls, the fabric should fall to the ground. This ought, assuredly, to be guarded against; and with the utmost solicitude. But liberty is worth any price, and any hazard. Lord Kaimes says, and says justly, what Tacitus had said before him, that it is far better to have a government liable to storms, than to breathe the dead repose of despotism. But such outrages have been committed in the name of liberty, that it has almost become necessary to invent some new word to express its excellencies and beauties. Robespierre, odious and detestable, as he assuredly was, is less to be abhorred for his ignorance and cruelty, than for the disgrace, which he brought upon the name of freedom: License being even a greater insult to liberty, than the Inquisition is to the science of legislation: both being, in fact, a terror and a persecution to all the faculties of the soul.¹

¹ There are, I am ashamed to acknowledge, many men in this country, fully qualified to act the parts of Robespierre and Danton. They are bringing disgrace upon our sacred cause; and, therefore, ought to be despised and shunned by every friend to freedom. It is an insult to the understandings of men to suppose, that the disorders of our constitution can be healed by men, as deficient in rank, wealth, and education, as they are in manners, morals, and ability.

Nor is this all; it is not the full measure of our disgrace! A more transcendant nation than this never yet appeared upon the face of the globe. And yet, some we have amongst us, so lost to every great and noble sentiment, that they would not only barter their own liberties, but even those of the whole universe, for a peerage, an appointment, a pre-

If, from the liberty of nations, we recur to the freedom of individuals, we may safely pronounce that man to be the most free, and consequently the most happy, who has learned to consider genius the only rightful claimant of prerogative, and virtue the only symbol of nobility: who, smiling at the caprice of fashion, disregarding the idle opinions of the weak, and despising the notions of the worldly, has formed his plan in temperate independence of common customs and of common society. Whose resources centre in himself: whose mind contains the riches of exalted precepts: and whose soul is superior to his fortune. —Master, as it were, of his own destiny, esteeming content the synonyma of happiness, and bearing ever in his mind that noble axiom, which teaches, that the fewer are our wants, the greater are our pleasures, he despises the oppressor; he ridicules the proud; and pities the ignorance and folly of malevolence. Beholding Nature with a lover's eye, and reading in her sacred volume the transcript of the Deity, his mind is to him as a kingdom: And fixing his habitation at the foot of a high mountain, surrounded by all, that is graceful or magnificent in Nature, he enjoys the sublimity of the scene with a tranquillity, which neither the smiles nor the frowns of fortune can exalt or depress. •

Creation's heir! the world, the world is his!

jacy, a vicarage, a colonelcy; nay—even for the puerile consequence of appearing at a great man's table!—there to be the butt of the master, the lapdog of the mistress, the playfellow of the sons, and the contempt of the servants.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE a love of Nature engenders and fosters the highest regard for public and private liberty, it calls forth many of the latent resources of the mind, and adds proportionably to its strength. It confirms us in the habits of virtue ; leads us to desire a more intimate knowledge of ourselves ; and produces a decided contempt, for the unlawful pleasures of an idle world. By virtue of association it excites, too, that ardent love of greatness, in action and sentiment, which characterises a liberal and heroic spirit. Innumerable are the instances, in which the highlanders of Scotland have evinced the power of scenery to excite to noble deeds : and who will doubt, but that the landscapes in the Peloponesus and in the neighbourhood of Athens, Rome, and Florence, have had a decided effect upon those illustrious cities ? Many a man, who has been censured for idleness, or cashiered for inattention, among the dull swamps of Holland and Flanders, would have felt himself equal to the command of armies in Italy, Switzerland, or Greece.

The bold character of the scenery, by which the Monks of St. Bernard are surrounded, gives an important stimulus to their benevolence, activity, and fortitude. These holy men,¹ at the risk of their per-

¹ There are not more than ten or twelve of these Ecclesiastics. They have two farms ; but their principal subsistence is derived from the contributions of those districts of France, Switzerland, and Italy, that lie in their neighbourhood. Seven thousand persons are said to travel up their mountain every year.

sonal safety, will encounter the greatest vicissitudes of toil and danger; in order to assist those unfortunate travellers, who sink into the gulphs of ice and snow, which render the passes of the Alps of St. Bernard, so difficult and dangerous. Animated by benevolence, kept alive by those characters of sublimity, which, in the strongest language, declare the actual presence of a Deity, in the dead of night they will quit their convent, and, accompanied by dogs, and lighted only by lanthorns, they will grope their way over immense masses of ice, to rescue a human creature from the danger of perishing with cold; or from the more dreadful fate of sinking into gulphs, from which it were impossible ever to rescue them.

II.

Gunilda,¹ sister to Hardicanute, and wife to the Emperor Henry, being accused of incontinence by her husband, resented it so highly, that she retired to a monastery, and there ended her days; though the Emperor frequently solicited her return. A similar fate distinguished those beautiful and injured queens, Matilda of Denmark, and Sophia, wife of George the First, while Elector of Hanover: both of whom were distinguished by a regard for the charms and graces of Nature. Matilda, accused of crimes, her soul detested, was banished to the electorate of Hanover. Looking back with tranquillity, and true dignity of soul, upon those pleasures, she had never perfectly enjoyed; and regretting not the splendour

¹ Mathew of Westminster.

and magnificence, she had lost; her principal resources, in the absence of her children, were her garden and her shrubberies. Thus occupied, she was an object of love, admiration, and pity, to all the Electorate. Sophia, charged with a crime, as ill-founded as those of the virtuous Matilda, and confined in the castle of Alden in the duchy of Zell, for the space of thirty years, derived the same consolation in the culture of her flower-garden. Her husband, by whom she had been unjustly accused, offered to be reconciled to her,—but she would not. In the page of history a reply, more admirable than hers, is no where to be found:—"If the accusation be just," said she, "I am unworthy of his bed: if it be false, he is unworthy of mine."

III.

If scenes, so common and simple, as shrubberies and gardens, have power to strengthen the mind, and to secure it against the turbulent emotions, caused by the intrigues and tumults of the world; much greater effect in weaning us from its follies and vices, may nobler scenes be supposed to produce. Colonna, accompanied by Blanche, one evening in the month of April, ascended a high mountain in the neighbourhood of Llangollen. The sun was shooting its evening rays along the vale, embellishing every thing they touched. It having rained all the morning, the freshness, with which spring had clad every object, gave additional impulse to all their feelings. Arrived at the summit, the scene became truly captivating:

for Nature appeared to have drawn the veil from her bosom, and to glory in her charms. The season of early spring, which, in other countries, serves only to exhibit their poverty, displayed new beauties in this. Nature had thrown off her mantle of snow, and appeared to invite the beholder to take a last look of her beauties, ere she shaded the cottage with woodbine, or screened with leaves the fantastic arms of the oak. The clouds soon began to form over their heads, and a waving column lightly touched their hats. Around—was one continued range of mountains, with Dinas, rising above the river. Immediately below, lay a beautifully diversified vale, with the Dee, — Milton's "wizard stream,"—combining all the charms of the Arno and the Loire, winding through the middle of it : while on the east side of the mountain, several villages appeared to rest in calm repose. This beautiful scene was soon converted into a sublime one. For the clouds assuming a more gloomy character, the tops of all the mountains around became totally enveloped; and the heads of Colonna and his companion were now and then encircled with a heavy vapour. A more perfect union of the beautiful and magnificent it were difficult to conceive. No object was discernable above: but below, how captivating! Their feet were illumined by the sun, their heads, as it were, touching the clouds! How often, when a boy, has Colonna reposed himself upon a bank, or under the shade of a thicket, and, watching the course of the clouds, has wished, that, like some demi-god of antiquity, he

could sit upon their gilded columns, and gaze upon the scene below ! Now the wish was, in a measure, gratified :—

Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.

Above—all was gloomy and dark ; below—the sun, from the west, still illumined the villages and spires, the cottages and woods, the pastures and fields, which lay scattered in every direction ; while the Dee, at intervals, swept, in many a graceful curve, along the bottom of the vale.

These objects, so variously blended, and so admirably contrasted with the sombre scene above them, called to the imagination the golden thoughts of Ariosto : and inspired such a combination of feelings, that, for a time, they were absorbed in silent meditation. While they were indulging in this halcyon repose, the sounds of village bells, in honour of a recent marriage, were heard, floating on the breeze, from below. The sounds, softened by the distance, and coming from a region so far beneath, lulled them with a choral symphony, that excited the most delightful sensations. And such must ever be the effect on those, whose happiness has not been smothered beneath a load of splendid vacuities ; in whom society has not engendered an infinity of wants ; in whom ignorance has not awakened pride, arrogance, and vanity ; and in whom content has the power of lulling every fever of illegitimate desire.

CHAPTER V.

Such are the scenes, which Nature exhibits, in a few favoured spots, to raise our wonder and exalt our gratitude. Scenes which, in their power of giving delight, rank next to the observance of the great and illustrious actions of men. In common landscapes, however, Nature permits herself principally to be embellished by the art¹ and industry of man. Hence arise the impressions, which we derive from various kinds of buildings;—the house, the palace, and the cottage; mills, churches, forges, bridges, pillars and temples; towers, castles and abbeys. But even those objects become more endeared to the eye of taste, when Nature has, in a measure, made them her own, by covering them with moss, lichens, vines, or ivy. Thus art and nature, which are so necessary in the formation of a true poet, extend their union of effect to architecture and landscape, by imparting a mutual grace and harmony to both.

The species of architecture, most gratifying to the lover of the picturesque, are the Roman, and the Gothic: and few, gifted with imagination or genius, would prefer the light and elegant erections of Greece, seated in a vale, or rising on a knoll, to those proud and noble specimens of Gothic and Roman grandeur, frowning upon mountains, or embattled among woods,

¹ Si la vue de la rivière embellit le château, il faut avouer que la vue du château, qui s'élève presque à demicôte, embellit beaucoup le bord de la rivière.—*La Spectacle de la Nature.*

as they are exhibited in the awful ruins of towers and monasteries, abbeys and castles. The grace and majesty of the Ionic; the simplicity of the Tuscan; the magnificence of the Corinthian; the solemnity of the Doric; and the profuseness of the Composite; well suited, as they are, to buildings in shrubberies, in parks, and to public erections, in the neighbourhood of large cities, are, for the most part, entirely out of character, when observed amid the wild and more untameable scenes of Nature. There the rudeness of the British; the greatness of the Roman; the circular tower of the Saxon; and the pointed arch¹ of the Anglo Norman styles, assimilate, in a far greater degree, with the bold and romantic features of the surrounding scenery; and carry us back to those tumultuous times, in which the tower and long winding passage were equally useful, as securities against the humble banditti of the forest; as from the titled ruffian of a neighbouring castle.

But of all the degrees of modern architecture, most grateful to the lover of the more placid style of land-

¹ The pointed arch was doubtless introduced by the Crusaders; although some have asserted, that there are no pointed arches in any of the Saracenic remains in Spain. Its antiquity in the east must be considerable; since it is found in the temples of Chandi Sira, in the Isle of Java.

The first temple of Apollo at Delphi was a mere cottage, covered with boughs of laurel. From this rude origin it rose to be all that can be esteemed graceful in religious architecture: chaste, simple, and symmetrical, it addresses itself to taste. But the gothic, associating the spirit of honour, chivalry, and romantic love, speaks to genius. Schlegel calls the one classical: the other romantic.

scape, and to the philosophic and elegant mind, the cottage¹ has the most attractive claim. With one of those delightful little mansions, situated on the borders of a lake, or near the sea-shore, over which mountains rear themselves into vast natural amphitheatres; a small garden, with a clear stream, winding through it; a library of all that is useful in art and science, or elegant and just in poetry and philosophy; a friend, whom we esteem, and a woman, whom we love; who would exchange for the Escorial, or St. Cloud, the palace of the Grand Seigneur, or even the Castle of Windsor itself?

CHAPTER VI.

As all that is captivating in scenery may be reduced to the three orders of the *beautiful*, the *picturesque*, and the *sublime*, so may beauty of form and countenance be divided into the three orders of the *graceful*, the *harmonic*, and the *magnificent*. The *magnificent* applies to the indication of mind and manner in man: the *graceful* to softness, delicacy, and benevolence in woman: the *harmonic* consists in

¹ How beautiful must have been the cottages of Greece! The Grecians, says Le Roy, (from Vitruvius) disposed their cottages with so much taste and wisdom, that they preserved the form of them, even in their most magnificent buildings. *Diverse Muniere d'adornare i cammini.*—*Roma*, 1769, p. 30. In the Brazils, almost every cottage is concealed beneath leaves of forest trees, overtopped by cocoas.

that exquisite indication of every shade of feeling, and in that union of the graceful and the magnificent in both, which, as it is the most uncommon, is more captivating than either. Admiration of beauty, whether in bodies, morals, or in scenery, may be denominated instructive: hence Plato called beauty *Nature's masterpiece*; and believed that the pleasure, arising from it, was the result of a remembrance of visions, enjoyed in a former state of existence. Theophrastus esteemed it *a silent fraud*; and the Carneades called it *a silent rhetoric*. "It is a quality," says Xenophon, "upon which Nature has affixed the stamp of royalty;" and the reason, it has been so much admired in every age, is, because our souls are essences from the very source of beauty, harmony and perfection. Aristotle defined beauty "order in grandeur;" order involving symmetry; and grandeur uniting simplicity and majesty. Father André defined it "variety reduced to unity by symmetry and harmony." One description of theorists however maintain, that beauty is nothing but illusion; having no more positive existence, than colour. As well may we assert, that the nerves are conductors of electric fluids; that all matter is representative; or that all virtue is illusive; as to doubt the existence of beauty and deformity. Beauty, "bear witness earth and heaven!" by being

¹ In association we may trace the *Linda* of the Spaniard; the *Buona Roba* of the Italian; and the *je ne sais quoi* of the French. Were it otherwise, beauty could never be understood. for in Africa a black com-

the result of association,¹ is not the less positive on that account. For every object, which awakens pleasure in the mind, is beautiful; since it possesses some internal or external quality, which produces the sensation of pleasure. Whatever excites agreeable emotion, therefore, possesses some intrinsic quality of beauty.¹ Hence the term beauty may be applied to every thing, which gives serenity or pleasure to the mind; from a woman to a problem; from a planet to a tree or a flower. Hence arises the intimate connexion between beauty and virtue²; and as nothing produces so many agreeable emotions, as the practice of virtue (for virtue is a medal, whose reverse is happiness), whatever is virtuous, or condu-

plexion is indispensable; the Arabs of the desert esteem large dark eyes; the Chinese and Peruvians small eyes and small feet; the Ladrões black teeth and white hair; the Turks red hair, dark eyelashes, and rose-coloured nails: while the Greenlanders paint their faces blue, and not unfrequently blue and yellow. The Moors of Senegal regard beauty and corpulence as synonymous terms: the Indians of Louisiana depress the foreheads of infants to make them more comely; in many parts of the east a large head is esteemed a great beauty; the Japanese admire "golden" hair; and the Javanese a "golden" complexion: and a Circassian to be exquisitely beautiful to a Persian must have a small nose and mouth; white teeth; dark hair; large black antelope eyes, and a delicate figure.

¹ The man, however, who was born blind, and recovered his sight by couching, did not esteem those the most beautiful, whom he had most loved. Nor did he consider those articles of food most agreeable to his vision, which had been the most agreeable to his palate.

² Hence the Celtic proverb, that no falsehood can dwell in the soul of the lovely.

cive thereto, is really and essentially as beautiful as a carnation always in bloom, or a group of angels in the Assumption of Guido.

II.

In the true spirit of this doctrine, Wieland, the celebrated German poet, has written a dialogue, conceived in the manner, and executed with much of the sweetness and delicacy of Plato. He imagines Socrates to surprise Timóclea, a captivating Athenian virgin, at her toilet; dressed for a solemn festival in honour of Diana; attired in all the beauty of Nature and in all the luxuriance of art. His surprising her, in this manner, gave rise to a dialogue, in which the subject of real and apparent beauty is philosophically discussed. The arguments are summed up by Timóclea, at the end of the discourse; in which she declares herself a convert to that fine moral doctrine, which teaches, that nothing is beautiful, which is not good; and nothing good, but what is, at the same time, intrinsically beautiful. This union of virtue, happiness, and beauty, is in strict conformity to the doctrines of the ancient Platonists, and the evidence of experience. For, as affinity acts upon bodies in contact, and gravitation upon bodies at immeasurable distances, so virtue, partaking of the nature of both, has the power of combining all minds, rightly disposed, of whatever country, and at whatever distance, in the persuasion, that beauty and virtue are one; and that, from their union, must, at one time or other, proceed a long and lasting happiness. Constituting

at once the column, pedestal, and capital to each other, they form that Doric column, which Palladio writes of, which, being neither Roman, Grecian, Gothic, nor Italian, is far more beautiful than either ; and charms and fascinates wherever it is seen.

III.

The dissertation of Maximus Tyrius,¹ in which the doctrine of the Platonists, on this subject, is so fully explained, has most of the essential qualities of an admirable poem. Well might Casaubon² call that accomplished writer "*Mellitissimus Platoniorum !*"

The pleasure, which is derived from scenery, we may trace, in some way or other, to something, which has an immediate or collateral reference to humanity. The conclusions of Mr. Alison, in his Philosophical Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste, are, therefore, perfectly just. For, as he observes, unless the imagination be excited, the emotions of beauty and sublimity are unfelt. Hence, whatever increases the powers of that faculty, increases those emotions, in like proportion : and no objects or qualities being felt, either as beautiful or sublime, but such as are productive of some simple emotion, no composition of objects, or qualities, produce emotions of taste, in which that unity is not preserved.³

¹ Diss. ix., also Seneca de Benef. v. 1, 2. Lucret. lib. iii. Cic. de Off. lib. iii. c. 3.

² Misc. Observ. lib. i. c. 20.

³ Ch. i. sect. 2, 3 ; ch. ii. sect. 2, 3. "Beauty," says Hume, "is no quality in things themselves : it consists merely in the mind, which contemplates them."

IV.

It is association, then, which produces that intimate connexion, which subsists between the beauty of landscape and the beauty of sensation. Every scene, to be perfectly beautiful in the eye of man, must, in consequence, possess something which refers to humanity. Either horses, sheep, or oxen ; either cottages, churches, or ruins ; or something that has reference to ourselves, as sentient beings, must meet the eye or the ear in some part or other of the scene, or the whole is incomplete. The Mississippi would have less interest for the traveller, were not the warblings of the red-bird (tanager) heard upon its banks : and the solitudes of Valdarno would be far less affecting in their character, were there no choes of matin and vesper chaunts from the monastery of Vallombrosa.

Every one feels how much even the most magnificent view acquires, if a shepherd is seen, tending his flocks, among the precipices ; a fisherman hanging his nets on the side of a rock ; a student reclining under the arch of a ruin ; a woodman returning by the light of the moon ; or if a hunter, weary of bounding among the crags,

throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.

Hence it arises, that, as every landscape should be observed from its proper point, so every sound must

be heard in its proper place. Who is not displeased with the horn of the huntsman, if sounded in a garden? And who can listen to the bleating of sheep, confined in a house; or to the lowing of cattle near the windows of a drawing-room? And yet, how agreeable are our sensations, when lambs bleat upon the mountains; when cows low among the meadows; and when the huntsman's bugle echoes through the forest.

V.

Hence, all our more celebrated masters in the art of painting, never fail to animate their pictures, with living objects; in unison with the scenes, they respectively exhibit. How comparatively unmoving were the creations of Salvator Rosa, without his groups of banditti! and how far less interesting were the rocks, valleys, and woods of the romantic Claude, were we to expunge his shepherds, his flocks, and his ruins! The poets seldom neglect to embellish their subjects in a similar manner.¹ Full of those allusions and associations is the poem of Grongar Hill.

Grongar!—The imagination immediately transports us thither. This celebrated eminence, my Lelius, is situated in the most picturesque part of the vale of Towy. No place do I remember, in which the combinations of water, wood, mountain and ruin, assume

¹ A neglect of this is one cause, why De Lille's poem of *Les Jardins* excites so little interest.

such exquisite variety :—sacred have been the moments, I have passed, on that enchanting spot !

Grongar ! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells :
Grongar ! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made :
So oft I have, at evening still,
At the fountain of a rill ;
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head ;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towry's flood,
Over hill and over wood ;
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

CHAPTER VII.

IN scenes, like those of Grongar, tranquillity loves to repose ; and solitude, beloved by the good, and sought as a refuge by the great, the most delights to linger. Delicacy and distinction, says Sir William Temple, make a man solitary. By a love of solitude, however, far am I from alluding to that misanthropic dislike of society, which impels man to forsake his fellow, in order to indulge a selfish and indignant passion. A desire of solitude of that nature is seldom engendered by a contemplation of Nature ; which impels only to that description of retirement, the charms of which we may whisper to a friend. An idea, realized in a picture of solitude, painted by

Gaspar Poussin, in the collection of his Majesty : illustrated by Balzac¹; and alluded to by Cowper.

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,
 "How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!"
 But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
 Whom I may whisper, "solitude is sweet."

An affectionate friend does, indeed, illumine with a serene lustre, that engaging society of solitude, which, in a world like this, a cultivated mind frequently finds only in the sanctuary of its own bosom ; when books are its friends, and the birds its companions.

In retirement, statesmen recruit their mental strength, like Achilles stringing his bow ; an eagle sharpening his talons ; or an elephant whetting his tusks. In retirement, the man of learning or genius strips himself of all ornament ; his thoughts become concentrated, and his desires moderated. To those devoted to worldly, or to scientific pursuits, it gives that temperate rest, so necessary to recruit the weary organs of activity. It affords the leisure to arrange the materials of thought ; to mature the

¹ La solitude est véritablement une belle chose ; mais il y auroit plaisir d'avoir un ami fait comme vous, à qui on pût dire quelquefois, que c'est une belle chose."—*Lef. Chois.* liv. ii. v. 24. Bruyere has a similar sentiment. "La solitude est certainement une belle chose ; mais il y a plaisir d'avoir quelqu'un qui sache répondre—à qui on puisse dire de tems en tems que la solitude est une belle chose."—*La Bruyere.* De Lille also, in the first canto of his *Homme des Champs*.—

Ma sœur, lui dit Progne, comment vous portez-vous !

Voici tantôt mille ans que l'on ne vous a vue.

Ne quitterez-vous point ce séjour solitaire ?

Ah ! reprit Philomèle, en est-il de plus doux ?

Le désert est-il fuit pour des talens si beaux ?

Fontaine.

labours of art ; and to polish the works of genius. It relieves the mind from the frivolities of life ; and lessens its anxieties, as much as every improvement in mechanics diminishes the value of bodily strength.

II.

To a life of solitude has been objected a destitution of employment : and if the accusation were just, the censure were severe. For without occupation, the mind becomes listless ; it preys upon itself ; and we should be in danger of becoming melancholy, even to weariness of life. In nothing, therefore, does Pliny err more, than when he says, that there are only two things, by which we ought to be actuated : “ a love of immortal fame, or continual inactivity.” But let no one be actuated by the opinion of Pliny, in this important particular. Idleness quickens the approach of disease and want ; as naturally as the advance of astronomy accelerates the fall of astrology. Where idleness prevails, vice prevails ; and where vice is long tolerated, crime walks with gigantic stride over all the land. To live without labour is destructive to the body ; to be indolent is fatal to the mind ; and both are destined to be the operative causes of each other’s misery. The listless torments of indolence are well described by Seneca, in his fine Treatise on the Tranquillity of the Mind ; and even Pliny himself, in another part of his works, observing that the mental faculties are raised, and enlarged by the activity of the body, exemplifies his argument, by drawing an excellent picture of an old senator,

retiring into the country, and guarding himself from lassitude by continual occupation.

O Solitude—romantic maid—
 Whether by nodding towers you tread,
 Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
 Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
 Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
 Or by the Nile's coy source abide ;
 Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
 From Hecla view the thawing deep,
 Or at the purple dawn of day,
 Tadmor's marble wastes survey ;
 You, Recluse, again I woo,
 And again your steps pursue.

Grainger.

III.

Thus sings the poet !—But the man of the world—
 Oh !—he will tell you that the poet dreams. “Solitude,” he exclaims, “is nothing better than a dreary waste, for idleness to linger in.” And does retirement indeed offer no objects to engage our attention ? Does it not, on the other hand, present a succession of amusements and pleasures, ever changing and ever varied ? Can he want exercise, who has a garden ? Can he want mental recreation, who has a library ? Can he be destitute of objects to engage his research, who has the volume of Nature always unfolded before him ? On the contrary, so varied and so delightful are all these, that a votary to temperate solitude may triumphantly enquire, whether there is not a pleasure and a consolation in it, than which nothing can be more delightful—since they fade with no season.—

Is there a melancholy, which they do not soothe, or a sorrow, they do not relieve?—Yes, my dear Lelius, retirement and a love of letters have charms to recommend them, far more transcendant than the rapid nonsense of a harsh, ignorant, and intemperate world!—Quit it therefore!—As to myself!—though I am aware, that the occasional contrast of real life is necessary to give us a *gout* for the more substantial enjoyments of a retired one; knowing that the world has little of satisfaction, and still less of stability, unless I enjoy the opportunity of mixing in a society, that is suited to me, far better is it for my happiness to live alone!—Solitude is frequently “best society:” let me, then, enjoy my books, my garden, my wife, and my children, in a quiet corner, in the environs of a large city; and let me have the honour of being classed with that enviable order of men,

————— whom the world
Call idle;—and who, justly, in return,
Esteems that busy world an idler too.

IV.

“Nature,” says Cicero, “abhors solitude;” and many an ingenious argument has been adduced to prove, that a lover of solitude is a being, totally divested of the common sympathies of humanity. Among my papers, however, I find a remarkable account of a *solitaire*, that goes far towards invalidating this opinion. It is a verbal abridgment of a paper, published in a periodical work, about the year 1781. The name of this solitary was Angus Roy Fletcher, who lived all his life in a farm at Glenorchay. He

residence in a small cave, formed by Nature in a large hill in the neighbourhood. The curiosity of the country was increased by this circumstance: but no one dared to enter his habitation; and after a time he was forgotten to be talked of. At length, on the 11th of April 1820, as a shepherd passed near the cave, he heard a deep groan: and upon advancing nearer he discovered him lying near the mouth of the cave, in the last agonies of death. The shepherd ran to the nearest house to procure assistance; and returning to the spot found that the unfortunate man had breathed his last, during his absence. On entering the cave, some heath was observed in a corner, arrayed in the form of a bed; some straw, from which, it was evident from the chaff, he had extracted corn; also some raw potatoes and turnips. A small leathern parcel laid on the floor, which upon investigation was found to contain several letters, so defaced, that only one of them was in the smallest degree legible. It was kept with two one pound notes, and wrapped up with great care; but it had neither date, signature, nor direction. Of this letter the following is a literal copy. /

" Amice, conscientia nostrorum factorum pectus meum deturbat:—Vivere non possum: Mori non audeo—Insanus sum.—Si in surore meo mortem mihi non consciscam, certe factum nostrum vulgabor, igitur si tibi vita dulcis sit—fuge, et ne mecum peris.—Vale, si adhuc possis esse beatus, sis beatus—iterum vale, longe vale."

Had this unfortunate being remained in society, it is probable his mind might have recovered its tone and compass.

V.

But man, animated by the common impulses of his nature, can enjoy nothing to effect alone. Some one must lean upon his arm; listen to his observations; point out secret beauties; and become, as it were, a partner in his feelings, or his impressions are comparatively dull and spiritless. Pleasures are increased in proportion as they are participated; as roses, inoculated with roses, grow double by the process. Were it to shower down gold, we should scarcely welcome the gift, had we no friend to congratulate us on our good fortune. All the colours and forms of the natural world would fade before the sight; and every gratification pall upon our senses. How beautifully is this triumph of social feeling depicted in that passage of the *Paradise Lost*, where Eve addresses Adam, in language, worthy, not only of the golden age, but of Paradise.

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change :—all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth,
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild. Then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,

260 *Solitude ;—Antisthenes ;—Duke of Rovere.*

Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
Nor glistening star-light, without thee is sweet.

Antisthenes, in reply to one of his scholars, who had inquired what philosophy had taught him, replied, "the art of living by myself." Retirement, my Lelius, does indeed enable us to derive happiness from ourselves, in the same manner, as the sun, shining from its own centre, is indebted to no other globe for its splendour or its heat. "Happiness," said Speron Speroni to Francis Duke of Rovere, "is not to be measured by duration ; but by quality." Beholding systems, unbeheld by common eyes ; preferring his own society to that of the weak, the ignorant, and the worthless ; and thereby living in a world of his own creating, the lettered recluse (to whom a well-furnished library is "a dukedom large enough"), indifferent even to the report of fame, "that last infirmity of noble minds !" becomes almost invincible : for the world, as a celebrated French writer justly observes, to him is a prison, and solitude a paradise.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things, that own not man's dominion, dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock, that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
THIS IS NOT SOLITUDE. —

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless :
This is to be alone : THIS, THIS IS SOLITUDE !

Byron.

Such, also, were the sentiments of Epictetus : but solitude, with all its advantages, is only beneficial to the wise and the good ; since schemes of rapine may be there engendered, as well as plans of beneficence. If Numa retired to one of the deepest recesses of Etruria, in order to digest his code of civil and criminal jurisprudence, Mahomet, in the silence and solitude of Mount Hara,¹ shunning all intercourse with men, first formed the conception of enslaving the bodies, deluding the imaginations, and corrupting the manners and morals of mankind.

VI.

To men of weak and unenlightened minds, too, retirement is productive of fatal results. That is,—to men, who, like the pholas, have a body in proportion to their house ; and whose minds have no power to stretch beyond the limit of their shells. To them retirement is but another name for obscurity : a condition, mortifying to those, who have never acquainted themselves with the world : and grateful only to that rare order of men, who have early perceived how little substantial happiness that world is capable of affording. But to a certain class of mankind, nothing

¹ Abulfeda, vit. Moham., p. 15.

is so galling to their vanity, as the compelled necessity of remaining in obscurity! To beings of this inferior order, the bare idea of being undistinguished is the *ne plus ultra* of mortification! Rather than be unknown, they would celebrate their own deficiencies: and rather than exercise no authority, they would tyrannize over—villagers! As St. Bernard said of the Romans, “they are jealous of their neighbours; they are cruel to strangers; they love nobody; and nobody loves them.” The natural cause of this is ignorance; as the natural result is personal vanity, and that most offensive of all mental scrophulas,—family conceit. Hence it arises, that though nothing is more beautiful to the imagination than the idea of genius sheltering itself in retirement; so nothing is more offensively ridiculous, than the pompous dulness, and the awkward consequence, of a *vain* country gentleman. Abject to his superiors, in the same proportion as he is tyrannous to his inferiors: incapable of forming combinations of elegance or use, he hears, feels, smells, sees, and tastes by one erroneous standard. Laboriously engaged in idleness, and totally unconscious of the nobility and capacities of his nature; forgetting that pride confers no dignity; and that vanity engenders nothing but contempt; as unconscious of his folly, as he is ignorant of algebra; he frets throughout a long and useless life, to the open, or the secret, ridicule of a whole neighbourhood. Possessing the external form of man, the feeling of a vegetable, and the intellect of a caterpillar, he slides into eternity, as he crept into existence,

and is forgotten on the morrow.—So men of little minds,

Ye wear a lion's hide!—Doff it, for shame ;—

And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.—

King John, act iii. scene 1.

VII.

How many creatures of this description, my Lellus, are observed, residing among scenes, more captivating to the imagination, than all the creations of Titian, Salvator Rosa, or of Claude ! Scenes, so fortunately neglected by the hand of ornament, which create a mental blush for the folly and depravity of mankind ; which disrobe every ingenuous mind of all its natural vanity ; and in which, if we remember the fanciful distinctions of polemics, and the obtuse arrogance of verbal theology, we do so with feelings of impatience and disgust. And yet,—though residing in such scenes as these, as well might we attempt to reconcile the writings of Aristotle with the doctrines of the Scriptures, after the example of Trapæzund, Scholarius, and Eugenius, bishop of Ephesus ; as well might we endeavour to prove, with Marcilius Ficinus, that Plato acknowledged the mystery of the Trinity ; and equally futile would be our attempt to unite the geological systems of Whiston and Burnet, Buffon, Kircher, and Le Luc, as to infuse into the minds of such recluses as these, that the landscapes around them are capable of administering to their pleasures or their virtues ! Nature speaks to them

in a foreign language. Would you turn these zoo-phytes from their vanity and ignorance? Turn a wasp from its instinct. If their follies were proclaimed among mountains, echo would disdain to repeat them! No lessons of wisdom could ever teach them to be wise; no satirist could taunt them out of their conceit; nor could all the splendid examples of greatness ever raise them from the dust, on which they are delighted to crawl.

Once travelling through *****shire, I called upon a gentleman, residing near one of the finest waterfalls in that country. As time was of some value, I could only partake of a slight repast, which my host prolonged by giving a history of the progress, he had lately made in draining some meadows. An opportunity at length occurring, I ventured to hint, that I should wish to be directed to the waterfall. "Oh! the waterfall! ah! true—there is a waterfall;—but, my dear Sir, it is almost at the bottom of the valley! Surely you would not attempt to go there among the long grass and the briars. Never mind the waterfall! take a walk with me, and I will shew you something that is really worth seeing; and where you will be in no danger of falling over a precipice." With that he led me into his—garden! "There," said he, "there is a garden I planted and gravelled myself. There you may rove about as much as you please." "But, Sir, I have travelled several miles to see the waterfall, and unless"——"Oh!——the waterfall!—any body can see the waterfall! The commonest fellow

in the country can do that; but" (pausing with all the solemnity of dignified anger), "I do assure you, Sir, very few can have an opportunity of seeing my garden!"

Oh! quit those mountains, bid those vales adieu!
Those lovely landscapes were not made for you!

What you have often said of my pursuits, and of my ambition, my dear Lelius, is but too true. In early life I perceived, (for I had ample opportunity of doing so), so many contemptible persons arrive at wealth, that I took almost a disgust to every one, who had improved his condition to an extent, that industry seemed scarcely to justify. Hence arose an error of the opposite nature; (viz.) that of neglecting to pay that attention to the acquirement of wealth, which I have since had ample reason to see was necessary. The grove, the setting sun, the river; Horace, Virgil, Tasso, and Newton, could smother care at all times; and, as they had the power of doing so, I permitted them.

Spirit of Spenser!—Was the wanderer wrong?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE imagination can select few objects, on which it more delights to repose, than the retirement of a man of talents and integrity from the vortex of public life. Surrounded by objects of the vast creation,

All the distant din, the world can keep,
Rolls o'er his grotto and but soothes his sleep.

Such was the retirement of Scipio; when, rich in an approving conscience, he retired from the malicious persecution of his enemies, to philosophic ease and independence, at his villa of Liternum, so well described by Seneca.¹ There, charmed with the diversity of its landscapes, in a frequent perusal of Xenophon, and in the conversation of Terence, Lælius, and Lucilius, he cultivated his farm, and enjoyed an evening of life, truly enviable for its tranquillity, innocence and glory. There it was, he out-lived all his injuries, and all the calumnies, that had been propagated against him. There

———Sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
Beneath his woods the happy chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue closed.

II.

Scipio died about the same time with Hannibal and Philopæmen. He was the most beautiful of the Romans, as Alexander had been of the Greeks. There is a gem on cornelian, at Rome, a copy of which,

¹ Ep. lib. xiii.

presented to me by Signor Frescati, exhibits an exquisitely manly and beautiful face. Of all persons, says Paterculus, this was the man, who best knew how to mingle leisure with action; and how to embellish the grandeur of public life with the taste and elegance of a private one.

And here, my Lelius, perhaps, you will excuse me for observing, that calumny, that scourge of Scipio, and indeed of all public and private life, is the natural result of permitting a slanderer to escape the odium of a public exposition. Society, indeed, is, generally speaking, little better than a wasp's nest. Hunting for failings and deficiencies with more malice, than integrity, if it rake not up the ashes of those beyond their reach, in all the exercise of a refined charity, it heaps the crimes and the meannesses of the dead on the innocent heads of the living. To atone for which, it presents to those, whom it has injured, professions, flatteries, and external exhibitions of subdued demeanour. Cant without practice is worse than nothing! Profession without substance is worse than nothing! A smiling face and a lying tongue my heart abhors!

Such is a true picture of modern society, in country places. A general ignorance of merit; and a general envy, where it is known to exist. "We ought not, however, to despair," says a celebrated French philosopher, "at the afflicting discoveries, we often make in acquiring a knowledge of mankind. It is necessary, in order to know them, to triumph over the displeasure, they

create: as an anatomist triumphs over nature, its organs and singularities, that he may acquire skill in his profession." Envy is the parent of lies. It is also the most ignorant of all the passions!

For could we mental sufferings read,
Inscribed with truth upon each brow,
With pity then our hearts would bleed,
For those, whom most we envy now.

Metastasio.¹ Burney.

What an admirable picture has Lucian exhibited of a painting, executed by Apelles! CALUMNY is invited by CREDULITY, who is represented with large ears, and wandering eyes. Behind him stand SUSPICION and IGNORANCE. CALUMNY approaches, holding in her left hand a lighted torch; while, with her right, she drags, with the most determined vehemence, a young man, who supplicates heaven, with distracted voice and up-lifted hands. She is convulsed with passion. On one side moves CONSPIRACY; on the other FRAUD: REPENTANCE walks behind with a melancholy aspect, and a tattered robe; looking occasionally at TRUTH, who follows, meditating on the cruelty of the scene before her.

III.

Every part of society, however, is not thus constituted: since in every theatre, however large, or

¹ Se a ciascun l'interno affanno,
Si legesse in fronte scritto;
Quanti mai che invidia fanno
Ci farebbero picta.

however small, there exist a few, who perceive the malice, and despise the meanness of the rest. They live like Daniel in the Lion's den ! Truth and justice are their companions ; and, speaking by a figure,

Wheresoe'er their footsteps turn,
Rubies blush and diamonds burn.

Sargent's Mine.

But even good men have frequently a difficulty, and have always a discretion allowed, in acknowledging merit. Merit is modest ; and is not only difficult to be recognized ; but is frequently a conspirator against her own splendour. She is seen, also, mostly at a disadvantage : either too nearly, or too remotely. Grandeur cannot be observed in the noble arch of Trajan over the Danube ; if the spectator stand immediately under the buttresses : neither can we form any adequate idea of St. Paul's in London, or St. Peter's, at Rome, if we approach too near those magnificent buildings. The analogy applies equally to men. Great men cannot be seen to advantage, if they are too closely approached. Men of a common stamp, however, cannot be seen at all, unless they are directly under our eyes : and then, indeed, they are visible enough !

Were Envy to be personified, and had I the powers of a Caracche or an Angelo, I should exhibit him with looks awry ; cheeks pale ; lips hanging ; nose sneering ; eyebrows knit : chewing hemlock, and drinking the gall of vipers. Mourning at another's victory, and shedding tears of rapture at a

defeat; dancing at a death: writhing with agony at a feast; and creeping on his knees, his belly, and his bosom, to the celebration of a marriage. Had Dante the power of punishing such an object, as this, he would have condemned him to a torture,¹ even more acute than theirs, who join ingratitude to treason:—for an envious man would often commit a murder, if he dared.—Before and behind, and on each side of him, marches a pestilential column of pride, ignorance and malice.—The furies light him to his bridal couch; his sanctuary is the fountain of conspiracy; and so transparent is the centre, that his heart presents the colour of an Ethiopian, buried in an urn of Venice chrystal.

Nicephorus informs us, that when Ducas raised an insurrection, at Constantinople, he was only condemned to be whipped; but when he proceeded to accuse several persons of distinction, as his accomplices, he was condemned to be burnt.² Calumny being esteemed the worst crime of the two. Pythagoras was accustomed to say, that a calumniator was, in his state of pre-existence, a snake; and would, in a future one, animate the degraded body of a scorpion. For my own part, I never see a slanderer, male or female, that I do not fancy I see a snake's head peeping out of the bosom.³ In the Scandinavian Creed,

¹ Inferno. cant. xxxlii.

² Montesquieu, b. vi. c. 16.

³ Howel relates, that when a young man, named Pennant, was dissected, something in the form of a serpent, with divers tails, was found in the left ventricle of his heart. We may remark here, *en passant*, that

as we learn from the Edda, there was an evil spirit, called *Loke*, who derived most of his pleasure and infamy from being a calumniator of the Gods. His temple was built upon the putrified carcasses of serpents.

In the garden, belonging to the convent of Cordeliers, near Barcelona, grows a species of mimosa. If the seed is chewed, and expectorated in a room, it will immediately fill it with a nauseous stench; and turn all the white paint black. If I might presume to a liberty, I would recommend to naturalists a new name for this tree: "*the scandal tree.*"

Calumniators may be divided into three classes,—

1. The inventor:—
2. The propagator from malice:—
3. The propagator from wantonness, idleness, or a love of talking. The first is as base, as an Italian bravo, who uses his stiletto in the dark: the second bears the same relation to the first, that a receiver of stolen goods does to a thief: the last sleeps upon calumny, with the same ease and satisfaction, as he would upon truth. He eats venom, as naturally as a horse eats hemlock.

IV.

Of all taxes—the world pays that of commendation with the greatest reluctance. The propensity, observable in almost all mankind, to evil discourse,

swine will eat snakes, and deer swallow serpents. *Philos. Mag.* vol. 1s. p. 315; and it is not unworthy of observation, that Sylla was the first magistrate, who taught the doctrine, that calumniators ought not to be punished.

is like a nauseous vegetable, which poisons all it touches. Common men live upon this kind of sustenance, with as much delight, as the wasp lives upon honey. For a porcupine has not a greater antipathy to a serpent, than a malicious man, or an envious woman, has to a great or good one. "Most men," says Sallust, in his fine epistle to Cesar, "have enough capacity to injure and censure their neighbours. The mouth cannot open sufficiently wide; nor the tongue move too quickly for their envy and ill-will."¹

If you crush the root of a sensitive plant, will it not die? If you take a swan from its element, will it not waste? If you cut off the head of an oak, will it not wither? If you breathe the dews of calumny over the name of an honourable man, will it not taint?—Yes!—But it will taint only for a time. Truth does not long smart beneath the vicissitudes of human opinion. It will not long permit itself to be a dupe to the malignity of depraved minds:—their little turns and shifts and crafts; their petty plans; their meannesses; their cowardice; their vulgar and creeping servility; above all, their flatteries and their presents!—Oh! righteous heaven defend us!

Does an eagle stoop at a wren? Is the skin of a leopard pierced with the diminutive proboscis of a gnat? And shall a man, conscious of infirmity, yet

¹ Never, exclaims an elegant French writer, never let mortal man flatter himself with the hope of escaping from envy and from hatred; for envy and hatred did not spare Fenelon.

unconscious of premeditated wrong, permit a moth to rob him of his birthright; or the wing of a caterpillar,—to whom the leaf of a plant is an empire,—to screen him from the splendour of a summer's day? He, who permits a calumniator to conquer his mind, deserves to be conquered.

V.

Armed with all the mean insolence of security; and conscious of an audience, which, hanging on his lips, imbibe an aliment peculiarly grateful to their vitiated palates¹; smiling inwardly in public, and outwardly in private, at another's wrong:—and burning with envy, even beyond the tomb, the calumniator—bearing, like a trout, his teeth upon his tongue,—hisses from behind his curtain, at a thousand good and estimable characters, before the world is conscious, to what an odious and detestable organ, it has long been listening. But his career, born in envy, bred in malice, and tutored by folly, finishes in contempt, abhorrence, and disgrace. He is despised by all honourable men; feared by the weak;

¹ All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
A mean, degraded, formidable, band.

Pope.

An Italian master has one of the most refined pieces of ingenuity, ever touched in music. It consists of a song, entitled *La Calunnia*, in which the effects of calumny are represented by the figure of the wind. The accompaniment begins with a soft murmur; it then swells, by a thousand gradations, till it rises into a tempest.

and shunned as a pestilence. His infamy is unpitied; those, who, even innocently, have eaten of his poison, partake of his reproach;—and so utterly detestable is the nature of this cowardly crime, that wherever a nest of wasps is to be found, though they be as numerous as the water-lilies of the Nile, and though they range themselves with all the regularity of magnets, yet do we never fail to observe, that they are mutually afraid and ashamed of each other!

The duty of exposition performed, anxiety subsides. The wasp, having lost its sting, can sting no more; and the viper, having discharged its venom, pines, sickens, and dies. Nature recoils, and stands ashamed of her own production! To be envied, and therefore to be traduced, has long been an impost, settled on the eminent: and shall any pigmy man, of modern date, presume to escape that tribute, when it has been paid, in all ages, by the most illustrious of all nations? Besides—some men there are,—it is a disgrace to be known to them!—whose censure is applause; and whose approbation would sully the best established reputation in the world! Wretched and a slave is he, who hangs on the smile of these for happiness. We have spoken of the exposition of calumny, as applicable only to men. The idle nonsense of a whispering, or of a flatulent female, is beneath contempt!—She operates as a rod of scorpions over her own sex, it is true; but she is the scorn—the contemptuous scorn—and ridicule of ours!

“There is a cowardly care of reputation,” says a powerful writer, “which cringes to slanderers, and courts the protection of gossip.”

But we have dwelt on beings, so contemptible as these, too long!—For words are too dignified for animals, who, disinherited as it were by Nature from her noblest possessions, seem to be formed out of granite; nay,—out of any thing, rather than the clay of which the human form is said to be compounded. Wasps seem to sit upon the tip of their tongues; wolves to live in their bowels; and sharks to swim in their hearts.—Their God is the God of malice; and their offerings are the pangs of the bosoms, they have wounded. Here—they are the scorn of honourable men; in after life, they will listen to the melody of rattlesnakes.—They will strive to touch the corollas of roses, but the touch of torpedos will palsy them for centuries. Their food will be the poison of Madagascar; and their beverage the juices of hellebore and hemlock.—Oh! ye wise, ye innocent, and ye excellent of the earth! Regard them only as veils to enhance the splendour of your deserts; as a dark cloud in the west increases the majesty of the setting sun. But men of delicate feelings and distinctions are most affected by these mildews of the earth.—Insulated, as it were, by the delicacy of their sentiments, they stand, like martyrs, before the secret arrows of an enemy; as truffles and mushrooms, growing without leaves, are open to the breath of every wind.¹

¹ Some calumnies it is difficult to know how to encounter.—If we notice them, we lose in dignity: if we despise them in silence, the more worthless portion of mankind are too apt to believe, that by our silence we admit the justice of them. The best way, however, is to suffer in silence, and

VI.

“Milton,” says an elegant critic,¹ “stood alone and aloof above his times,—the bard of immortal subjects.” In his time, even more than the present, it was the complaint, that no great man lives, but *has* lived. A man, raised above his merits, will die : but he will have lived before he dies. Another, depressed beneath his level, dies before he lives. All great minds are envied ; and few of them understood : there is a poverty in the world of thought and of feeling ; and men are even more avaricious of encomiums, than they are of their money. And when they do praise, it is too often with a view of mortifying those, who listen to their insidious compliments. They laud, too, persons whom they never saw, more freely and more heartily, than the best of their acquaintances. If a celebrated character live amongst them, they will undervalue him at home ; and overvalue him abroad. The former to gratify their envy ; the latter to gratify their vanity. For to be admitted to the table of a justly celebrated man is always a circumstance, on which vanity loves to rest no small portion of its consequence. For as it is always the last to acknowledge another man’s emi-

to trust in heaven.—Agiſ of Sparta uſed to ſay, that the “envious were particularly wretched ; ſince the happineſs of other men torments them as much as their own miſfortunes.”—Indeed, the name of one of the Furies is derived from a Greek word, ſignifying Envy.—“A greater torment than this paſſion,” ſaid Horace, “was never invented by a tyrant of Sicily.”

¹ Campbell.

nence, it is frequently the first, that endeavours to reap advantage from it.

In man is centered every thing that is strong, and every thing that is weak. In him there is falsehood and truth; deformity and beauty; littleness and grandeur. Some would destroy the fairest and the finest in Nature: they would slay the slain. They see no beauty in knowledge; they only feel its strength:—they see no harmony in truth; they only feel the awe and the terror it engenders.

With them every man of merit is an enemy. He builds structures never to fall into ruins. They, too, would build pyramids:—but they would build mighty pyramids with mighty nothings. Jealous of the reputation of others, nothing is too extravagant for their own vanity: they even pass through life without praising the woman or the man, they love. Reaping no harvest of love or friendship, they are ignorant that to communicate pleasure is to receive it. This unfortunate disposition is “implanted.” “I have seen,” says St. Augustine,¹ “an infant burning as it were with jealousy. He could not yet talk; and yet with a pale countenance he would cast a look, full of fury at another child sucking at the other breast.” We all have seen a similar picture of melancholy. To correct this impulse, therefore, ought to be a parent’s first and most solicitous care: for envy and jealousy are, of all others, the greatest scourges of a man’s existence.

¹ Confessions, b. i. ch. 7.

But some men live embalmed in the liveliest recollection of all their friends. Their names in imagination are synonymous with urbanity of manner ; with beauty of person ; or with splendour of mind. They are dead : they live not : at least they live not to the present generation.—When they did, they were rich ! Men, for the most part, fear present genius too much : they fear it is too much removed from dullness ; from ignorance ; from attacks, open or secret. They are alarmed when genius thinks it politic to magnify itself : and yet they ought to be silent and reverential : for the more genius enlarges its capacity, the more gentle, the more amiable, the more modest it becomes : as deep oceans are more pacific than shallow ones. By long trial and patient meditation, genius acquires a knowledge of the strength, the beauty, and the dignity of wisdom : and the first and the last lesson, that wisdom gives, is “ be modest if you would be strong. If you would not live in a state of perpetual childhood, acquire knowledge : cherish it and let fortune act as she will. Prejudice and opinion not unfrequently endeavour to tyrannize over Nature ; but the strength, which knowledge imparts to the mind, enables it often to triumph over fortune itself.”

VII.

There are three orders of men my soul despises !
The first is personified by a Persian poet.—

Little care we, who revel in plenty and splendour,
How many may pine in chill poverty's blast ;
With forms full as fair, and with hearts full as tender,
On this world's friendless stage by adversity cast !

Anon.

Secondly;—Men, who alternately act the sycophant and the traitor. Mankind, says Lucian,¹—and who knew mankind better?—resent it highly, should we not admit them to share in our happiness; when the wind sets fair, and the voyage is prosperous. Should the winds turn, however, and the waves swell; they leave us to the mercy of every storm! Of such conduct the Jews accused the Samaritans.—For when they² were successful abroad, and happy at home, the Samaritans smiled, whenever they met them. They embraced their society with eagerness; and indicated their friendship by deducing their descent from Joseph the Patriarch. No sooner, however, did misfortune arrive, and the Jews were low in estate; than they disclaimed all affinity; they insulted them, whenever they met them; and insisted, as was indeed the truth, that they were originally Medes and Persians.

Thirdly;—It was a saying among the Greeks, that all men carried a wallet over their shoulders; the forepart of which contained the faults of their neighbours; the hind part their own. It is thus in every country under heaven! For what Paterculus said of the Romans, full eighteen hundred years ago, is equally applicable to the whole human race:—that “though we overlook every fault of our own; we overlook none that belong to another.” The invidious look at the brightest of men’s qualities; but speak only of his worst:—their vision inoculates the jaundice upon every thing they see. In this they are unwise, even in worldly advantage:.

¹ Toxaris.

² Josephus.

for their shadows precede, instead of following them. Every blow, they receive, sinks to the soul ; while, to gratify their outraged vanity and spleen, they would blot the sun out of heaven.

Man is, indeed, a paradox, so complicate and intricate, that one of Melancthon's consolations in death arose out of the hope, that he should soon learn the secret, why men were made as they are. " The Alps," says the author of *La Spectacle de la Nature*, " are the sources of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Po : and though those mountains are, for the most part, clad in eternal sterility, they make of Italy and France two most delightful gardens." Thus Nature elicits wealth out of want, and good out of evil. The same result graces the perspectives of moral philosophy.

Genius is frequently wild in infancy, and melancholy in youth : but vigorous in manhood. For mental strength rises and ripens naturally out of the soul's delicacy : delicacy frequently settling, at last, in a consciousness of power, which exhibits itself in a magnificent grandeur of character ; which, subduing the voice of passion, reconciles wisdom to misfortune, by connecting the past and the present with the future. " It was sown in weakness ; it is raised in power : it was sown in dishonour ; it is raised in glory."

But genius, for the most part, may be compared to the horse of Seius. This horse was named Sejanus : and was of exquisite symmetry. But whoever chanced to possess him, (and he had many masters), was sure to be involved in a multitude of difficulties.

Yet Fortune is not so unjust, as she appears to be : for while she compensates the want of ability by wealth or rank : she compensates the want of rank and wealth by the power, influence, and pleasure of ability. Few men of genius, therefore, are doomed

unpitied, to sustain
More real misery than their pens can feign.

VIII.

Truth is in a constant state of persecution :—shall men of genius, then, mourn, because they share the destiny of so honourable a master ? If misfortunes could be remedied by tears, says Muretus, tears would be purchased with gold :—misfortune does not call for tears, but counsel. Yet who would wish for a sea, that was continually calm ? For a sky, that was constantly serene ? Or for a life, passed in a state of pre-eminent monotony ? The asperities of vicissitude are soothed by frequent intervals of content. More renowned than enriched, it is true, that fortune seldom comes to genius. “Always wooed and never won,” she proves only the mother of Hope : and while the medicine is preparing, says the Arabic proverb, the patient dies. What a fate ! Is there any one so sordid, so lost to every sympathetic impulse, who cannot feel for the man of delicate feelings, and of fine talents, who is constrained, not only to dedicate his life to ephemeral calculations, but even to writhe under the necessity of exerting all his intellectual strength, to preserve the vulgarity of

mere animal existence ! Does he resemble those shepherds of the east, who fall beneath the ruins of cities, once distinguished for their beauty and magnificence ? or does he, in the fulness of domestic affection, give a negative to the assertion, that the landscape of life exhibits little but misery and want ?—He resembles the cocoa nut of Ceylon : he gains strength from neglect ; and fecundity from exposure. By obstacles, vigorous minds are stimulated ; not conquered. And as botanists, by administering certain compositions to the roots of flowers, teach snowdrops to wear the colour of Ethiops ; pinks to clothe themselves in green ; and tulips to assume the tincture of vermillion ;—the mind, pregnant with exalted precepts, makes fortune, at length, take the forms and the consequences, best suited to its will.

IX.

Never taken by surprise in the great journey of life, the man of genius feels, that death would set him above all earthly wants. Wrongs, therefore, make him proud ; not sad. And as he does not measure happiness by the scale of either wants or wishes, he elicits a good result even from an evil cause : as the sea becomes warm in proportion to its agitation ; and as one of the most ugly of worms becomes the most beautiful of butterflies.¹

“ The barbarous Licinus,” says one of the Augustan poets, “ lies under a marble tomb :—Cato under a

¹ The Farmicalio.

small one :—and Pompey under none.—Who would suppose there were gods ?”—One would think, by this, that men's rewards were busts and monuments. Upon this principle of atonement, death has an algebra of its own ; with an arithmetic and a geometry, wholly unallied to the simple quotients of philosophy. The soul elicits no harmony from an argument, so gilded, yet so spiritless, as this. A Greek musician, having an excellent lyre, replaced a string, which had chanced to break, with one of silver. The lyre thus became beautiful, indeed, to the eye ; but it was no longer melodious.

“ Pride,” says Feltham, “ I never found in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind.” This is a just and beautiful reflection, if to pride we attach the union of vanity and arrogance. But pride, springing from exalted motives ; from disdain of neglect, and consciousness of power ; is an admirable refuge, and one of the most valuable of securities. It makes the desert blossom like the rose. What is its argument ? *Justice will come. The law of nature proclaims, by all her rules of analogy, that it must come. Socrates, Scipio, and the De Witts are subjects for the applause and veneration of ages.*

Neglect—want—even calumny itself—have their benefits and advantages. Benefits and advantages, too, without which the future would be comparatively spiritless. There is down upon the breast of eagles : and the strongest men have not unfrequently the gentlest natures. And yet it must be confessed, that ability places man, for a time, upon a melancholy

eminence. "Let the envious," says Madame de Stael, "ask for splendour, for fortune, for youth, for beauty, and for all those smiling gifts, which serve to embellish the surface of life; but never let them cast an invidious glance on the eminent distinctions of mind and genius!" And why not?—It is surely better to feel the pangs of envy for gold, than for tinsel.

X.

Why evil has been engrafted on the general system, it is impossible for man to explain. He must have capacities, far superior to those, he now has, before he can divine even the alpha of this moral enigma. An immense plan, consisting of a vast variety of parts, has been formed: it is in perpetual progress and activity: and as millions of ages are requisite for its development, the ETERNAL POWER has, perhaps, reserved entirely for himself the transcendant luxury of contemplating the unravelment of the wonderful drama.

But fortune and virtue, strangers as they are in appearance, are not strangers in reality. They know each other, even at the distance of a thousand miles. It is true, virtue not only gives no passport to wealth, or glory; it does not even give security against calumny or want; and it seems to respect neither the smiles of innocence, nor the wrinkles of age. But, as an equivalent for these injuries, it impregnates the soul with an expanding faculty for future enjoyments.

Military prowess exists in tens and hundreds of thousands: but calm and dignified courage breathes only from a heart, alive to affectionate impressions;

and a conscience, pure and unsullied with offence. To the vigorous outline of Annibale Caracchi, (adopting the dialect of painters) it unites the grace of Guido, to the ease and delicacy of Corregio. But for a delicate mind to encounter the coarse vanity of vulgar wealth ;—for it to fall into a condition, which compels it, irredeemably, to waste its powers in trading with insolence and vulgarity ;—to associate with men, to whom Mahomet would have spoken in Arabic, when he insisted that glory consists not in wealth but in knowledge,—it is like dashing a sacred cup against the floor of a temple.

XI.

When labour affords no adequate returns ; when realities dissolve the charm and elasticity of youthful hope ; when the education, received from parents and tutors, prove obstructions to that, which is taught us by the world ; are we so unmanly as to smile, as if we smiled for the last time ; and to speak, as if we thought in the dialect of despair ? These are casualties, which affect the mind, but not the soul. The best antidote against the sting of a scorpion is oil : the best antidote against such ills as these, is exertion and resignation. But to lose repose, when rest is vitally necessary to the mind's existence ; to lose the being, which formed the paradise of life : these, —these would draw sighs from the iron breasts of Scythians. Job heard of his losses in sheep and in oxen with fortitude ; but when he learnt the fate of

his children, he rent his mantle; shaved his head; and fell to the ground.

The man, too, who, conscious of having, unwittingly, committed an injury, bends in heart-broken silence over the afflictions, he has caused, from the certainty of his never being able to repair them: the father, pining at the loss of a beloved wife, without a roof to shelter, or a loaf to satisfy his crying infants:—these, these are misfortunes, beyond the pride and strength of man to endure!

But as no man can see into the bowels of the earth, no man can see into the womb of futurity. Good therefore may come as well as evil. Indeed, if no other good comes, than the trial of our strength, it is something. Adversity, if she has no other virtue, has assuredly this:

Ingenium res

Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.

Hor., lib. II., sat. viii., v. 73.

In the midst of privation, then, never let us refuse to take what the sterility of fortune still presents. Let us hope for what is denied; and enjoy whatever is given: for there is nothing of wisdom in refraining to drink, because we cannot drink out of a golden cup. But above all things, let us guard against permitting fortune to play us the same jest, that Eutrapelus is said to have played upon his enemies. Being rich, he clothed them in garments, far beyond their condition. The persons, thus honoured, began, in consequence,

to fancy, they were born for something. They formed plans and schemes, they had no means to execute; they laid in bed, when they ought to have been at work; they sought mistresses; borrowed money at great interest; and finished in becoming gladiators and gardener's labourers.

XII.

The 'Platonists' believed, that when the mind was engaged in contemplation, it was, for the time, detached from the body. The faculty and the habit of contemplation are, in themselves, two of the best species of wealth, that man can enjoy. What an enviable distinction it is to have a mind, superior to the bubbles of the times; and to those objects, which derive all their value from the conceit and vanity of the more frivolous portion of mankind. For my own part, I would rather—much rather,—resemble a certain citizen of Argos. This citizen, we are told, was affected with a very curious species of delusion. He would sit in his arm-chair, and fancy himself at the theatre, witnessing the performance of a tragedy. He would go through the whole piece, he had selected for the evening's entertainment, and applaud, with as much zeal and delight, those passages, that pleased him most, as if he really were hearing them recited on the stage.

What Horace desired, Helvidius has desired :

Hoc erat in votis :—modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus abi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret.

Lib. ii. sat. vi.

The example of Ofellus, with a select library, would improve the picture to the utmost of his heart's content.

——— Videas metato in agello,
Cum pecore et quatis, fortem mercede colonum.
Non ego, narrantem.

Lib. ii., sat. ii., c. 114.

When we look abroad, what do we recognize but the folly, the conceit, and the ignorance of men ! In fact men agree in nothing more intimately, than in having an exalted opinion of their own wisdom, and a sovereign contempt for all the rest of the world. When we see these instances, can we do otherwise than remember the circumstance of Chrysippus having died of laughter, at seeing an ass eat figs out of a silver dish ?

Every man, therefore, must rest upon himself. For if he were never to arrive at eminence, till he had obtained the consent,—even of his friends,—he would die upon a molehill ! For my own part

I take of worthy men whate'er they give.
Their heart I gladly take ; if not their hand.
If that, too, is withheld, a courteous word ;
Or the civility of placid looks :
And if e'en these are too great favours deem'd,
Faith—I can sit me down contentedly,
With plain and homely greeting, or, " God save ye !"

Bailey ;—De Montfort.

Happiness is like the chrysolite : It is found, for the most part, only in fragments. Content is the for-

tune of a vigorous mind; a content, arising out of tenderness and warmth of heart; elevation; sensibility to nature; and moderate means. A perennial cheerfulness is the ensign and herald of its wisdom; and it arises out of the consciousness, that the land of gold is more subject to earthquakes, than the land of iron. But of all men, who are those, that most engage his contempt?—The men, who are all ease, urbanity, and convenience to the world, and all avarice and despotism to the members of their own family.

XIII.

There is not a more beautiful word in the Italian language, than *Gentilezza*. It implies courage, generosity, elegance of sentiment, and delicacy of manners. True sensibility is reverend and imaginative. It approaches objects, it has contemplated at a distance, with timidity; and it expects to see realized all those charms, with which they were decorated by the illusion of perspective. Melancholy is it then, when, progressing through the world, it finds the charity of most men to resemble that of the panther, who signifies his clemency to the kid, by eating him up as fast as he can. Men of the world esteem every thing lost, or wasted, they do not consume themselves. Some of them, indeed, will assist you to rise; but then they imagine they can rise with you.—Another, perhaps, will prevent you from falling,—but will not assist you to rise:—a third will sit still and do neither.—He will see you pining for want; rise upon your ruin; and calmly refuse to you the use of

your own ladder :—upon the principle, that the scaffolding is not only useless, but cumbersome, when the temple is built. Such is the frequent conduct of the mere *man of the world* ! I confess that the greatest mystery, I have yet been able to discern in the works of the Deity, arises out of the reflection that, having formed man so admirable in capability, he should have left him so mean and so contemptible in his wishes.—Belisarius begged alms under his own triumphal arch ; and Bentivoglio was even refused admittance into the very hospital, that his own beneficence had built.

And yet we ought not to entertain a decidedly evil opinion of mankind. Life is like the double head of Janus ; it implies presence, prospect, and retrospect. Indeed to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow, have rightly been called the three ages of man. We must look on all sides : before, as well as behind ; above, as well as below ; to the east and the south, as well as to the north and the west.—And this, too, with a **CHEERFUL DISPOSITION**. A cheerful disposition, said Hume, is worth ten thousand a year. The man, who looks on the dark side only, is wrong : and he, who casts his eyes only upon the bright one, is wrong :—but they are not equally so. The latter misses the goal by thirty paces ; the former by fifty. But to know mankind, thoroughly, three things are absolutely necessary ; since man is so largely the mere creature of circumstances. We must have served our superiors : have lived intimately with our equals ; and have had an opportunity of commanding our inferiors. Unless we have done so, the knowledge of man, in respect

to man, is built upon sand. A man, so qualified, will probably agree with me, that life derives most of its fascinations from a wide knowledge of Nature ; from an agreeable, rather than an enlarged, knowledge of man ; from a concealment of the future ; and from a partial oblivion of the past.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Greeks were great lovers of Nature. CHIRON, whose fabulous history is the best criterion, by which may be judged the awful esteem, in which he was held, retired to a cavern at the foot of Mount Pelion, to qualify himself for the office of acting as tutor to many of the heroes, who afterwards distinguished themselves in the Trojan war. And we may judge of the impulses of PLATO by the skill, with which he adorned the academy ; and by the pictures, he has exhibited in the opening and closing of his several dialogues.

“If I had another world to stand upon,” said ARCHIMEDES, —a man of stupendous sagacity,—“I would move the globe, wherever I pleased.” Secluded in his study, he was scarcely known to the general mass of Syracusans, till the attack of Marcellus : and then he was of more use in defending the city, than the whole population united. This profound genius was accustomed to say, that, next to the solution of

¹ Vir stupendæ sagacitatis.—Wallis.

a problem, was the pleasure of an evening walk in the suburbs of Syracuse.

The Greek tragic writers, too, were decided lovers of natural beauty. The tragedy of Philoctetes amply attests the descriptive talents of SOPHOCLES;—those of EURIPIDES are displayed in almost every tragedy, he has written; and the Prometheus¹ and the Suppliants eloquently speak for the descriptive genius of ÆSCHYLUS.

There are some men, whose love of Nature leads them too far in the regions of Hypothesis; but whose very errors teach us to think. Others there are, whose disregard to every thing, unconnected with their interest, is so great, that they would esteem any one idly employed, who was investigating a plant, even on the

¹ *Prometheus.* There is in this drama a sublimity of conception, a strength, a fire, a savage dignity peculiar to this bold writer. The scenery is the greatest that the human imagination ever formed. The wild and desolate rock frowning over the sea; strength and force holding up Prometheus to its rifted side, whilst Vulcan fixes his chains; the nymphs of the ocean flying to its summit to commiserate his unhappy state; old Oceanus on his hippogriff; the appearance of Io; the descent of Mercury; the whirlwind tearing up the sands, swelling the boisterous sea, and dashing its waves to the stars; and the vollied thunders rolling their fiery rage against the rock, would require the utmost effort of Salvator Rosa's genius to represent them.

The Suppliants. The scene is near the shore, in an open grove, close to the altar, and images of the gods, presiding over the sacred games, with a view of the sea of Ægyptus on one side, and of the towers of Argos on the other; with hills and woods, and vales; a river flowing between them; all together with the persons of the drama forming a picture, that would have well employed the united pencils of Poussin and Claude Lorrain.—*Potter.*

borders of paradise. The best method of viewing Nature is to unite poetry to science; and to enlist both in the pursuit of truth; in order that both may affect the heart, and purify the mind. There is nothing so delightful in literature, says Cicero,¹ as that branch, which enables us to discern the immensity of Nature; and which, teaching us magnanimity, rescues the soul from obscurity. Thus, too, thought Mons. Nècker.—For even amid the factions of Paris² he could recur to Nature's sublimities; and in age he still retained the imagination and sensibility of youth. If men, indeed, would expel Nature even with violence,³ she would seldom fail to return.

II.

No writer, ancient or modern, has shewn a greater relish for natural beauty, than HORACE. It is indicated in almost every ode, that he has written. If he celebrate the powers of wine, the pleasure of sitting under the shade of the vine tree is remembered too. If he sing the charms of his mistress,—the rose is not more beautiful; the violet has no sweeter perfume. Does he sing of war? He forgets not to contrast its pains and its honours, with the pleasures of a smiling country, peopled with rural animals, and a rural population. Upon a couch, at Rome or at Lucretis, indulging in the joys of Bacchus, he calls to mind the season of the vintage; when grapes hang in

¹ Furcā.—Hor. Epist. x, v. 34. Dives opis Natura suæ, sat. ii, v. 74.

² Stael's Mem. p. 10.

³ Tusc. Quest. i. c. 26.

purple clusters on the vines; and when happy peasants dance, in various groups, upon the margin of a river. "With a fountain of clear water," says he, "and a shady wood, I am happier than a prince of Africa. Ah! how delighted am I, when wandering among steep rocks and woods; since the shades of forests and the murmuring of waters inspire my fancy, and will render me famous in all future ages. Sing, oh! ye virgins, the beauties of Thessalian Tempe, and the wandering isle of Delos:—celebrate, oh! ye youths, the charms of that goddess, who delights in flowing rivers and the shades of trees; who lives on the mountain of Algidus, among the impenetrable woods of Erymanthus, and on the green and fertile Cragus." And here it may not be unimportant to remark, that while Virgil is always wishing for the cool vallies of Hæmus, and other portions of Greece, Horace more frequently alludes to the climate and scenery of Italy. How happy is he at his various villas! and with what delight does he celebrate the superior advantages of a country life, in his second epode!—A poem, which forcibly recals to our recollection Virgil's Corycian Swain, and Claudian's Old Man of Verona.

III.

TIBULLUS was equally sincere in his love for the country. His elegies, which so frequently gem the eye with lustre,—the best evidence of his simplicity and pathos,—are, in consequence, frequently embellished with allusions to natural objects, and with descrip-

tions of the joy, the content, and the happiness of a country life. But it is not the poetry of Tibullus only, that recommends this amiable man, so much to our attention and applause. Few poets have had principles so fixed, and have adhered to them with such firmness and constancy, as Tibullus :—few have panegyrised so little, where flattery was so sure of reward :—and though Virgil may excel him in the grandeur of his subject, and the majesty of his numbers; though Horace bears the palm, for acute satire, sprightliness of wit, and brilliancy of intellect, I would rather wear the honours, arising from the manly politics of Tibullus, than be entitled to the most vivid laurel of the poetic wreath. Horace gives a highly agreeable picture of Tibullus,¹ and his fortunes: since he compliments him with having a fine form, wealth, and a mind to enjoy it: vigorous health, elegant thoughts, private esteem, and public admiration. Descended from an honourable branch of the Albian family, he fought the cause of the people by the side of Messala, at Philippi; and though animated with all the fervency of a grateful friendship towards that celebrated statesman, he disdained to follow his example, in paying court to the conqueror of that fatal day. Weary with a hopeless contest, and disgusted with the corruptions of the times, he retired to Pedum: there to indulge in the innocent occupations of a country life; to recruit his impaired finances; and, in the alternate amusements

¹ Lib. 1, epist. 4.

of agriculture and poetry, to soothe the disappointments of his heart;—to invoke the favours of his mistress;—and, above all, to retain, unimpaired, those high and genuine ideas of liberty, which he had imbibed in early youth, from the lessons of his preceptors, and from the splendid examples of former ages.

IV.

“If life were not too short,” says Sir William Jones, “for the complete discharge of all our respective duties, public and private, and for the acquisition of necessary knowledge in any degree of perfection, with how much pleasure and improvement might a great part of it be spent, in admiring the beauties of this wonderful orb!” This observation is in the true spirit of Plato; and, therefore, worthy the pen of a man, who, to an ardent love of philosophical truth, possessed a genius capable of enlivening jurisprudence, and of rendering poetical, even physics and geometry. Nothing can be more delightful, or more essentially profitable, than a whole life, spent in such an elegant and unsatiating employment. The objects are so numerous and diversified; their respective properties so distinct; their uses so important; and their beauties so alluring; that no one, duly initiated into their secrets, retires from her study with weariness or disgust.

CATULLUS, MARTIAL,¹ and STATIUS² were ardent ad-

¹ Epig. x. E. 51, 58. In Ep. 58, l. 3, Martial gives the first hint to modern gardeners.

² Sæpe per Autumnum, &c. Sylv. li.

mirers of Nature : equally so were Atticus,¹ Tacitus,² and Epictetus.³ CICERO, who valued himself more upon his taste for the cultivation of philosophy, than upon his talent for oratory, seems not to have felt the truth of an adage, now so common in Europe, “ that the master of many mansions has no home.” For he had no less than eighteen different residences in various parts of Italy. And though it is probable, he had not all of them at one time, but bought and sold them, as is the custom of the present day, yet it is certain that he had seven at one time. He generally speaks of them in terms of attachment : and they were all erected in such beautiful situations, that he was induced to call them “ the eyes of Italy⁴ :” as Pliny, the naturalist, calls Ephesus one of the eyes⁵ of Asia. The retreat of Tusculum was, however, his favourite residence. This spot was possessed, previous to the late tumults in Italy, by a Basilian convent of Grecian monks, called *Grotta Ferrata*;⁶ and it was the favourite amusement of the brothers of that monastery, to exhibit to enlightened travellers the remains of Cicero’s buildings, and the small aqueducts, that watered his garden. This retreat the orator embellished with every specimen of art,

¹ Cic. de Legibus, ii, n. 3.

² Nemora vero et luci tantam mihi afferunt voluptatem, &c. &c. *In dialogo.*

³ Arrian, lib. i.

⁴ Cur ocellos Italiæ, villulas meas non video.

Nat. Hist. v. c. 29.

⁶ Several houses have been, within these four years, discovered at Tusculum, by Lucien Bonaparte ; in which were found seven statues, which the Roman antiquaries valued at 22,000 rix-dollars.

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that his friend, Atticus, could purchase for him at Athens. It was the most elegant mansion of that elegant age; and the beauty of the landscapes around it, adding lustre to the building, refined the taste of its accomplished possessor.

Cicero,

—From whose lips sweet eloquence distill'd,
As honey from the bee —————

Cumberland.—Calvary.

draws a delightful picture of the almost infantine amusements of Scipio and Lælius, at Caieta and Laurentum: when, fatigued with business, and happy in being allowed the indulgence of a quiet conscience in a retired spot, they endeavoured to grow boys again in their amusements; and derived a sensible pleasure from gathering shells upon the seashore. The amusements of Cicero himself were equally indicative of an excellent heart. Balanced in his opinions by an accurate knowledge of things, he had most of the qualities of genius, without any of its eccentricities. Simplicity and dignity were united to the utmost gentleness and good-nature: and equal to the society of soldiers, statesmen, and philosophers, he danced with youth, and ran, laughed, and gambolled with infancy. One of the finest pictures, ever produced in England, is that of Wilson's¹ "Cicero at his villa." Of this great orator, there are in this country

¹ To this we may add his Storm; his Solitude; his Campania; and many views in Italy and North Wales.

two original gems, and one whole length figure. The gem, in the possession of Mr. Hope, is on beryl; that, belonging to the Earl of Besborough, on sapphire. The figure is among the Oxford marbles.

V.

PLINY, who was accustomed to say, that if a man would perpetuate his fame, he must do things worth recording, or write things worth reading, was never happier, than when he was indulging himself at his country seats;—where he found leisure to write to his friends, and to celebrate the views, which his villas afforded. “Tusculum,” says he, with honest and elegant pride, “is situated in a fine, natural amphitheatre, formed by the richest part of the Appennines, whose towering summits are crowned with oak, and broken into a variety of shapes; with springs, welling perpetually from the sides and interspersed with fields, copses, and vineyards.” “Here,” he observes in another letter, “I enjoy the most profound retirement. All is calm and composed;—circumstances which contribute no less, than its unclouded sky, to that health of body, and cheerfulness of mind, which in this place I so particularly enjoy.” “To a man of a literary turn,” says he in his twenty-fourth epistle, “a small spot of ground is amply sufficient to relieve his mind, and delight his eye. Sauntering in his small domain, he traverses his little walk with reiterated pleasure; grows familiar with his two or three

vines; and beholds his small plantations grow with satisfaction."

Pliny had several country seats on the Larian Lake; two of which he was particularly partial to. The manner, in which he spent his time at those villas,¹ he has described *con amore*, in a letter to Fuscus. And because we have but an imperfect idea of Roman villas, I would have sent you, my Lelius, a translation of the description, he has given of his villa at Laurentium, the ruins of which were discovered in 1714, had I not despaired of imitating that diligent negligence of style, which so much excited the admiration of Erasmus. In regard to epistolary writing, I am tempted, with the scholiasts, to give Cicero the preference, when the subjects are of public interest; but when they relate to private sentiments and occurrences, I think our favourite Pliny has but few competitors. Indeed, he has none!—There is an urbanity and an elegance, a devotedness of affection, and an undisguisedness of heart, irresistibly winning and agreeable: which none of the moderns have equalled, and which none of the ancients, if we except Cornelia, ever surpassed. This Cornelia was the daughter of Scipio Africanus and the mother of the Gracchi. Her letters, which were published, and in general circulation at Rome, are said to have been perfect models of epistolary writing.²

¹ He frequently styles them *meæ deliciae*: hence Voltaire borrowed the name of *delices*.

² Quint. i., c. i. Cic. de claris orat., s. 211, 104. Plin. iii., s. 14.

VI.

DIOCLETIAN, when he selected a spot for his retirement, solicitously observed, that his palace should command every beauty, which the country would admit.¹ In this retirement he first began to live; to see the beauty of the sun; and to enjoy true happiness, as Vopiscus relates, in the society of those he had known in his youth. The example of Diocletian was, long after, remembered by Charles V. of Spain; who, in imitating his Roman prototype, derived but little comparative fame, and deserved less. It was the extreme beauty of the situation of the Monastery of St. Justus, situated in the Vale of Placentia, and belonging to the order of St. Jerome, which first inspired that restless despot with an idea of quitting a world, he had governed so long and so malignantly. As he passed near that monastery, many years before his retirement, he remarked to his attendants, that it was a spot, to which Diocletian might have retired with pleasure. The remembrance of this place never deserted him: and, at length,—weary of the world, since he was unable to give effect to his projects,—he withdrew to the melancholy of a cloister²; where, in silence and solitude, he entombed his ambition; resigned his plans; and, in the hope

¹ These beauties are well described by Adams: vide *Antiquities of Diocletian's Palace at Spalatro*, p. 67. For the plan and views of the palace, temples of Jupiter and Æsculapius, with the Dalmatian coast, vide *Voyage de l'Istrie et de la Dalmatie*.

² Robertson, p. 260.

of conciliating posterity, derived some portion of consolation, for having so long agitated Europe by his projects, his devastations, and his public murders.

PHILIP V. of Spain, too, signalized his love of the beautiful and the grand, by choosing, as the place of occasional retirement, a deep and solitary wood, embosomed in vast mountains. There,—about two miles from the city of Segovia,—he erected the palace of St. Ildefonso; and so embellished the natural beauties of the place, that an enthusiastic traveller declares, that the mere sight of them were alone sufficient to recompence a journey in Spain.

Even Madame de Pompadour, Catherine of Medicis, Danton, and the cynic Dennis, were capable of receiving pleasure from the works of Nature. The first of these discordant characters, bold and voluptuous as she was, took great delight in forming the gardens and groves of Menars; which, as an instance of her peculiar friendship, she bequeathed to the Marquis of Marigny. CATHERINE OF MEDICIS, upon whose head rested many atrocious murders, prided herself upon having made the noble avenue, which still bears her name, leading to the Chateau de Blois; situated so exquisitely, as to have reminded many a traveller of the enchanted Castles of Ariosto and Boyardo. DENNIS, the sour and vindictive Dennis, a critic; powerful yet tasteless; possessing the sting of the wasp and the industry of a bee, thus describes his pleasure. "The prospects which, in Italy, pleased me most, were that of Valdarno, from the Pyrenees; that of Rome, and the Mediterranean, from the moun-

tain of Viterbo : of Rome at forty, and that of the Mediterranean at fifty miles distance from it ; and that of the campagna of Rome, from Tivoli and Frascati : from which two places you see every foot of that famous campagna, even from the bottom of Tivoli and Frascati to the foot of the mountain Viterbo : without any thing to intercept the sight. But from a hill in Sussex, Leith hill, I had a prospect more extensive, than any of these, and which surpassed them at once in rural charms, in pomp and in magnificence. When I saw that side of Leith hill, which faces the northern downs, it appeared the most beautiful prospect I had ever seen ; but after we conquered the hill itself, I saw a sight, that looked like enchantment and vision, but vision beatific." These observations derive additional interest, when we consider the source, whence they proceed ; a giant in learning ; a hornet in criticism ; and an indignant observer of the dispensations of fortune !

DANTON, the ferocious Danton,—the *Moloch of the Revolution*,—even Danton, of all his associates the most energetically depraved, when imprisoned, preparatory to his execution, amid all those oaths and ribaldries, for which he was so disgustingly remarkable, was often heard to expatiate, with all the fervour of a strong mind, on the comparative charms of a rural mode of life.

A curious exemplification of the affection of mankind for natural beauty was, also, afforded in the instance of Michael Howe, the last and most execrable of all the bush-rangers of Van Dieman's land. This man having

been transported from England was assigned to a colonist of that island as a servant. After remaining some time in this situation he fled ; and joined a party of bush-rangers. After a multitude of murders, robberies, and escapes, he was, at length, secured by stratagem. His dogs, arms, knapsack and ammunition were taken from him ; and in one of his pockets was found a small memorandum book, in which he had recorded his dreams, and a design of settling permanently in the woods. In order to make this the more practicable and agreeable, he had formed a list of plants, the seeds of which it was his intention to procure. After enumerating various fruits and vegetables, he finished with a list of the flowers he hoped to obtain. That a man, so execrable as this, should retain a taste for flowers, is a curious anomaly in the history of the human mind.

VII.

The philosophers living in the time of Philostratus, (who records the fact,¹) were accustomed to retire to the shades of Mount Athos, in order to contemplate the heavens. The Greek scholars, driven from the enchanting shores of the Bosphorus by the Turks, lamented the loss of the fine country, they were compelled to quit, next to the loss of their libraries : the Appennines could alone recompense them for the region they had left. In this love of Nature they were equalled by the friends and companions of PETRARCH. To describe the satisfaction that elegant man enjoyed

¹ In vit Apol.

in his hermitage at Vaucluse were impossible. Possessing a mental health, superior to the contagion of all bad examples, he was never truly happy, when away from it; he was never weary of celebrating its beauties; and never fatigued with describing them to his friends. Several of his sonnets close after the following manner;

My song! If any ask thee,—tell
Where now retired, I chuse to dwell.
— Say in the vale, where Sorgia springs :
That vale, which to my fancy brings
My Laura's image.—

To Vaucluse, as he informs us in a letter to the Bishop of Cavoillon, he went when a child; there he returned when he was a youth; there in manhood he passed some of the choicest years of his life; and had he been capable of reflection, at so awful and so sudden a period, he would have lamented, that he was not permitted there to close his mortal existence. Vaucluse, (*Vallis Clausa*) was a small valley, bounded by an amphitheatre of rocks, bold and romantic. The river Sorgia divided the valley. To the south was the Mediterranean; while at the feet of the rocks was an immense cavern, in which was a remarkable fountain. That Laura died unmarried is now, I should suppose, completely verified. She died in 1348, and was buried at Avignon. Her grave was opened by Francis I. of France, in which was found a box, containing a medal, and a few verses, written by Petrarch. On the medal was impressed the figure of a woman; on the reverse the letters M. L. M. J.,

signifying *Madona Laura morta jace*. The enthusiastic monarch returned every thing into the tomb, and wrote an epitaph in honour of her memory. At Hatfield House, in the county of Hertford, is a picture of this celebrated woman, on which is inscribed,

“ Laura fui, viridens Raphael fecit atque Petrarca.”

The writings of Petrarch have experienced a singular fate. While his sonnets, which are comparatively worthless, have been praised till the ear is sated of their name, his best works are seldom quoted, and still seldomer read. His treatises *de Remediis utriusq; Fortuna*; *de vera Sapientia*; and *de contemptu Mundi*, are not unworthy of being placed by the side of Boethius' Consolation of Philosophy.

VIII.

At his country seat, Borgo Taro, in the Duchy of Parma, PROSPERO, Marquis of Manara, born among temples and colonnades, wrote those pastorals and sonnets, which established for their author a celebrity nearly equal to that of any poet of his age. Upon the death of her husband, Ferdinand, Marquis of Pescara, VITTORIA COLONNA retired to the island Ischia, finely situated near the bay of Naples, and gave herself up to the sorrow, which the death of a man, so deservedly dear to her, could not fail to occasion. Her beauty and her merits attracted many wealthy and noble suitors;—but she refused them all. Captivated with the beauties of the island, she listened to the inspirations of the muse; became the

admiration of Italy ; and celebrated by all the literati of her time. In her bower, or walking on the sea-shore, she meditated most of those poems, which have entitled her to such honourable mention among the most celebrated of the Petrarchian school. There it was, she wrote her sonnets and her Canzone ; poems, which, with her Stanze, written at an earlier age, abound in lively description and natural pathos.

POLITIAN celebrated the admirable scenes of Fiesole ; and Tasso, whose celestial *tinsel* will delight an age, when the bust of Boileau will only adorn a college, was born at Sorrento, the retreat of his father, situated amid the finest scenery in all Italy. Born in such a spot, he never lost that relish of Nature, which, in many of the more unfortunate occurrences of his life, was his chief and only consolation. At the villa of Zaanga, in the neighbourhood of Bergamo, he revised his tragedy of *Torrismondo* ; and while living in the court of the Duke of Ferrara, he was never happier, than when he was invited by the Duke to his retirement, at Belriguardo, surrounded by gardens, and watered by the Po.—He sleeps now beneath the orange-tree of St. Onuphrius. To love Tasso was to love talents, honour, virtue, and genius !—Even the monks of St. Onuphrius were sensible of his merit :—they erected a monument over his ashes.—Melancholy, supremely melancholy are our reflections, when we recal to mind, that Tasso was neglected by fortune ; and that he therefore permitted his imagination to exalt her standard over the ruins of reason ! Boileau presumed to apply the

epithet *clingant* to this exquisite poet, without understanding a single word of Italian ! Time, however, in its well tempered crucible, has assayed this tinsel, and pronounced it gold !

The life of Tasso was a life of continual disappointment !

Oh heart !—It is a sad employ,
 The flowers, we dare not cull, to count ;—
 From deserts gaze at fields of joy,
 Barr'd from approach by main or mount :—
 To dream of bliss to come or past,
 Of cheerful hearths and peopled halls ;
 Then wake,—and hear the hollow blast
 Moan mournful through the ruin'd walls. *H. Neale.*

IX.

ARIOSTO, who declared, that he would not sell his liberty for the best cardinal's hat in Rome ; and who confessed to those friends, who surrounded his bed, that he left the world without reluctance, since he felt assured, that he should have the felicity of meeting many friends in the next world, whom he dearly loved in this :—Ariosto, the richly gifted Ariosto, was equally an admirer of fine landscapes. Many parts of his *Orlando Furioso*, therefore, are taken up with describing the wild and romantic scenery, in which several of the principal actions, he celebrates, were performed. In the gardens belonging to the house, which he erected for himself in the city of Ferrara, he added several cantos to his immortal poem ; and rendered into verse the comedies of the *Cassaria* and *Suppositi*.

LEO X. was exceedingly partial to country diversions and to rural scenery. His villa at Malliana, at length became so delightful to him, that he seldom quitted it for Rome, unless upon the most urgent occasions.—His return was, at all times, greeted by the peasantry of his neighbourhood, in the most enthusiastic manner.—They met him, in bodies, upon the road ; they presented him with flowers and fruits ; and were happy, beyond the common measure of felicity, when the condescending pontiff accepted any of their rustic presents. In return, he gave them more substantial benefits ; the old and the young partook alike of his bounty ; upon the damsels he bestowed portions on the day of their marriage ; and entered into conversation with his neighbours with the most fascinating condescension : esteeming, like Titus Vespasian, nothing more becoming a great and magnanimous prince, than the sending every one from his presence contented, cheerful, and happy.

CERVANTES insists that solitude, agreeable prospects, and serene weather, contribute so much to the fecundity of genius, that they will enable the most barren mind to elicit productions, worthy of captivating mankind. That STRADA was a lover of natural beauty is evident from the pleasure, with which he describes the villa of Matraria¹ ; and many of BOCCACC's eclogues,—superior to those of Mantuanus,—are not unworthy of being placed with those of Sannazarius. Of these the *Vallis Opaca*, the *Sylva Cadens*, and the

¹ Prol., lib. ii., Prol. i., also Prol. iii.

Olympia, are equal to the *Pastorum patres*, the *Galatææ*, and the *Laurea occidens* of Petrarch.¹

X.

It was in the enjoyment of Italian scenes, that CLAUDE LORRAINE first elevated his genius to the contemplation of Nature. There he caught that poetic relish for beauty, which enabled him to represent, on canvas, Nature in her most lovely and most captivating attire. And though the biographer of Metastasio has neglected to notice it, it is not to be questioned, but that the magnificent neighbourhood of Naples contributed, in no small degree, to overcome the resolution of that elegant man, when he had bade, as he thought, an eternal adieu to poetry. He had wasted his fortune at Rome, in unprofitable, yet uncriminal dissipation ; and had put himself under the care of the celebrated advocate Paglietti of Naples, with the firm resolution of resuming a profession, he had long neglected. For some time, he exercised the greatest tyranny over his own inclinations ; till, by the entreaties of the Countess of Althan, he was persuaded to write an Epithalamium on the marriage of the Marquis Pignatelli. To this succeeded the drama of Endymion, the Gardens of the Hesperides, and Angelica ;—till, captivated by this irresistible recal to poetry, and animated by the scenes, which embellish the bay of Naples, he again neglected the

¹ Dum montes, sylvasque coles, et roscida rura :
Ipse colam montes, sylvas et roscida rura.

law, and gave himself up to his favourite amusement.

DANTE!—a poet, whose *Inferno*, *Purgatory*, and *Paradise*, Schlegel supposes not only to equal, but to excel the *Eneid* in strength, truth, depth, and comprehension. Dante, assuredly, had a mind of the first order :—But to place him before Virgil, is like preferring Mount Hecla to Mount Helicon. After many years' exile from Florence, Dante was allowed to return upon condition, that he would confess himself guilty of the charge, for which he was banished ; pay a sum of money ; and ask pardon of the republic. His answer to this proposition exhibits one of the finest specimens of heroic feeling on record ; and is, moreover, well adapted to our general subject.—“ Is such an invitation,” said he,¹ “ to return to my country, glorious to Dante ; after suffering in exile almost fifteen years ? Is it thus, then, that they would recompense innocence, which all the world knows, and the labour and fatigue of unremitting study ?—Far from the man, who is familiar with philosophy, be the senseless baseness of a heart of earth, that could act like a little schiolist, and imitate the infamy of some others, by offering himself up, as it were, in chains. —No !—This is not the way, that shall lead me back to my country.—But I shall return with hasty steps ; if a way can be opened to me, that shall not derogate from the fame and honour of Dante.—But if by no

¹ For the whole of this letter in the original Latin, vide *Edinburgh Rev.* No. lx. p. 350.

such way Florence can be entered, then Florence I shall never enter.—What!—shall I not every where enjoy the sight of the sun and stars? And may I not seek and contemplate in every corner of the earth, under the canopy of heaven, consoling and delightful truth, without rendering myself inglorious; nay even infamous to the people of Florence?—Bread, I trust, will never fail me.”

XI.

PHYSICIANS are for the most part, the most elegant men of the respective countries, in which they reside: the most humane, the most liberal, and the most abounding in general science. The names of Fracastorius, Haller, Hotze, Tissot, Zimmermann, and many of my own country, sufficiently illustrate the truth of the remark. As to FRACASTORIUS,—never do I meditate on the enjoyments, he experienced at his villa, near Verona, without a transport of admiration, calm, elegant, and dignified, in the bosom of science, music, poetry, and moral philosophy, heightened as every one of them was by the active benevolence of the physician, he corresponded with many of the most celebrated characters of his age; and occasionally shared his social comforts with Navagero and Cotta, the Bishop of Verona and Cardinal Farnese.

COUNT HARRACH of Vienna, too, is an illustrious example. Born of a noble family and to a considerable fortune, he devoted no small share of his youth to the acquirement of medical science, in order to dedicate

his life to the service of mankind. After studying in many of the universities of Europe, particularly in those of Prague, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, he fixed his abode at Vienna, and devoted his whole time to the medical art, in favour of the indigent and distressed. He still lives; and entering the meanest hotel, his entire fortune is expended in relieving the sick. His love of Nature alone divides his time, without diverting his efforts from the service of the meanest and most indigent of mankind.

In England and Scotland, too, physicians have long enjoyed the reputation of being elegant and scientific, humane and conciliating.—Of these Lettsom, Fothergill, Hawes, Currie, and Drake of Hadleigh, are eminent examples.

XII.

The influence of scenery over the mind and heart of DRUMMOND of Hawthornden constituted one of the principal charms of his life, after the death of the accomplished Miss Cunningham. His retiring to Hawthornden was the beginning of his happiness. For wildness and beauty Hawthornden is surpassed by few scenes in Scotland. There, in the middle period of his life, Drummond tasted those hours of enjoyment, which were denied to his youth. Thither Jonson travelled to enjoy the pleasures of his conversation; and there he pursued, with attention, the best Greek, Roman, and Italian authors; charmed away the hours in playing favourite Italian and Scottish airs upon his lute; and devoted many a peaceful hour

to the fascinating game, or rather science, of chess.¹ The loss of Miss Cunningham increased, in his youth, that habitual melancholy, to which he was constitutionally disposed; and gave birth to many of those sonnets, the sweetness and tenderness of which, possessing all the doric delicacies of *Comus*, for mellowness of feeling and tender elevation of sentiment, may vie with some of the best Grecian epigrams. How beautiful is the sonnet to spring, so well imitated from a passage in Guarini's *Pastor Fido*! while the passage of Guarini is admirably imitated and improved by Lord Lyttleton, in his *ode on the Approach of Spring*; which, in melancholy moments, my *Lefkas*, you have so often sung, in concert with *Colonna*, while *Hortensia* has tuned it on her harp to a charming French air, composed by the elegant and amiable *La Fontaine*.

MILTON, alive to every feeling of nature and the muse, honoured Guarini, by adapting his idea to the circumstance of his own misfortune; a passage, which feelingly expresses his regret, that he could no longer enjoy the smiles and graces of all bounteous nature.

————— Thus with the year,
Seasons return, but not to me return
Day or the sweet approach of *éven* or morn;
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

Paradise Lost, book iv.:

¹ In corroboration of the antiquity of this game, we may refer to the extraordinary circumstance, that in some of the tumuli of Tartary, have been found "all sorts of vessels, urns, ornaments, scymetars, daggers, metal, and chess men and boards of solid gold." *Strahlenberg*, p. 364.

Milton is supposed to have imbibed many of his ideas, respecting landscape, from Tasso, Spenser, Ariosto, and Italian romances.¹ But a poet, accustomed to the environs of Ludlow, could want no adventitious aids to form a taste naturally elegant and refined. Nature alone was Milton's book! The passage from Gredignus,² quoted by Mason, had probably never been seen by Milton; or if it had, what does it whisper to the imagination more than Milton had an opportunity of witnessing, every day, during his residence in Ludlow castle? After reading Comus, and the pictures in *Paradise Lost*, how astonishing is the assertion of Johnson, that Milton viewed Nature merely through "the spectacle of books!" And equally our wonder and indignation excited, when we read the passage, where he says, that Comus is "inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive." Mistaking allusion for description, this great moralist imagines Milton to call in learning as a principal, when he calls it in only as an auxiliary. Equally astonishing is the extreme apathy, I had almost said disgust, with which Johnson viewed the productions of the descriptive poets, and even the fairy landscapes of Nature herself. When in Scotland, he confessed that he had observed no scene so agreeable to his

¹ "I will tell you," says he in his apology for Smectymnus, "whither my young feet wandered. I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of chivalry." *Prose Works*, vol. i, p. 224.

² *De Abassinorum Rebus*, lib. i, c. 8.

imagination, as Fleet Street: in criticising Lord Lyttleton's poems, he observes of his "Progress of Love," that it is, "sufficient blame to say, it is pastoral;" forgetting that he had himself written the thirty-sixth number of the Rambler. He condemns Dyer's Fleece; —one of the noblest descriptive poems in our language! Of Phillips's Cyder, he adopts Cicero's tasteless opinion of Lucretius; "that it is written with much art, but with few blazes of genius." Of Somerville's Chase, he observes that "praise cannot totally be denied." Johnson appears, indeed, to have waged war against almost every poet,

Who walk'd at large amid the fairy scenes
Of unschooled Nature.

XIII.

"Strange is it," says Beattie, "to observe the callousness of some men; before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass, in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance." Thus the *Cingalese*, though in possession of flowers of the finest colour and most fragrant odour, never cultivate any of them. The *Kamtschadcadales* often reproach their deities for making their country so steep with hills, and so deformed with rapid rivers: and the *Mongols* being asked, why they did not cultivate their herbs and

:"The Giant's Causeway," said this great writer of moral essays, "may be worth seeing; but I contend, that it is not worth going to see."

vegetables, replied, that herbs were made for beasts, and beasts for men!¹

But Milton—how happy he was at those moments, which he was permitted, in early youth, to devote to the pleasures of rural contemplation, we may sufficiently perceive from the manner, in which he expresses his gratitude to his father, for having granted those pure and innocent indulgencies.

Nec raris ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures ;
Sed magis, &c. &c.

Ad. Patrem.

Nor did you force me, mid the bar's hoarse throng,
To gather riches from a nation's wrong.
To higher hopes you bade me lift my mind,
And leave the town and civic din behind ;
Mid sweet retreats, where streams Aonian glide,
You placed me happy by Apollo's side.

He resumes the melancholy subject of his blindness, in his fine tragedy of *Samson Agonistes* ; where he pathetically laments, in the person of Samson, the cheerless and dreary void, left in his heart, by being debarred the common pleasures of a fine day, or the milder influence of a lunar sky. Ossian too,—that sublime and pathetic poet!—participating in the

¹ Rousseau said of the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud, “ the natives and the country are not made for each other ! ” The same may be said of Wales, of Italy, and of all other fine countries. Men of all orders and climates can derive satisfaction from eating, drinking, talking, and endeavouring to get money : but to enjoy Nature !—It is a puerile species of freemasonry to nine-tenths of the world.

same calamity, with genuine feeling pours out, in the richest strain of poetry, the tender sorrow of his heart.

XIV.

The celebrated **BURNLEY**, Bishop of Cloyne,¹ often declared, that the happiest summer, he ever enjoyed, was in the small island of Inarime, near Naples; which he called the epitome of the earth. And what enthusiast of our nation is ignorant of the beauties, elegancies and virtues, that adorned the best and most lovely woman of her age? Your imagination, my Lelius, immediately wafts you to the tomb of **ELIZABETH ROWE**! A woman, who imparted a perfume even to the graces; and with whom to compare even *Harmonica* herself were the highest measure of panegyric. There was scarcely a flower, an insect, or a bird, that grew, crept, or sung in her garden, which did not administer to her happiness. No one passes her tomb without a look of affection.

Where can we read of a nobler character, than that pride of his country and ornament of his age, **SIR PHILIP SIDNEY**? In that "warbler of poësis

¹ Berkely's System of Philosophy seems to have been derived from the east. The Soofees of Caubul* believe the entire animate, as well as inanimate creation, to be one vast system of Illusion: grounding their arguments on the belief, that the great power only exists; and that all which is seen, let bodies appear in what shape they may, are so many modifications of form, in which the Deity is pleased to exhibit itself.

* Elphinstone, p. 207, &c.

prose," were combined every quality, which could adorn the soldier, and all the virtues, which could elevate a man. No one so high, who did not consider himself honoured by his friendship; no one so low, to whom he was uncourteous, or to whom he did not consider it a duty to afford every benevolence in his power. He ennobled even the military art! The boast of the soldiery, and the idol of the women; he was the encourager of every science. And though his *Arcadia* is deformed with Italian conceits, and puerile descriptions, yet many are the passages, in which he has indicated an ardent love of the sublime in sentiment, and of the beautiful in landscape.

A greater lover of Nature never lived than *Bacon*. When he read, he had music in the next room; flowers and sweet herbs stood upon his table; and when he was caught in the rain, he would take off his hat, let the drops fall over his head, and exclaim that he felt, as if the spirit of the universe were upon him.

Lord Littleton forgot the statesman in the bowers of *Hagley*: *Chillingworth* loved to meditate under the shades of *Oxford*: and *Akenside* possessed an enthusiastic love of Nature; as his poem on the Pleasures of Imagination sufficiently demonstrates.—“Often,” says he, in his *Hymn to the Naiads*, “often did the Muses reveal to me their secrets;

“ ——— Oft at noon

Or hour of sun-set, by some lonely stream,
In field or shady grove, they taught me words
From power of death, and envy, to preserve
The good man's name.”

XV.

GOLDSMITH, who bore the same resemblance to Rousseau, that Rousseau bore to Tasso, was so eager to behold whatever was worthy of admiration in Europe, that, almost without money, he travelled over a large portion of France, Switzerland and Germany on foot; and gained a subsistence, as he went along, by playing on the flute to the peasants, to whom his good-nature endeared him; and to the monasteries, to which he recommended himself, by the vivacity and versatility of his genius. Had Goldsmith written an account of the scenes he saw, and the adventures he met with, it would have been one of the most entertaining of all books of travel. To the simplicity of Rousseau, and the elegance of Albani, would perhaps have been joined the spirit and enthusiasm of Dupaty.

ARMSTRONG has signalized his love of Nature in many a beautiful passage: and SMOLLET, whose genius was more adapted to the ludicrous, than to the elegant departments of literature,—even Smollet, as we may learn from a fine passage in his *Ode to Independence*, had a taste for rural contemplations :

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And health and peace, and contemplation dwell.

JOHNSON, too, though he wages war against all the pastoral, and some of the best descriptive poets, has yet left, in his odes and poems, something to the honour

of natural taste and beauty. Those to the Isle of Sky have passages, indicating, that peace and happiness might be enjoyed among rocks and mountains; and that the shores of the Highlands were worthy even of returning echoes to the name of Thrale.

No one was a more ardent admirer of the bolder features of landscape than BEATTIE. His Hermit, his Retirement and his Minstrel, would have immortalized his name, even if he had never written his Essay on Poetry and Music. The following passage is a gem, extracted from a jewelled casket.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which Nature to her vot'ry yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields;
All, that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven;
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

Minstrel.

XVI.

The love of Nature is indeed instinctive in all elegant minds. It begins in youth, and continues through manhood, even up to age. This passion,—unfortunate that it should be so!—was one of the many causes, that ruined one of Nature's worthiest sons. Who, that has beheld Piercefield, does not heave a sigh at the mention of VALENTINE MORRIS? Who that sits beneath his beach-trees; stands on his precipices; looks down his lover's leap; surveys his

grotto, his alcove and his giant's cave, does not shed a tear to the memory of Valentine Morris? Noble, liberal, and high-minded; hospitable, elegant, and munificent; above all, an enthusiastic admirer of Nature's nobler features, this accomplished man first displayed those unrivalled beauties to the eye of taste. With a discriminative hand, he uplifted, as it were, the veil from the bosom of Nature, without discovering the hand that lifted it. Embarrassed in these attempts to improve his domain; his hospitalities knowing no bounds; his ambition of representing the county of Monmouth in parliament ungratified; and oppressed by some unforeseen contingencies; he was under the melancholy necessity of parting with his estate, at the time in which he was appointed governor of the Island of St. Vincent. Before he quitted England, he visited Piercefield, in order to take his last farewell of its transcendant beauties. Upon his arrival, the poor, who loved him as a father, crowded round; the men with looks of sorrow; the women and children with sighs and tears. While this melancholy scene was passing: and while some of the poor went down upon their knees to implore blessings upon him, Morris stood unmoved: not a sigh, nor a tear escaped him. When, however, he crossed Chepstow Bridge, and took a last view of the castle, which, standing on the edge of a high perpendicular rock, overlooks the Wye, and heard the sounds of the muffled bells, which announced his departure, he could no longer support the firmness of his character; but leaned back in his carriage, and wept like an

infant.¹ In the Isle of St. Vincent, he improved the state of the colony, and raised works for its defence : but the island fell into the hands of the French ; and Government refused to reimburse the governor ! Thus sinned against, he was thrown into the King's Bench prison by his creditors, on his return to England ; and, during the space of seven years, endured all the hardships of extreme poverty. Thus reduced, his wife, who was niece to Lord Peterborough, and who had sold her clothes to purchase her husband bread, became insane ! After enduring these multiplied calamities, for the space of seven years, he was at length released ; and, after long years of suffering, died in comparative ease and comfort, at the house of a relative in Bloomsbury Square.

XVII.

The late unfortunate COLLINS, gifted with an amiable disposition and a powerful imagination, and therefore little qualified to play the cunning game of life, was peculiarly susceptible of the grand and the beautiful. His ode to Liberty testifies his love of freedom ; his ode to Evening, the delicacy of his feelings, and the elegance of his taste ; and how desirous he was of beholding the scenery of Scotland, the following stanza will sufficiently demonstrate :—

All hail, ye scenes, that o'er my soul prevail !
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by smooth Annan fill'd, or pastoral Tay,
Or Don's romantic springs, at distance, hail !

¹ Archdeacon Coxe's Hist. of Monmouthshire.

The time may come, when I, perhaps, may tread
 Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom;
 Or o'er your stretching heaths, by fancy led,
 Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom.
 Then will I dress, once more, the faded bower,
 Where Jonson sat in Drummend's classic shade;
 Or cull from Teviot dale each lyric flower,
 Or mourn, on Yarrow's banks, the widow'd maid!

Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands, st. xiii.

The pleasure, which GRAY, whose poems exhibit a brilliant cento of polished diamonds, derived from the productions of Nature in general, may be observed in many passages of his poetical works; and more particularly in his letters, describing the scenery around the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. This, of all our English poets, my Lelius, is the one, who, in common with Pliny,¹ Quintilian, and Virgil, has been reproached for solicitude in correction. As this is no common foible; let it pass. Those who reproached them, are scarcely known, even by name; while those, who were censured, claim the highest niches in the temple of Fame:—Virgil and Gray as poets; Pliny as a naturalist; and Quintilian as a critic.

The enjoyment, which Gray received from wandering beneath the shades of Cambridge, and on the banks of its classic river, we may conceive from the following passage in his ode to Music.

¹ And yet Pliny himself censures this solicitude in *Prologus*: xxxv. c. 10. And Cicero blames it in an orator. *De Orat.* 73.

Ye brown o'er-arching groves !
That Contemplation loves !
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight ;
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn ;
Oft would the gleam of Cynthia's silver bright,
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,
With Freedom by my side and soft-eyed Melancholy.

Ode to Music, st. III.

PORTEUS, the late bishop of London, was a lover of the more tranquil style of scenery; and being, in the earlier part of his life, presented to the rectory of Hunton by the excellent Archbishop Secker, he embellished his parsonage with all the elegance of a refined taste. To this spot he was devotedly attached; and even continued to reside there, for some months in the year, after his promotion to the bishoprick of Chester. Never was there a better man than Dr. Porteus! And, for the honour of the age in which he lived, let him ever be distinguished by the title of the "*good Bishop of London*." To him are the slaves of Africa, in a great degree, indebted for the abolition of that monstrous traffic, which continued so long a disgrace to this happy country. He assisted in the formation of a society for their conversion to the Christian faith; he was a warm encourager of Sunday schools; and an early patronizer of the British system of public education. As a master, he was so kind and indulgent, that his servants shed tears over his grave;—as a friend, he was ardent and sincere;—as a preacher, so admirable in delivery; in language so elegant; in argu-

ment so striking ; that a whole court hung with holiest rapture on his lips. And never, in the history of polished society, was a more admiring audience assembled, than at the lectures, which at the advanced age of sixty-seven, he delivered from the pulpit of St. James's church in the city of Westminster. Only one spot rests upon the memory of Porteus, Bishop of London ! It is the following passage in his poem on Death :—

—————War its thousands slays :
Peace its ten thousands !—————

To confound *peace* with *luxury* argues little of logic ; and places a sword in the hands of the *hero*, which that most excellent bishop could never have intended.

XVIII.

France has produced many genuine lovers of Nature ; among whom not the least distinguished are Rousseau and St. Pierre.¹ Fenelon, too, the amiable and illustrious Fenelon, the tutor of princes, and the

¹ St. Pierre, it must be confessed, was, in many instances, a visionary ; but he was a beautiful writer : and what his editor, Mons. Louis Aimé-Martin, says of him is true to the very letter. " Buffon," says he, " has been called the painter of Nature ; but St. Pierre has a title to be accounted her most ardent admirer. He dwells on her charms with unceasing transport, and no one is more successful in inspiring others with a kindred feeling. His pages are full of life and eloquence, because he felt himself what he told to others. Like Armida, he may be said to have constructed an enchanted palace, in which the spectator forgets, for a season, the foibles, the passions, and the vexations of his species."

shepherd of a flock, was a strict observer, and a beautiful describer of Nature, in all her serenity and elegance. How often has this archiepiscopal patron of those, doomed to blush at the severity of their wants, sat on the grass, with a group of villagers sitting around him. Realizing in his practice the scenes of Elysium, which he had described with all the grace and tranquillity of a pure mind, in his *Adventures of Telemachus*. In an age like this, how delightful is it to pause upon the memory of so wise and excellent a man ;—to meditate on the purity of his affections, the gentleness of his manners, and the nobility of his sentiments ;—the richness of his imagination, and the refinement of his sensibility. Breathing love and friendship round his palace, and benevolence to the whole circle of the world ;—penetrating and conciliating every heart ; we become enamoured of himself, as well as of his genius. He inspires us with a love of peace ; he delights our imagination ; satisfies our judgment : and, modulating our feelings, he consoles us in the midst of affliction, and we imbibe, for a time, no small share of his irreproachable purity and exquisite spirituality of character.

BURNS is said to have written most of his poems in the open air ; and many were composed upon the banks of the Nith, and near the ruins of Lincluden Abbey. WHITE of Nottingham !—His taste may be estimated by the following lines :—

Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild ;
Where far from cities I may spend my days
And by the beauties of the scene beguil'd,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.

While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
 List to the mountain torrent's distant noise,
 Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note :
 I shall not want the world's delusive joys.

But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
 Shall think my lot complete ; nor long for more ;
 And when, with time, shall wane my vital fire,
 I'll make my tomb upon the desert shore ;
 And lay me down to rest, where the sad wave
 Shall make sweet music o'er my lowly grave.

Many critics are there in Oxford, in Leyden, and at Gottingen, who would smile with contempt upon this humble sonnet : for my own part, I think it superior not only to any sonnet in Petrarch, but equal to any epigram in the Greek Anthology.

Cranch, who accompanied the expedition to the Congo, commanded by Captain Tuckey,¹ was such an active admirer of natural productions, that in search of a new object he would climb the most rugged precipices, and be lowered from high cliffs by peasants. He would explore the muddiest rivers ; into which he would wade even up to his arms ; and not unfrequently would he venture out to sea alone in a fisherman's boat to pick up insects or small shells off weeds, along the coast of Devonshire. At night he drew his boat on shore, and slept in it :

Far remov'd from civic splendour,
 Fate had fixed his niggard lot ;
 Comforts few, finances slender,
 Care still hovering near his cot.

¹ Introduct. to the Account of the Congo Expedition, 4to. p. 76.

Cold and bleak his humble dwelling,
Hid behind the heath-clad hill,
Wintry blasts its roofs assailing ;
Yet he seemed contented still.
Round him see the rugged mountains,
Rudely rise from Nature's hand ;
Roughly form the gushing fountains,
But they waste no *golden sand*.
Though he saw in fertile valleys,
Pomp and wealth indulge their fill ;
He could pass the proud man's palace,
Smile—and be contented still.

This humble lover of the beautiful died, at the age of thirty-four, in Captain Tuckey's expedition to discover the source of the Congo and the confluence of the Niger.

BOOK IX.

CHAPTER I.

To the memory of Milton and Shakespeare our friend, Philotes, has erected monuments in one of the most retired recesses of a glen, as well as to the virtues of Epaminondas and Washington;—the glories of the ancient and the modern world; and a parallel between whom were even worthy the pen of Plutarch. The monument in honour of the two poets is surmounted by two alabaster vases:—that to the memory of the statesmen consists of a small pillar of white marble, standing on a pedestal of black granite. On the east side of this column is simply inscribed the name of the Grecian hero; on the west, that of the American. Round the pedestal is written, “THE BEST OF MEN MAN HAS DECLARED THEM;—THE BETTER OF THE TWO LET HEAVEN DECIDE.” Some little way farther on, is a tablet, commemorating the friendships of Tacitus and Pliny; Ovid and Propertius; Rucella and Trissino; Plutarch and Colonna; Sannazaro and Pietro Bembo; Boileau and Racine; Dyson and Akenside.

A temple, erected on a small mountain, which overlooks the vale, and which can be seen from the summits of all the larger ones, has been dedicated to

Liberty. In the niches are the busts of Alfred, Edgar, and Howel-Dha; Hampden and Sidney; Somers and Camden; Wallace and Chatham.

— Names, grateful to the patriot's ear;
Which British sons delight to hear:
Names, which the brave will long revere
 Wi' valour's high!
Dear to the Muse! but doubly dear
 To Liberty!

The names of a few others are inscribed on the ceiling. They are not numerous; for Philotes has long doubted the evidence of historians; and has learnt the necessary art of distinguishing between patriots and demagogues. In the library are suspended portraits of our best historians and philosophers:—Bede, the father of English history; Robertson, the Livy of Scotland; Gibbon, who traced the decline and fall not only of an empire, but of philosophy and taste; and Roscoe, who illumines the annals of mankind by a history of the restoration of literature and the arts. There, also, are the busts of Locke, Bacon, Boyle, and Paley. In the saloon hang, as large as life, whole length portraits of Gainsborough, and Wright of Derby; Sir Joshua Reynolds and Barry; Fuseli and West. In the cloisters, which lead to the chapel, are small marble monuments, commemorating the virtues of Tillotson, Sherlocke and Hoadley; Blair, Lowth, and Porteus; men who, in a peculiar degree, possessed
 That golden key,
 Which opens the palace of Eternity.
Near the fountain, which waters the garden, stands

the statue of Hygeia ; holding in her hand a tablet, on which are inscribed the names of Harvey, Sydenham, and Hunter. Health, in the character of a Fawn, supports the bust of Armstrong.

On the obelisk, at the farther end of the shrubbery, hang two medallions ; one of Nelson, the other of Moore. These are the only warriors, to whom Philotes has been anxious to pay the homage of admiration and gratitude.

A column, erected on the highest peak of the mountains, celebrates the virtues and genius of Newton and Halley, Ferguson and Herschell. Embosomed in trees, through which are formed four shady vistas, exhibiting so many resemblances of fretted aisles, stands a temple of Gothic architecture. Eolian harps, concealed among mosses and lilies of the valley, decorate the windows ; near which stand the statues of Haydn and Handel, Pleyel and Mozart. Paintings by some of our best modern artists cover the walls and ceilings of the temple. The subjects of these pictures are represented, as indulging in various amusements. Taliesin is listening to the sounds of his own harp ; Chaucer is occupied in writing his *Romanes of the Rose* ; Spenser is reading the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto ; Shakespeare is dipping his pen in the overflowings of a human heart ; and Milton appears wrapt in silent ecstasy, contemplating with awful devotion the opening of a cloud, which progressively unfolds to his astonished eye the wonders of the *Empyrean*. Otway is represented, as melting into tears, at the sorrows of his

own Monimia; Pope is receiving a crown of laurel from his master, Homer; Akenside is refreshing his intellectual thirst, at the fountain of the Naiads; Thomson and Dyer, Beattie and Macpherson, are standing in view of the four vistas, appearing to contemplate the beauties of the surrounding scenery; while Burns is wandering among his native mountains, and making their vast solitudes resound with the name of liberty. Leaving this temple, we walk to the farther end of the western vista; where we come to an Alpine bridge: and, after making a few turns, we arrive unexpectedly at a small lake, shaded by trees of every description; at the north end of which, we observe a portico of the Tuscan order.

On approaching it, we read on the entablature the following inscription:—

ILLE POTENS QUI
LETUSQUE DEGET, CUL LICET IN DIEM
DIXISSE, VIXI.

“Ah! he is indeed happy,” has Colonna often exclaimed, as he has passed this beautiful spot;—“he is of all men happy, who has the power of saying at the close of every day, ‘I have lived.’ Neither Homer, nor Horace, nor Tasso, nor Shakespeare, have ever uttered a greater truth than this!”

In an alcove, immediately behind this portico, stands a statue, leaning over a circular marble basin. The statue is that of a female, in whose countenance we immediately recognize the nymph of the FOUNTAIN OF TEARS. At the foot of the pedestal is in-

scribed an elegant Alcaic fragment from the pen of Gray:—

O Lachrymarum Fons!—tener sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo; quatuor
 Felix!—in limbo qui scateant
 Pectore, te, Pia Nympha!—sensit:

CHAPTER II.

FROM the splendid domain of Philotes, permit me to invite you, my Lelius, to a description of a small cottage, in which Colonna passed the summer of 1814. It stood in a garden with a small lawn before it, at one end of a village; of which was retired and well-wooded. The porch was covered with honeysuckles.—A grape vine and a pear-tree lined one wing; a peach and a nectarine-tree the other. The garden was an union of the flower, vegetable, and fruit garden. Before the lawn was a meadow of about two or three acres. At the bottom of this meadow ran a small rivulet. On the other side were several gardens belonging to the villagers. Beyond these a mossy terrace led to the banks of the river, which was about half a mile wide. Over this noble river rose a line of small hills, at the feet of which stood the village, Parsonage House, and church of St. Ismaels. On the right three green fields rising above each other, and studded, as it were, with cows and sheep, terminated at the upper end in a wood, the green of which was variously tinted.

Upon an eminence overlooking the whole were the ruins of an old castle, formed in the style of those, described in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*:—Beneath which the river entered the great bay. In the perspective was seen rising over the waters, a rock, in which was a perforation, through which the sea rushed at half tide, and sometimes caused a repercussion, which shook their cottage to the foundation, though at sixteen or eighteen miles distance! In the river were frequently seen those curious boats, called in the language of the country, "*Coracles*:" formed of wicker and lined with skins; and which the fishermen carry on their backs, on their return from fishing, and lay them in the sun near their cottage.

1 From Cwrwgl:—In Irish "*Curach*."—The Greenland boats are also made with laths, tied together with whalebone, and covered with seal-skins.—In these slender vehicles they are said to be able to row upwards of sixty miles a-day; and the tops being covered with skins, they resist the fury of every storm. For when a wave upsets them, the boat rises again to the surface of the water, and regains its equilibrium.—When Frobisher first saw them in 1576, he took them for seals or porpoises. In the voyages of the two Zenos, they are compared to weavers' shuttles. They are used, also, in the islands of the North Asian Archipelago; where the Russians call them *Baidars*;* and are found to be of such practical use, that Lieut. Kotzebue, in his expedition to Baffin's Bay, and thence along the American coast of the Frozen Sea, took with him boats of a similar construction, in order to ford any rivers, that might obstruct his journey. Similar boats are used by the Samoides of Nova Zembla. They are also used in Labrador, Hudson's Bay, and Norton Sound.—They glide with almost inconceivable swiftness. The Arctic Highlanders of Baffin's Bay, however, have no method of navigating the water.—They never even heard of a canoe.

* Stahlin, p. 25.

doors, till the next voyage. These Coracles, which are also used in the Conway and other rivers in North and South Wales, are of great antiquity. The Ethiopians¹ were accustomed to form boats of bulrushes:—and it was probably something of this kind, that the mother of Moses constructed, when she laid him among the bulrushes.² Herodotus says, “of all that I saw, next to Babylon itself, what appeared to me the greatest curiosity were the boats. They are constructed in Armenia; where they are formed of willow, over which are placed skins. When the owners of them reach Babylon, they dispose of their merchandize, sell the ribs of their boats, and placing the skins over their mules, return with them into Armenia to employ them again in the same manner.”

These boats are now used in Thibet, and in many parts of Siberia. They were used, according to Lucan, on the Eridanus; on the Durance in Gaul³; and near Memphis in Egypt. The Britons frequently traversed the Irish Sea with them⁴; and they were made use of by the Picts and Scots, in their frequent invasions, during the decline of the Roman power. Cesar, too, approved of them so much, that he constructed a multitude of boats, on a similar plan, in order to conduct his army over a river in Spain.

¹ Isaiah, c. xviii., v. 2.

² Exodus, c. ii., v. 3.

³ Vide an inscription at Arles.—Thicknesse, vol. ii. p. 15.

⁴ Solinus, c. 35.

II.

In this beautiful spot Colonna and his family resided many months : and there they could have terminated their lives, had not unforeseen circumstances compelled them to revisit London. It is impossible to figure to the imagination a more agreeable life, than that they led. Sometimes they sat upon the green bench to watch the rising of the moon ; to behold the belt of Orion ; or to mark the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, seen between two fragments of the neighbouring castle. Sometimes, reclined beneath an old sycamore, Colonna listened to that beautiful passage of Thomson, where he describes an evening fire-side, enlivened by the virtues of the heart, and the enjoyments of philosophy. At other times they ate peaches in the bower they had formed, as a reward for their labour in the garden ; listening at intervals to the wind, that echoed the murmur of the sea.

One evening they paid a friendly visit to Ariosto. They surprised him in his orchard, leaning upon his hoe, under the shade of one of his apple-trees ; and looking towards those mountains which, rising over a country, wild, romantic and beautiful,—and to him endeared by so many early associations,—dissolved him, as Colonna saw by his manner, in all the soft luxury of melancholy enjoyment. How placid ! How dignified ! The sun, setting in the bosom of the Atlantic, imparted a solemn tinge of purple to the aerial perspective, which stood, as it were, “ centinel to Fairy land.” Soon after the greeting, the conversation turned upon the state of mind, in which death is viewed with least reluctance. “ Never,” said Ariosto,

“ have I felt so truly satisfied to die in adversity, as I have done in the hour of happiness ! And the reason I conceive to be this :—that, in the former state, we do not so readily recognize the goodness of a Creator, as in the latter ; and therefore I have felt inclined more to doubt of his justice in the other world, since we do not find it in this.—Such is the imperfection of human opinions !”

Ariosto was of that order of human beings, who, rising superior to fortune, exacts homage even from the proud ; before whom the shafts of envy fell blunted almost before they reached him ; and, best seen by his own lustre, he was always ready to assert the truth of Socrates,—that wisdom and virtue are the only immortality of all our possessions.

One day they made an excursion upon the waters of the bay. Keeping under the rocks, they had all the benefit of the sun, with the additional pleasure of having lichens and other plants to look upon. They dined in a large cavern ;—a fit receptacle for the Nereids. For at the entrance a small cascade fell upon the edge of a rock, which, dividing the rays of light, formed part of a semicircular rainbow. As they returned along the beach, a dark cloud glided up the eastern part of the hill.—There it rested for some time. Soon its edges became fringed with a light yellow from north to south : all beyond being of a deep blue. Then the cloud sunk a little behind the summit, and a star darted into existence, as it were, in a moment.. It was Jupiter !—rising in conjunction, and as a harbinger to the moon. At length the moon herself appeared, throwing a light so mild

and radiant, that even the woods and rocks were softened into elegance.

A few evenings after this, the happy party walked upon the rocks, which shadowed the bay. The winds had long ceased to roar; but the waves had not ceased to swell; and a more magnificent sight they had seldom witnessed. Well calculated for the exercise of the genius of Lucretius and Hobbitina, it gave them an awful idea of infinite power, and of an eternity of past and future duration. The waves, in their anger, sometimes covered them with their spray, and then subsided among the crevices of the rocks, like oil. How little, at that moment, appeared all the triumphs of the greatest warriors!—And how dreadful the desolations, they have, in all ages, occasioned!—A desolation similar to that, of which Florus speaks, when, having informed us, that the towns of the Samaritans were destroyed, he adds, that “it were impossible to recognize sufficient materials for more than four and twenty triumphs.”

The storm, after a while, resumed its fury; and they sate a long time under the shelter of a jutting crag, deriving a pensive satisfaction in witnessing the fury, with which the waves dashed beneath their feet. Ah!—you, that bathe in all the vile luxury of a worthless circle,—little do ye think, how many instructive and delightful hours, ye lose; and how many a pang, ye are laying up in lavender, for age to feast upon! When, by a little exercise of the mind, and with a little indulgence of the heart, ye might, in scenes like these, acquire the conviction, that if allurements have their temporary pleasures yet Nature strikes with a

solemnity and a sublimity, far more touching to the heart, and far more grateful to the soul.

During their residence in this village, they received three curious and agreeable presents. The first consisted of a few bunches of grapes, in a Sumatra bowl, concealed by wreaths of flowers, consisting of roses, jessamines and carnations. The second was a dried evening-flower of the Cape.—This flower, when in its natural state, remains in its calyx all the day invisible : in the evening it expands its corolla, and sheds a delightful perfume, till the rising of the sun. For this reason they gave it the name of “ the Nightingale flower.”

The last present charmed them more than any, they had yet received.—It consisted of three folio volumes, containing about three hundred coloured sketches of Swiss and Savoyard landscapes ; extending into the country of the Grisons, Piedmont and the Tyrol. It was a cold winter's day, when they received it ; and, seated by a cheerful fire, they wandered at ease during the whole evening, up the enormous sides of Mount Blanc and Mount St. Gothard. At other times, on the ridge of Jura, on the top of Titlis, and on the mountains of Appenzel. Now they traversed the banks of the Aar ; visited the sources of the Adda, the Reuss, and the Tessino ; and beheld with astonishment the cataracts of Dorfbach, Stubbach, and the Laufenburgh. Seated on a sofa,—with little Claudia sleeping beside them,—they visited the sources of the Rhine and the Rhone ; the vallies of Engadina, Delmont, Glarus and Luvina. Then the haunts of the chamois, and the bouguetin ; the abbeys of St. Gall, Enistdlin and

Engelberg; the bridges of Rapperschyl and Schaufhausen; the convent of St. Lucius; the torrent of Maira, and the celebrated heights of Morgarten. Then they visited the hermitages of Neuneok and St. Nicholas; the Julian columns, the colossal statue of St. Dominic in the heart of Mount Pilate; the cascades of Alpback and Miback, and the birthplace of the illustrious Erasmus.

The wind rising into a storm, Colonna left these stupendous scenes, in order to look out. The night was dark, and the snow fell;—all was cheerless! He returned to his social fire, and, with redoubled appetite, sat down: and opening the last volume, they amused, with renovated eagerness, on the rocks of Meillerie, the village of Clarens, the town of Vevay, and the beautiful environs of Lausanne. Then they paused over the glowing landscapes of the Pays du Vaud, the lake of Geneva, and those of Constance, Uri, and Yverdun; Thun, Lucerne, Zurich, and Neufchatel. It was, indeed, an evening of delight, on which their imaginations ever love to dwell upon!

III.

The country, in which Colonna and his family were residing, bore no little resemblance to the milder scenes of Switzerland. There is, in fact, many features of resemblance between Switzerland and North and South Wales: and many in decided contrast. On the coast of Carnarvon and Merioneth are seen cormorants, ring-ouzles, puffins, gulls, and penguins. These are unknown in Switzerland: but the peregrine falcon is seen there; as well as among the bays of Ormeshead, near

the mouth of the Conway. The charm of association is, also, kept alive by cuckoos, thrushes, woodlarks, blackbirds, wrens, redbreasts, and turtle-doves. In Wales, however, there are no nightingales. In the German district of the canton of Berne is seen the stag; the roebuck on the skirts of Mount Jura; and the chamois on the higher Alps, whence it gradually descends at the approach of winter; and the cries and roarings of the lynx, wolves, and brown bears, occasionally add to the savage wildness of the rocks and glens.

Near the lakes are seen the stork; the bittern, the kestrel; occasionally the wild swan: and not unfrequently the water-ouzel,—shy, silent, and solitary. The golden eagle, too, and the eagle owl; the great white pelican; the golden plover; the ptarmigan, and the snow-finch: the alpine warbler, the honey-buzzard, and the nut-breaker. Among groves, the black and green woodpecker build their nests; and in winter the wallcreeper haunts the villages. Most of these animals are unknown in Wales. But in the lakes of Zug and Neuchâtel is found the *salmo alpinus* of Llyn Peris; and in that of Geneva the *gwyniad* of Llyn Bala.

In two instances, Wales and Switzerland present remarkable contrasts. In Switzerland, lawsuits are scarcely known; and in the time of Kaims, many of the inhabitants had never heard of an advocate, nor even of an attorney. In Wales it is otherwise. For though in that country, as well as in Switzerland, travellers are safe, and bolts and bars are, for the most part, unnecessary precautions: yet the nearest of neighbours will sometimes ruin themselves, their wives,

and their children, merely from irritability, or a most extraordinary obstinacy of disposition.—Indeed, I have seen such instances, as,—speaking even philosophically,—has entirely and absolutely astonished me ! It is a species of mental and moral aberration, of which neither an Englishman, a Scotchman, or an Irishman, can have any conception without repeated personal observation. What is the result ? Law is the curse of the land ; and lawyers,—with a few insulated exceptions,—the very disgrace of the soil ! An English solicitor is a very god ; in comparison with a Welch one, who has little or no money in his pocket. This is strong language, but I appeal to all the more respectable Welch lawyers themselves, if I have not spoken the truth.—May this publicity effect some honourable change ! particularly since the people themselves are, for the most part, honest, hospitable, humane, and obliging.

The other striking point of contrast is exhibited in the penury of great men in the one country, and their abundance in the other. Howel Dha, Taliesin, Lloyd, and Inigo Jones, are almost the only men of Wales, whose fame has reached to Gloucester ; much less to London or to Paris. But Switzerland has made itself known by its writers, not only in Europe, but in almost every region of the civilized world. This may, in some degree, be attributed to the peculiarity of national language. The Welch speak a language confined to their own mountains : the Swiss, on the other hand, have no national language to boast. The books published at Geneva are written in French ; and those published at Zurich

in German. The Swiss, therefore, have all the advantages to be derived from two great literary countries; whose languages, as well as that of Italy, constitute their own.

CHAPTER III.

WITH what interest have we hung upon the lips of Philotes, when he has delineated the source of the Aar, where every object constitutes a picture; or the gigantic mountain of the Grande Chartreuse, on the top of which stands the celebrated convent of St. Bruno; near which several cascades dash to the vale, whence their echoes ascend in repeated repercussions. When he has described the lake near Naples, on the banks of which stand the Grotto del Cane, in the midst of scenery, beautiful and romantic, yet almost entirely deserted, on account of its poisonous exhalations, we have called to mind the accounts, we have received, of the deleterious exhalations of the lake Asphaltites; where Tasso places the garden of Armida,¹ and whence Dante is supposed to have conceived the idea of the bituminous lake, which he calls La Mortagora. Then we have contrasted the accounts of the same lakes by modern writers, in which its waters are described as swarming with fish; birds flying over its bosom in safety; fruits of exquisite flavour growing on its banks; and the scenery around composed of all that is awful, grand and stupendous!

¹ Jer. Del., cant. x. 62; xvi. 71.

With what earnest attention, too, have we listened to him, when he has sketched the scenery of Statenland ! where rocks, covered with eternal snow, terminate in a thousand ragged points ; or with cliffs, hanging over the sea, separated and rent in all directions. Then has he, with happy transition, wafted our imagination to the vale of Buccamet, which he has compared to the glen of Vaocluse, or to the island of Samar, where wild beehives hang from the branches of trees ; and where the atmosphere is perfumed with wild jessamine and the roses of China.

- I have frequented assemblies ; I have attended public meetings of various kinds ; I have mixed, occasionally, with men pre-eminent for wealth, station, fame and ability ;—I have listened to the most splendid and most logical orators of the age ; and I have seen the best dramas, performed by the best actors.—I have heard the finest performers exercise themselves in giving utterance to the finest of musical language ;—I have been present at most of the large public assemblages, for several years ; and a hearer of many of the most interesting and celebrated debates in both Houses of Parliament.—I have seen large fleets riding at anchor ; and have been present at reviews and mock battles, performed by ten, fifteen, and twenty thousand men. All these objects and scenes have affected me in various ways and in various degrees ; yet memory takes but small delight, in resting upon any one of them. From Nature and her varied phenomena, on the contrary, I derive enjoyment, whensoever I reflect upon them. I could dwell on them for ever ! and never do I see a

beautiful landscape, but I fix it so firmly in mind at the first glance, that I could write a description of it at any distance of time. The features of men I frequently forget; but those of the natural world never! But there are different degrees of feeling. Thus I can witness the moon rising in Hampshire; but I cannot derive the pleasure from it there, that I have enjoyed in seeing it rise over the mountains of Cader Idris, or over the valley of Llangollen! The Thames winds along villas, but it never murmurs like the Dee; nor does it roll with such force and majesty as the Severn. The ocean rages on the coast of Norfolk, Kent, Lincolnshire and Sussex, but it sleeps, even with the slumber of death, when compared with the thunder, with which its waves strike on the rocks of Denbigh, Pembroke, and Carnarvonshires! There, indeed, the sea is frequently a perfect emblem of a chaos; and yet a chaos, which acknowledges for its creator a Power, capable of lulling it to peace.

CHAPTER IV.

If from individuals we ascend to communities of men, we shall find the natural love of mankind for the pleasures of Nature still operating. It may be traced in hamlets and in villages; in towns and in cities. There is scarcely a square in any of the larger cities of Europe, that is not embellished with plots of green; with beds of flowers; with shrubberies, or

with rows of chesnut and lime trees;—forming agreeable public walks, and shady promenades. Who is there, that has not witnessed, with a correspondent pleasure, the delight, with which the city pours forth “her populous hives,” on a fine summer’s day; or on those enviable days of rest, once known to our nobility by the hallowed name of sabbath? At those times, the gravity of the Spaniard, the phlegm of a Dutchman, the formality of a Chinese, the solemnity of a German, and the melancholy of a Briton, vanish before the influence of a cheerful sun.

The observance of this sacred day was expressly commanded from Mount Sinai. It is observed by the Mahometans on the Friday; by the Jews on the Saturday; by the Christians on the Sunday: and, in Odo’s constitutions, it was directed to begin at three o’clock, on the Saturday afternoon; and to continue till break of day, on the Monday following.¹ This regulation was afterwards altered to the present mode.

The Sabbath is one of the greatest of all earthly blessings; it is the most beautiful of all the institutions of society; and that the poor may never be deprived of this inestimable indulgence is my earnest, and most fervent prayer. But, I think, I observe a disposition, in some country gentlemen, to debar them of the comforts, arising from this sacred holyday. A sabbath should be a day of mental tranquillity to the old; and of innocent hilarity to the young, after the hour of thankfulness and devotion. The rich have their parties and their amusements; they even play at games, not sanctioned by the laws; and yet would they debar

¹ Spelman.—Concil. c. 1, p. 415, 445.

the poor from meeting on the green; and from indulging in healthful and innocent exercises. Thus converting their cheerfulness into melancholy; their gaiety into hypocrisy; and their religion into fanaticism. This is the truth:—and it is curious to observe, that one of the best observances of a gloomy faith is a **CHEERFUL SABBATH**.—In this let the catholics of the Romish church be religiously imitated.

In gratifying the love of Nature in the people consisted one of the numerous merits of the celebrated Kyrle. There was scarcely a foot-path near the town of Ross, so finely situated; as it is, on a cliff above one of the noblest windings of the Wye, that was not, in some way or other, embellished by that benevolent character.

Cæsar, animated by a desire of pleasing the Roman people, bequeathed to them his gardens; a favor for which, they ever after honored his memory. In the present day, they resort in crowds to the green oaks of the Borghese villa. Anthony, in his celebrated oration over the dead body of Cæsar, expatiates upon this instance of munificence: and, as a proof of his estimation of the gift, he does not inform the populace, that Cæsar had bequeathed to them his garden, till he has said, that he had left them a legacy in money:—as if he intended, that the former should operate as a climax to his eloquence.

Anthony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted orchards,
On that side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever;—common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Julius Cæsar, act iii, sc. 3.

Upon hearing this, the people immediately resolve upon burning the houses of all the conspirators!

The Romans were accustomed to plant trees by the side of columns, and before their houses, even in the city, (which contained forty-eight thousand houses), a considerable space of which was occupied by gardens; the names of some of which have reached the eye of modern research; such as those of Sallust, Lucullus, Agrippa, Titus, Seneca, and Domitian.

If we would know a people thoroughly, we must not only sojourn in cities, and visit mansions, but wander among hamlets and villages; eat cheese with farmers, and drink water with peasants. An English cottager is, for the most part, a great admirer of Nature:—for while his wife has her geraniums in the window, the peasant has frequently his crocus, polyanthus, sweetbriars, and honeysuckle; his bow at the gate; and his bower at the farther end of the garden. If to these we add a room, frequently white-washed, walls hung with sacred pictures, ballads, and portraits of the king, queen, and royal family; we have a complete idea of a British cottage. In Glamorganshire this picture might be improved: and often among the rocks, precipices and mountains, among storms of hail, and tempests of wind, in scenes, seldom visited even by the woodman, and not by men of education for centuries, how delightful have appeared the warmth, quiet, and repose of the cottages, occasionally half hid by woodbines and eglantines, down in the vales of that beautiful county; and which when seen from the wild precipices of the distant mountains, have appeared like cottages of Arcadian land.

A love of Nature is said peculiarly to distinguish the Dooraunes. "The delight, with which they dwell," says an observing traveller, "on the moments, passed in their beautiful vallies; and the enthusiasm, with which they speak of the varieties, through which they pass, when travelling in other countries, can never, in such an unpolished people, be heard without pleasure and surprise."¹

The public walks of the Athenians were along the banks of the Cephissus and Ilyssus: while those around the city of Smyrna, whose atmosphere is frequently charged with a light vapour, tinged with crimson, and washed by the waters of one of the most beautiful bays in all the world, are represented as highly pleasant and agreeable, particularly on the west side of the Frank: where there are groves of orange and lemon trees; which, being clothed with leaves, blossoms and fruit, regale three of the senses at the same time.

The public promenade, on the banks of the Neva, at St. Petersburg is represented as being as fine as any in the world. At Berlin the squares, which are the most elegant, are those, in which are planted shrubs and trees. The entire city is surrounded by gardens; while that of Vienna, whose dirty and narrow streets inspire nothing but disgust, is encircled by a wide field, having a singular appearance; and such as no other capital can boast. Most of the genteeler sort live within the ramparts in winter, but among the suburbs in summer. The gallery

¹ Elphinstone's *Cambul.*

of this city contains upwards of thirteen hundred paintings; forty-five of which are by Rubens, and forty-nine by Titian. Why is not this gallery translated into the suburbs?

II.

Even the Dutch merchant, dull, cold, and phlegmatic, as he is, and whom no one would accuse of being feelingly alive to imaginary delights, pleases his imagination, during youth, with the hope of retiring to a villa, on the banks of a canal; and on its portico inscribing a sentence, indicative of his happiness. "Rest and pleasure;"—"shade and delight;"—"pleasure and peace;"—"rest and extensive prospect;"—"peace and leisure." These, and similar inscriptions are frequently observed on the porticos of the villas near Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Leyden.

Nothing can be more agreeable than the terrace or Belvidere of the castle of Beziers, in France; commanding, as we are told, a most enchanting prospect of the fine country, adjacent to the town, and the valley (through which runs the Orbe), rising gradually on each side, and forming an amphitheatre, enriched with fields, vineyards and olive-trees. The city of Dijon, the ancient capital of the Duke of Burgundy, has delightful walks, both within and without the town:—the streets of Dantzic are studded with trees; and the inhabitants of Bruges have planted several stately rows, even in the public market place. Most of the cities in France are embellished with public walks. Those at Toulouse, particularly the esplanade

on the banks of the Garonne, and the promenade at Aix, in Provence, called the *Ortibelle*; are represented as being exceedingly delightful. The terrace, too, at Montpellier, called *La Place de Peyron*, and the esplanade shaded by olives, are remarkably fine. The latter enjoys a noble domestic landscape; while from the former on a clear day may be seen, to the east, the Alps, forming the frontiers of Italy; to the west, the Pyrenees; to the south, the magnificent waters of the Mediterranean sea!—But of all the public walks in Europe, the Marina of Palermo is said to possess the greatest advantages: the Parks of Westminster, the Elysian Fields of Paris, and the Prado at Madrid, having, we are told by the Abbate Balsamo, nothing to compare with it. The cities of Sucheu and Hang-cheu, in China, too, are said to have so many public walks, that the Chinese believe them to be upon earth,¹ what the heavens are above.

III.

In England many are the towns and cities, which boast of agreeable walks and promenades. At Oxford, Cambridge, Hereford, Worcester, Ludlow, Shrewsbury, Southampton, Carmarthen, and at Brecon, we have witnessed them. Among the last Helvidius and Constance stopt “to dry their clothes after their shipwreck.” Their hearts were touched with all that they had suffered. Constance shed tears; but Helvidius walked into the groves adjoining the priory,

¹ Thevenot, p. 124.

sub silentia luncæ, and casting his eyes towards the east and south-western horizon, beheld the planets, rolling, as it were, round the summits of the Beacons; and lifted his contemplation to that exalted Being, who alone has power “to bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and to loosen the bands of Orion.”

He returned soothed and satisfied! and the more so, since it was on that very evening that your letter reached him, in which you were pleased to offer incense to his vanity, by asserting, with so much earnestness and so much affection, that it seemed to be his fate, as well as that of Constance, frequently to suffer from persons, entirely beneath themselves.

But London is the city; and its parks the Paradise of intellectual beings. The most picturesque views of this metropolis of the earth,—superior to ancient Thebes, Memphis, Nineveh, Babylon, and even Rome, in every point but architecture,—are from the Hampstead and Highgate Hills on the north, the Surrey Hills on the south, and from Greenwich Park on the south-east. The last of these is, of its kind, the finest in the world! There are other scenes in Nature, far more beautiful and sublime, in reference to landscape; but it is impossible to fix upon any spot, on the entire globe, where the reflections, excited by a combination of objects, *created by man*, are so varied and profound;—and where the emotions, which those reflections create, are so powerful and transporting.—Here—innumerable evidences bear witness to the astonishing powers of MAN; and operate, as so many arguments to prove

the divinity of his origin. In other scenes it is the God of Nature, that speaks to us ;—in this it is the GENIUS OF MAN. All the wealth, that the industry of nations has gathered together, seems to be extended before us :—and on this spot, the east, the west, the south, and the north, appear to concentrate. From the multitude of objects, presented to our sight, the idea of *infinity* shoots into the mind. The first feeling is the feeling of matter ; the last feeling is the feeling of spirit. Tired of this diurnal sphere,—the soul acknowledges the divinity of its origin ; it gravitates towards its centre ; it springs forward, and rests in the bosom of the Eternal !

CHAPTER V.

IN the middle ages, all taste for the sublime and beautiful was confined to the monks. This taste did not originate with the earliest founders of the monastic orders ; for Paul, the first hermit, resided in a cave ; and St. Anthony on Mount Colzim, a dreary and pathless desert ! The lives of hermits and saints afford as much solid entertainment, as the guilty pages of historians. St. Jerom devoted several years to solitude, abstinence and devotion, in a hideous desert in Syria : St. Isidore retired to a solitude in the neighbourhood of Pehusiota : Paschomius, among the ruins of a deserted village, on an island formed by the Nile, erected the first regular cloister ; and

soon after founded eight others in the deserts of Thebais. This recluse never laid down; nor leaned against any thing.—He sate upon a large stone in the middle of his cell; and when Nature demanded him to sleep, he slept with reluctance, and then sitting.

St. Maron, founder of the sect, called the *Maronites*, led a life of austerity, in the solitude of a hermitage; St. Hilarion lived forty years in a desert; while Simeon Stylites, the celebrated Syrian shepherd, on a column, sixty feet in height, unmoved either by the heat of summer, or the cold of winter, lived for a period of thirty years¹:—hymning, as he thought, by his austerities and privations, a requiem for eternal rest.—A church was afterwards built round his pillar; and so persuaded were the inhabitants of Antioch of his sanctity, that they esteemed his bones more efficacious as a defence than the walls of a city.

Eugenius instituted the monastic order in Mesopotamia: St. Basil carried this taste for seclu-

¹ Vide Theodoret. in Vit. Patrum, lib. ix., 854.—In the *Acta Sanctorum* (ii. 107.) St. Anthony is called the “Father of Monastic Life.”—Those, desirous of investigating the manners and habits of the monks of the deserts, may consult with advantage Arnaud D’Andilly’s *Vies des Pères du desert*:—Rosswelde’s *Histoires des Vies des Pères des deserts*;—and Villefore’s *Vies des Saints des deserts d’orient et d’occident*.—Of the monasteries in Tartary, vide *Memoires concern. les Chinois*, tom. xiv. 219.

Buddha, the great god of the Cingalese, is said to have been a hermit. *Trav. Marco Polo*, b. lii., c. xxiii. Something resembling the monastic and conventual orders prevailed among the ancient British Druids and Druidesses:—as may be seen by references to Ammianus Marcellinus,* and Pomponius Mela.†

* Lib. xv.

† Lib. lii. c. 2.

sion still farther into the east; while St. Martin, bishop of Tours, erected the first monastery in France. The followers of Hilarion, and those of the earlier hermits, anachorets, and ascetics, sought, as the seats of retirement, the most uncultivated solitudes and the most obscure wildernesses; where they cultivated vines, figs, and olives, for their daily subsistence. In process of time, however,—particularly after the discovery of the pandects of Justinian,—whence we may date the origin of modern science and taste, the love for natural beauty improved; and the founders of abbeys, priories, and other religious houses, became remarkable for selecting the most delightful situations for the seats of devotion:—and, having once established themselves, they were far from being deficient in the art of improving the natural advantages of the spots, they had chosen.

The hermits of St. John, the Baptist, lived in a kind of Laurä, about twenty miles from Pampelona, in the kingdom of Navarre. They wore no shoes, nor linen; a large cross depended from their breasts; and a stone served them for a pillow. Those of Brittni led a life of austerity in almost perpetual fasting: and those of St. Jerome of the Observance, (the order of which was founded by Lupus d'Olmedo among the picturesque mountains of Cazalla) were almost equally abstinent and austere. St. Jerome first introduced the Hallelujah into the service of the church.

II.

There were various orders of hermits. Some devoted themselves entirely to a life of seclusion; and by abstinence thought they best conciliated the approbation of the Deity. Others lived in hermitages, attached to convents. These were allowed a small garden, as their only place of recreation; and their only relief from prayer was the liberty of rearing a few herbs.

Some of these recluses were females. Helyot gives a curious account of the ceremony, used in the devoting a female to perpetual seclusion. One of the most celebrated of these was the Theatine Order of the Hermitage, established at Naples by Ursula Benincasa.—Their whole life was a continued scene of prayer. There was an order of nuns, too, called the “Solitaries of St. Peter of Alcantara,” which was instituted by Cardinal Barberini. They kept almost perpetual silence, except to themselves; they were waited upon by temporal maid servants, to whom they never spoke; they went barefoot; wore no linen; and occupied themselves in spiritual exercises;—each nun believing herself to be *Sponsa Christi*.

The only institution, that bears any resemblance to that of nuns, among the ancients, was the order of the VESTAL VIRGINS; whose office it was to watch over the sacred fire in the temple of Vesta. They were admitted at ten years of age: and their period of service was thirty years: after which they were permitted to marry. The first ten years were de-

voted to acquiring a knowledge of their duties :—the second ten years to practising them :—and the last ten years to the teaching of novices. They were held in the highest degree of veneration ; and enjoyed many privileges.

In the island of Lipari, there are orders of nuns, who devote themselves to a life of celibacy, and yet live with their parents, and mix in general society. In the city of Aix there was a convent, near the residence of Count Kleist, in which hospitality was extended to strangers of whatever sex or circumstances ; and from which medicine was sent to the poor. The nuns of this convent were appropriately called the **SISTERS of MERCY**.

In some parts of India,¹ too, there are communities of nuns.—Among the most remarkable of Eastern saints was **MARY the EGYPTIAN**.—After a youth of irregularity, she retired to the desert beyond Jordan, where she passed a life of such austerity and seclusion, that for seven and forty years she did not see a single human being.—At length she was discovered by Zosimus. This holy man administered to her the Eucharist, and soon after departed. On his return to her solitude, the next year, he traced an inscription on the sand, by which he learnt, that Mary expected to die on the day she had received the sacrament : and that she wished him to bury and to pray for her.—The body had wasted ; but the bones remained. Zosimus performed the melancholy office, that Mary had assigned to him.

Thevenot, iii. 61.

III.

The **BASZILIANS** wore no linen, ate no flesh, and cultivated the earth with their own hands: the **CAPUCHINS** walked barefoot, and shaved their heads: and the **CARMELITES**, presuming to trace their origin to the prophet Elias, debarred themselves from ever possessing property. They never tasted animal food; they habituated themselves to manual labour; were constantly engaged in oral or mental prayer; and continued in religious silence from the hour of vespers to the third portion of the succeeding day. The law, forbidding the use of meat, was, in some degree, mitigated by the Popes Eugene and Pius: in consequence of which, and a few other regulations, this order divided into two, under the names of *moderate* and *barefooted* Carmelites.

The **BENEDICTINES** always walked two and two; they never conversed in the refectory; they slept singly in the same dormitory; performed their devotions seven times in a day; and in Lent fasted till the hour of six. They had but a slight covering to their beds; slept in their clothes; and their wardrobe consisted of only two coats, two cowls, and a handkerchief. The **CAMALDOLESE**, a branch of the Benedictines, lived for the most part among the wild solitudes of the Apennines; in the bosom of which St. Romuald founded the order of **CAMALDULIANS**. One of the rules of this order enjoined, that their houses should, in no instance, be situated at a less distance, than fifteen miles from a city. The **CARTHUSIANS** ate no meat, and kept a total

silence except at stated periods. The DOMINICANS¹ were the most infamous, as well as the most celebrated and powerful, of all the monastic orders. Attentive, at all times, to their secular interests, there was not a crime, of which they were not guilty, nor a meanness, to which they would not stoop, in order to augment their influence, or enlarge their possessions.² Difference of opinion they stigmatized as heresy; and fraud, treachery, and hypocrisy, never ceased to persecute, under the assumed motives of religious zeal. The CISTERCIANS, habited in a long white robe, and girt with a wooden girdle, spending the day in labour and in reading, rising to prayers at midnight, and abstaining from meat, milk and fish, were very powerful in political as well as in religious affairs. The FRANCISCANS professed poverty; yet, by the bounty of the Popes, were amply compensated by papal indulgencies.

These orders, much as they belied the meek spirit of their master, base as many of their followers became, in common with the CORDELIERS, seldom failed to fix upon the most beautiful spots, on which to erect their mo-

¹ St. Dominic invented the Inquisition :—he never spoke to a woman, or looked one in the face.—and he caused eighty persons to be beheaded, and four hundred to be burnt alive in one day. When his mother was pregnant of this inestimable saint, she dreamed, that she brought forth a dog instead of a child; and that it held in its mouth a torch, with which it sate fire to the world :—that two suns and three moons appeared; and that meteors and earthquakes announced his nativity.

² How contrary to the injunctions of Hieronymus! "*Ignominia omnium sacerdotum est propriis studere divitiis.*"—*Ep. ad Nep. de Vit. Mon.*

nasteries, convents, and hermitages. In Italy they neglected not to use their privilege of selection : almost every religious house, therefore, in that country, was delightfully situated.

The order of GILBERTINES, founded by St. Gilbert in 1148, consisted entirely of married persons, who were divided by a wall. The men observed the rules of St. Benedict; the women those of St. Augustine. The order of CELESTINS was established by Peter de Meuron, a Neapolitan of mean extraction, who being afterwards advanced to the Pontificate, under the title of Celestin V., resigned the papal chair, from a fear, that he was unequal to its duties. The members of this order, of which there were upwards of twenty monasteries in France, and ninety in Italy, wore shirts of serge, and ate no flesh. They rose two hours after midnight to matins; and their habit consisted of a capuche, a white gown and a black scapulary. But there were some monks, who performed no manual service whatever; who even renounced bodily action; giving themselves up entirely to prayer, meditation, and the contemplation of heavenly things.—Hence they were called HESYCHASTES. Isidore of Seville, on the contrary, was accustomed to say, that it was not only the duty of a monk to work with his mind, but with his hands.—He therefore read three hours every day, and worked six.

The monks of ABYSSINIA devote most of their time to the cultivation of their gardens, which supply them with their principal sustenance.

IV.

The monasteries of Turkey are generally situated in retired mountainous districts; in deep vallies, and on rocky precipices. There were a vast number of monasteries once in China: but they were suppressed by one of the emperors, upon the principle, that they encouraged idleness.¹ "Our ancestors," says the Chinese ordinance, "held it as a maxim, that if there was a man or a woman, that was idle, somebody in the empire must in consequence suffer either hunger or cold."

The HERMITAGES near the city of Nantz, too, command fine views of that city and neighbourhood, through which the Loire winds in many a graceful curve. The hermitage of MOUNT SERRATO, in the island of Elba, stands in the midst of rocks, rugged and stupendous; wild and solitary; beneath a cloudless sky, well calculated to cheat memory of its cares; and to raise the soul to the exercise of some of its noblest and most sacred faculties. The convent of the Grand Chartreuse, in which resides the head of the order of CARTHUSIANS stands in a meadow, surrounded by precipices of gigantic character. No one beholds them but in awful astonishment!

The hermitage of Friburg is situated in a wild and awful solitude. On one side of a rock JOHN DE PRE, assisted by his valet-de-chambre, hollowed out several apartments, and there resided for the space of five and twenty years. His garden was with infinite difficulty

¹ Du Halde, c. ii. p. 497.—Montesquieu, Spirit of Laws, b. vii. c. 6.

scooped out of the solid rock, and watered with the stream flowing from two or three fountains, which welled from the bowels of the mountains. Once a week he was supplied with provisions; for which he ferried over the *Sane* in a small boat, that he had procured for the purpose. Having finished his cells, he resolved upon consecrating his chapel; and to give greater dignity to his hermitage, he admitted several young persons to witness the ceremony. Towards evening he escorted his visitors over the stream, that flowed in the valley; and, having landed them safely on the opposite side, fell into the water, as he returned, and was drowned! (A.D. 1708.)—His memory is still cherished in the village of Newneck, lying about three miles distant from the town of Friburg.

There are several convents in Switzerland beautifully situated: among which we may instance the magnificent Benedictine abbey of Einsidlin, in the canton of Schweiz; and to which upwards of ninety thousand pilgrims resort every year. St. Alderic, who built a hermitage in the isle of Ufnau, in the lake of Zurich, not far from Rapperschuy, attained such a high character for sanctity, that the peasants believe him to have been capable of walking on the surface of the lake; and to have been fed from heaven.

Most of the monasteries in the Holy Land, are embosomed among olive, fig and pomegranate trees; and in Greece they are situated among forests, and on the sides of mountains; always commanding beautiful prospects. How solemn are the monasteries, standing among the sublime solitudes of Mount Athos! And how beautifully situated is the Basilian convent of the

Virgin of Jerusalem, overlooking the mountains of Locri, and the plains, watered by the Cephissus;—the monastery of Elias, standing on the scite of the ancient temple of Delphos;—and that of the All Holy Virgin in the valley of Sagara in the Thebaid. A valley, immortalized as the spot, on which Hesiod kept his sheep.—And what traveller but pauses with enthusiasm, as he beholds the monastery of St. Nicholo, in a recess of Mount Helicon, near the fountain of Aganippe, and the grove of the muses: or when he sees the convent of St. Cypriani, rising near a dell, shaded by the olives of the purple Hymettus, abounding in bees.

V.

In spite of all the calumnies, propagated against the **Dervises** of the East, there is ample reason to suppose, that they constitute a valuable order of men.¹ In the Mogul States they are called *Fakers*: and they were once so highly esteemed, that Aurenzebe signified his intention of belonging to their order, before he obtained possession of the throne. De Pages gives an interesting account of those, he voyaged with, along the coast of Persia. Their discourse he found moral and intelligent; they showed indifference at the moment of death; and seemed to entertain "no notion of glory," says De Pages, "or even of duty, where separated from moral rectitude, and the principles of a simple and charitable mind." Other writers de-

¹ "The ordinances of a Dervise," says Sadi, "consist in prayer and gratitude; charity; content; a belief in the unity and providence of the Deity; a resignation to his dispensations; and a brotherly love to all mankind."

scribe their lives, as being remarkable for austerity, poverty, and chastity. They go open breasted, and bare-legged: they travel much from one province to another; they frequently sing praises to Mahomets, and accompany their hymns with the flute.—An instrument, the invention of which they attribute to Jacob; to whom they consecrate it.—These are the better order of Dervises; the first of whom was Mevelava.

Marco Polo relates, that there was in his time a class of hermits, in the province of Kesmur, who practised great abstinence. These hermits are mentioned by Abu'kayl,¹ who describes them, as being exemplary devotees themselves; yet reviling no persons, on account of their religion:—as abstaining totally from flesh of all kinds; having no intercourse with women; and deriving one of their principal pleasures from the amusement of planting fruit-trees on the public roads, for the benefit of travellers. Many of their peculiarities remind us of the ancient magi of Persia; who, according to Philo Judæus, were diligent inquirers into Nature; and whose time was chiefly passed in meditation. A circumstance from which Vossius seems inclined to derive the etymology of their title.

In Hindostan there are Dervises, retired in solitudes, whence they never move. Their continual prayer consists of the following sentence:—“Almighty Father! look down upon me:—I love not the world, but thee:—and all this penance is for the love of thee.”

¹ Vol. ii. p. 155.

The JOONI of East Malabar[†] retire, also, to caves and rocks. Never speaking to women, they have no possessions:—they practise the greatest austerities; and believe in the existence of only one God.—While the Mahometan sect, called ESRAKITES, founding their creed upon the doctrine of Plato, place happiness in the contemplation of divine excellence. They delight in music, and in composing spiritual hymns.

VI.

Of all religious orders, one of the most useful to humanity, and therefore one of the most agreeable to the spirit of virtue, was that of the *Brothers of Redemption*. The object of these holy men was directed to the duty of travelling from province to province, to collect money, for the purpose of ransoming christians, detained at Algiers, Tripoli, Tunis, and Morocco. The founders of this order were Matha of Provence, and Felix of Valois. They abstained entirely from flesh; went barefoot; were clothed in white; and bore on their breasts a cross of red, blue, and white colours, as symbols of the Trinity.—Their matins were at midnight.

The Benedictine abbey of Clugny was so extensive and magnificent, that one pope, one emperor, one king, and an ex-queen: two dukes, two heir-apparents, two patriarchs, twelve cardinals, three arch-bishops, and fifteen bishops; six counts, with several lords and abbots, with their respective retinues, are said to have been entertained at the same time, without any one of the monks being

[†] Phillips' Account of Malabar, p. 16.

put out of his place. The situation of this abbey was worthy its extent and magnificence. When Arnold d'Ossat, the celebrated diplomatist, visited this monastery, he was charmed with it beyond measure. Having been made a cardinal, Cardinal de Joyeuse sent him a sum of money, a chariot, horses, and a damask bed to sleep upon. D'Ossat returned them all;—expressing a determination never to renounce the life of modesty and abstinence, he had always been accustomed to.

VII.

In Italy the towers of Chiaravalle, near Pavia, command a view rich and luxuriant beyond the powers of painting. Different from this splendid establishment is that of *La Trappe*. The abbey, in which the brethren of this order waste their miserable lives, is situate in the forest of Belligarde. The road to it is dark and intricate: a silence, chilling and undisturbed, prevails in every part: and every object seems in willing separation from all that breathe. The brothers never speak; and if they are even accidentally standing near each other, it is esteemed not only a fault, but a crime. And none of them knows either the age, the rank, or even the country, of a single member, but the Abbé. They are allowed neither meat, fish, butter, nor eggs. They take a slight repast in the morning; and two ounces of bread with two raw carrots serve them in the evening. In their cells are a few books relating to religion: a human skull, and a bed of boards.

VIII.

With this severity we may advantageously compare that of ANQUETIL DU PERRON, who passed many years among the peasants of India. "Bread and cheese," said he, "to the value of the twelfth part of a rupee; and water from the well, are my daily food: I live without fire even in winter; I sleep without bed or bed-clothes. I have neither wife, children, nor servants. Having no estate, I have no tie to this world. Alone and entirely free, I am in friendship with all mankind. In this simple state, at war with my senses, I either triumph over worldly attractions, or despise them. And looking up with veneration to the supreme and perfect Being, I wait with patience for the dissolution of my body." Surely this instance is not unworthy the best times of christian enthusiasm. And yet, there are many men, and even many women, who would see nothing in this example; nor indeed acknowledge any virtue in a monastery or a convent; merely because some monks and some nuns have perverted their orders to less legitimate purposes, than the adoration of the Deity.

Ye heartless many!—Ye, who know so well
To use th' intriguing faculties ;—and who,
Remotelets, poison all the purer springs
Of mental youth, and ridicule the soul ;
As insects, perforating buds of flowers,
Steal their sweet juice, and wither them away.

Away!—ye are unholy. Not a tear
Would swell your eye-lids, where the world to die ;
So that yourselves might live. In vain for you,
The CATHOLIC VIRGIN gazes on the light,
Which gilds her rosary of beads ;—in vain

Tears,—melting tears,—denote a broken heart;
While sighs,—responsive to her evening hymn,—
Steal through the cloisters of her convent grey.

Hymn to the Moon.

The abbey of Camaldoli, the occasional resort of Lorenzo de Medici and his elegant associates, was situated near a torrent, surrounded by mountains, clothed with forests even to their summits. The monastery of Grotta Ferrata, occupying the scite of Cicero's Tusculan villa, commands one of the most admirable scenes in Italy. On the summit of Fesole stands a Franciscan convent: each corridor of which presents a different scene.—Villas, towns, farms and convents, adorn every spot; the vale of Florence, with the Arno winding through it, stretches below; and a view of the towers, churches, and palaces of that celebrated city, animate the perspective.

The Benedictine abbey of Vallombrosa:—this religious establishment owes its origin to a Florentine nobleman (Giovanni Gualberto); who quitted the monastery of St. Minias, at Florence, in order to indulge in more secluded contemplations. Captivated by the solemnity of Vallombrosa,¹ situate in the heart of the Apennines, he forsook the world, and gave celebrity to a spot, till then known only for the profound silence and solitude, that pervaded its woods. A more

¹ ——— Vallombrosa

Così fu nominata una badia
Ricca, e bella, nè men religiosa,
E cortese, a chiunque vi venia.

Ort. Furios. xxii, st. 36.

romantic spot it were impossible to imagine. Unit-
ing the character of savage life, with the deep,
impressive, solemnity of religious feeling, this sacred
spot was distinguished by the frequent visitations of
Lorenzo de Medici and Galileo; while it impressed
on the imagination of Milton some of the best mate-
rials for poetic painting.

The hermitage of the Paradisino is, by far, the most
delightful in Europe.—Eustace,—your elegant, accom-
plished, and most excellent, friend, Eustace,—paused
upon its beauties and conveniences with delight. “Never
have I visited an abode,” says he, “better calculated to
furnish the hermit with all the aids of meditation, and
all the luxuries of holy retirement. From his window
he may behold the Val d’Arno, and the splendours of
Florence, at a distance, too great to dazzle. Around
him, he sees all the grandeur, and all the gloom of
rocks, forests, and mountains. By his fountain’s side,
he may hear the tinkling of rills and the roaring of
torrents: and, while absorbed in meditation, the
swell of the distant organ, and the voices of the choir
below, from the abbey of Vallombrosa, steal upon his
ear, and prompt “the song of praise.”

The town of Salerno was once full of religious
houses. “To whom,” enquired the president Dupaty,
“to whom does that beautiful house, situated on the
top of yon hill, belong?”—“To monks.” “And that
on the declivity?”—“To monks.” “And the one at the
foot of yon eminence?” “To monks.” “The monks
then possess all Salerno.” “There are ten con-
vents, five parishes, one bishoprick, two seminaries,
and a chapter. There are so many convents in the

town, that there is not a single ship in the harbour!" On the shores of this gulph, Salvator Rosa studied Nature in all her splendid attitudes: and among the bridges, castles, aqueducts and ruins of the valley of La Cava, near the gulph of Salerno, Claude Lorrains was often observed to linger, many hours after the sun had set:—sometimes sketching by moonlight from the towers of a castle; sometimes from the arches of an aqueduct; and not unfrequently from the window of a cottage, festooned with grape vines and shaded by olive trees.

IX.

To a love of scenery and retirement, the Carthusians owe the origin of their order. Two brothers, natives of Genoa, were, early in life, wedded to the naval profession. After many voyages, which occupied as many years, the one wrote from Genoa to his brother, at Marseilles, to solicit his return to his native town. Receiving no answer to his affectionate letter, he undertook a journey, to enquire into the motives of his brother's silence. "I am weary of commerce, and navigation," said his brother; "I will no longer trust my safety to the mercy of the elements. I have fixed upon the borders of Paradise; where I am resolved to spend the remainder of my days in peace; and where I shall wait with tranquillity the period of my death." Upon his brother's requesting him to explain himself, he led him to Montrieu, situated in a deep valley, embosomed with wood, whence issued a multitude of rivulets. The charms of the surrounding scenery, and the awful silence of

the spot, so calculated for retirement, induced the latter to follow the example of his brother: and having sold their estates, they founded the order of Carthusians,¹ and gave themselves up to meditation and devotion.

In the year ****, a gentleman of Holland sought permission of the family of the De Coninks, to erect a small hermitage, at Dronningaard, near the city of Copenhagen. He had fought the battles of his country; he had mingled in the bustle of a court; he was rich; and he was honoured. One fatal step marred all his happiness. He married! But, marrying to gratify his ambition, he became weary and disgusted with life. Travelling into Denmark, he was captivated with the romantic beauties of Dronningaard; and obtained permission to erect a cell in a small wood, consisting only of a few pines. It was built of moss and the bark of birch trees. A few paces from this cell, he dug his dormitory with his own hands, and caused an epitaph to be engraven on a stone, he designed for his monument. In this total seclusion, the enthusiast resided several years. The Stadtholder, however, being upon the eve of a war, wrote him a letter, and desired his assistance. He did not hesitate to obey the call. On the evening, previous to his departure, he signalized his gratitude to Dronningaard, by writing a farewell address to the spot, in which he had enjoyed so much repose and content. The first account, that reached Denmark, after the

¹ Life of Petrarch, p. 207. Some have attributed the foundation of this order to St. Bruno, A. D. 1084.

departure of the unfortunate recluse, was, that he had fallen, covered with glory, at the head of his regiment ! As a testimony to his virtues, his Danish friends erected in a grove, adjoining his hermitage, a small tablet of marble, on which is inscribed his farewell address to the landscapes of Dronninggaard.¹

X.

The sacred character assigned to mountains, may, perhaps, have been the original cause of the custom of raising tumuli over the dead. This practice has prevailed in all countries of Europe and Asia. It may be traced from the tomb of Tityus, at the foot of Parnassus, to every district in Greece :—along the shores of the sea of Ozofo;—in Troas ;—Circassia ;—the Cimmerian Bosphorus ;—in ancient Scythia ;—in Kuban Tartary ;—through Russia into Scandinavia ;—and thence to Germany, France, England, Scotland, and Wales. It has, also, been observed in New Holland and America. In every instance it bears the character of a sepulchral monument ; whether known under the title of mound, barrow, tumulus, cairn, or *tépe*.

Churches, chapels, and convents are more frequently situated on hills, and on the sides of mountains in Italy, than in vales. In the year 1764, three thousand peasants climbed up Notre Dame de la Nieve (said to be the highest elevation in Europe), in order to hear mass in a chapel, erected on that aspiring eminence :—and pilgrims, to the amount of eight or ten thousand resort annually to pay their vows to St. Michael, at

¹ Tour round the Baltic, p. 248.

Mount St. Michael, rising in the middle of the Bay of Avranches.

XI.

To say nothing of the religious houses of Germany, situated on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, who could exhibit a finer taste, than the founders of the Carmelite convent at the Battuécas, or of the monastery and hermitages of Montserrat? The one situated in a sequestered valley, almost buried beneath overhanging rocks and trees, which take root in their crevices; and the others on the most picturesque elevation in all Spain.—The Capuchin convents at Scicli and Chiaramonte, in the island of Sicily, are admirably situated:—so is the convent of St. Dominic, on the scite of Cicero's villa; that of the Cordeliers at Werstenlein; and the hermitage of Des Croix, in Switzerland, and of those on the eminences, overlooking the Loire, between Angers and Ancennis. Than the situation of the monastery, near Albano, nothing can be more admirable. Walking in the garden, belonging to this religious house, the Baroness Stolberg, as we are informed by Zimmerman, was so astonished at the scene, which there presented itself, that her voice failed in the expression of her admiration, and she continued speechless several days.

No spot in the neighbourhood of Holywell, could have been better selected, than the one, on which stood the abbey of Basingwerk, rising among rich pastures, and having a fine view of the Dee, the city of Chester, and the hills of Lancashire. Nor, in Hampshire could be found a scite, more suitable for

religious contemplation, than that, where now stands the ruins of Netley Abbey; partially screened by wood, on the shores of the Southampton Water.

The Cistercian Abbey of Whitland stood near the spot, which was once the favourite summer residence of the greatest, because the best, of all the Cambro-British monarchs, *Huwel Dhu*, the Solon and Justinian of Wales. A man, of whom it may be truly said, that, as Brutus was the last of the Romans, and Philopœmen the last of the Græeks, Llewellyn and he were the last of the ancient Britons.

The abbey of Cwm-Hir, near Rhaidr-gay, in the county of Radnor, sleeps, as it were, at the foot of a deep, woody, valley, watered by the Clewedog, over which high mountains form themselves into a grand and noble amphitheatre.—What an effect would the following elegant little *morceau* have upon the stranger, wandering in those regions, were it inscribed upon the simple portico of an hermitage!

INSCRIPTION.

O thou, who to this wild retreat
Shalt lead, by choice, thy pilgrim feet,
To trace the dark wood waving o'er
This rocky cell and sainted floor;
If here thou bring a gentle mind,
That shuns by fits, yet loves mankind,
That leaves the schools, and in this wood
Learns the best science—to be good;
Then soft, as on the dews below
You oaks their silent umbrage throw;
Peace, to thy prayers, by virtue brought,
Pilgrim, shall bless thy hallow'd thought.

Stevens.

No spot could have been selected, more abounding in admirable accompaniments, than that on which stood the small priory, once belonging to a society of Franciscans, at Llanfaes; commanding a magnificent view of the north end of the Snowdon chain, and an admirable prospect of the bay of Beaumaris,—a bay not excelled, in all the empire, for its numerous picturesque combinations. Is there a scene, more romantic, than where the walls of Llanthony rear themselves at the foot of the Black Mountains, on the banks of the Honddy, in the sequestered vale of Ewias?—So retired is it, that at one time it was scarcely known to the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets. In this lonely recess, St. David formed a hermitage, and erected a chapel.—

A little lowly hermitage it was,
 Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pass
 In travell to and fro : a little wyde
 There was an holy chapell edifyde,
 Wherein the hermit dewly went to say
 His holy things, each morn and eventyde;
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

Faerie Queen.

Walter de Lacy, one day in pursuit of a deer, discovered those mysterious erections; and being struck with the solemnity of the spot, he was visited by religious enthusiasm¹; disclaimed the world; and erected the abbey of Llanthony, for the use of the Cistercian order.

¹ Dugdale's Monasticon,

XII.

As the abbey of Tintern is the most beautiful and picturesque of all our gothic monuments, so is the situation one of the most sequestered and delightful. One more abounding in that peculiar kind of scenery, which excites the mingled sensations of content, religion, and enthusiasm, it is impossible to behold. There every arch infuses a solemn energy, as it were, into inanimate Nature :—a sublime antiquity breathes mildly into the heart : and the soul, pure and passionless, appears susceptible of that state of tranquillity, which is the perfection of every earthly wish. Never has Colonna wandered among the woods, surrounding this venerable ruin, standing on the banks of a river, almost as sacred to the imagination as the spot, where the Cephissus and the Hyssus mingle their waters, but he has wished himself a landscape painter.—He has never sat upon its broken columns, and beheld its mutilated fragments; and its waving arches and pillars, decorated with festoons of ivy; but he has formed the wish to forsake the world, and resign himself entirely to the tranquil studies of philosophy. Is there a man, my Lelius, too rich, too great, too powerful, for these emotions? Is there one too ignorant, too vain, and too presumptuous to indulge them?—Envy him not.—From him the pillars of Palmyra would not draw one sigh; the massacre of Glencoe, the matins of Moscow, or the Sicilian vespers would elicit no tear! The description of

Tamerlane's walls and pyramids of human heads; the taking of Ismael, of Prague, and of Warsaw; the massacre of the Chinese in Batavia; or that of the Javans by the Dutch; even the poisoning of the sick at Jaffa, would be read with scarcely a single feeling of sympathetic horror. Know you such a man, my friend?—Shun him; despise him; have no intercourse with him. Having an heart that never feels, an eye that never weeps, he would squander the blood of the villager, or erect altars of sacrifice to the avaricious god of his idolatry!

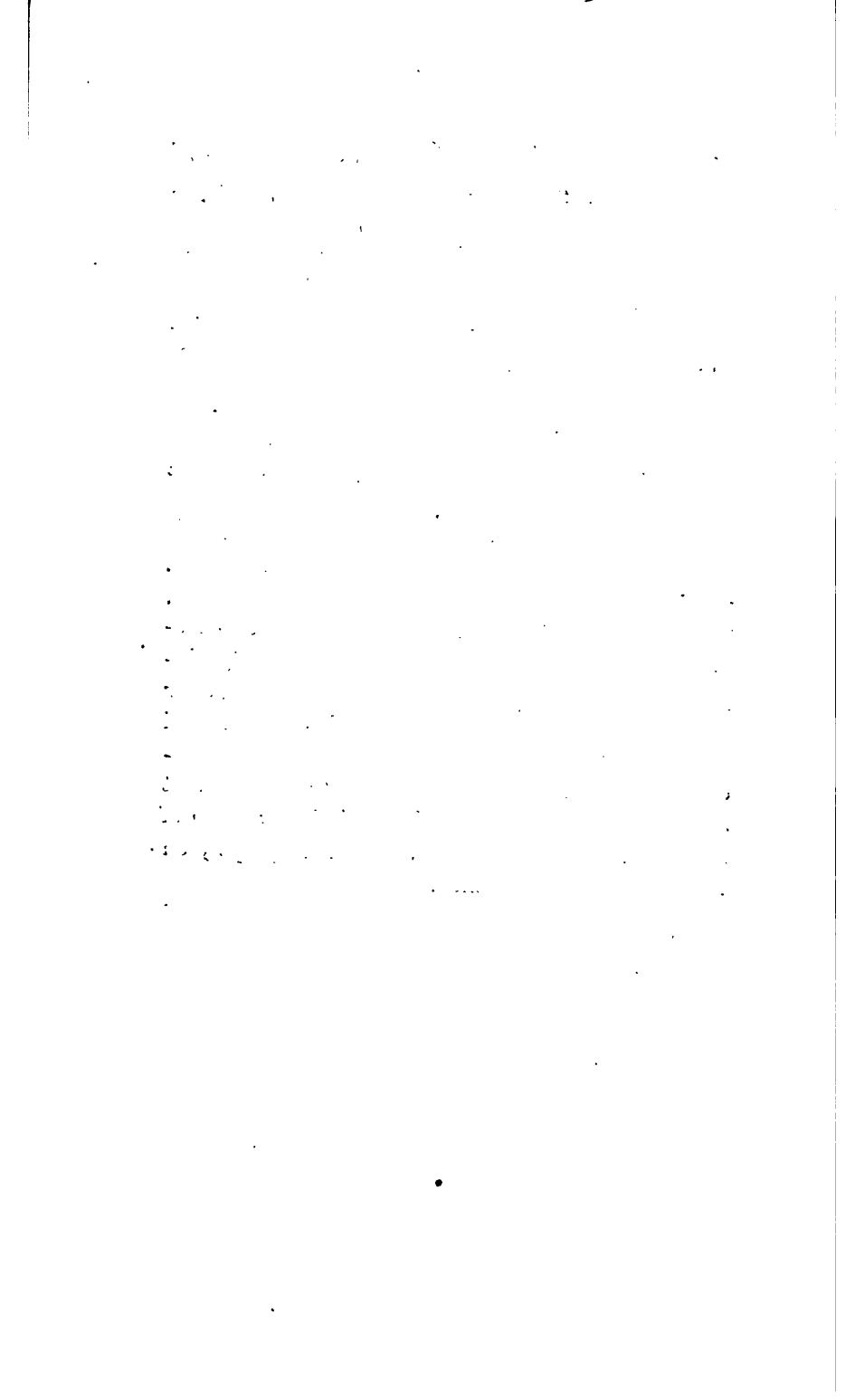
The valley in which Tintern Abbey is situated, like that of Cwm Dyr, answers to the idea of what Milton calls “a bosky bourn;” meaning, as Wharton justly describes, a narrow, deep, and woody valley, with a river or rivulet winding in the midst. How often has Colonna's heart glowed within him, as he has watched the waters, falling from ledge to ledge among the woods, and listened to their murmur: and how much has that feeling been increased, when, listening to the notes of the nightingale, even at noon, he has remembered those passages in Milton, where the poet describes this bird, when giving a history of the creation; and that passage in a prologue of Strada, where he celebrates the contest between a lutesist and a nightingale.

Alternat mira arte fides, dum torquet acutas	l. 32
Inciditque graves operoso verbera pulsat—	
Iamque manu per fila volat: simul hos, simul hos,	45
Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.	

Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondit, et artem	l. 23
Arte refert; nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi,	
Præbet iter liquidum labenti è pectore voci,	27
Nunc cæsim variat, modulisque canora minutis	
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocatur ore.	

Strada, Prologus. Acad., lib. ii., prol. 6.

Then has he repeated the passage, where Dryden celebrates the power of this accomplished bird, in his *Flower and Leaf*, or the *Lady in the Arbour*:—then his fancy has wafted him to those gardens of Persia and Arabia Felix, where the nightingale is said to fly from one rosebush to another; till, intoxicated with their odours, it falls, as if inebriated, to the ground.—Then he has meditated on the passage in Horace, where he stigmatizes the extravagance of two brothers, who were accustomed to dine upon nightingales, which were always of great price:—and, after remembering that nightingale's brains were fabled to be food for fairies, he has closed the mental excursion with the wish, that he could transport that aviary of nightingales, which stands in a garden of hyacinths, at Constantinople, to the very spot, on which the wish was formed.



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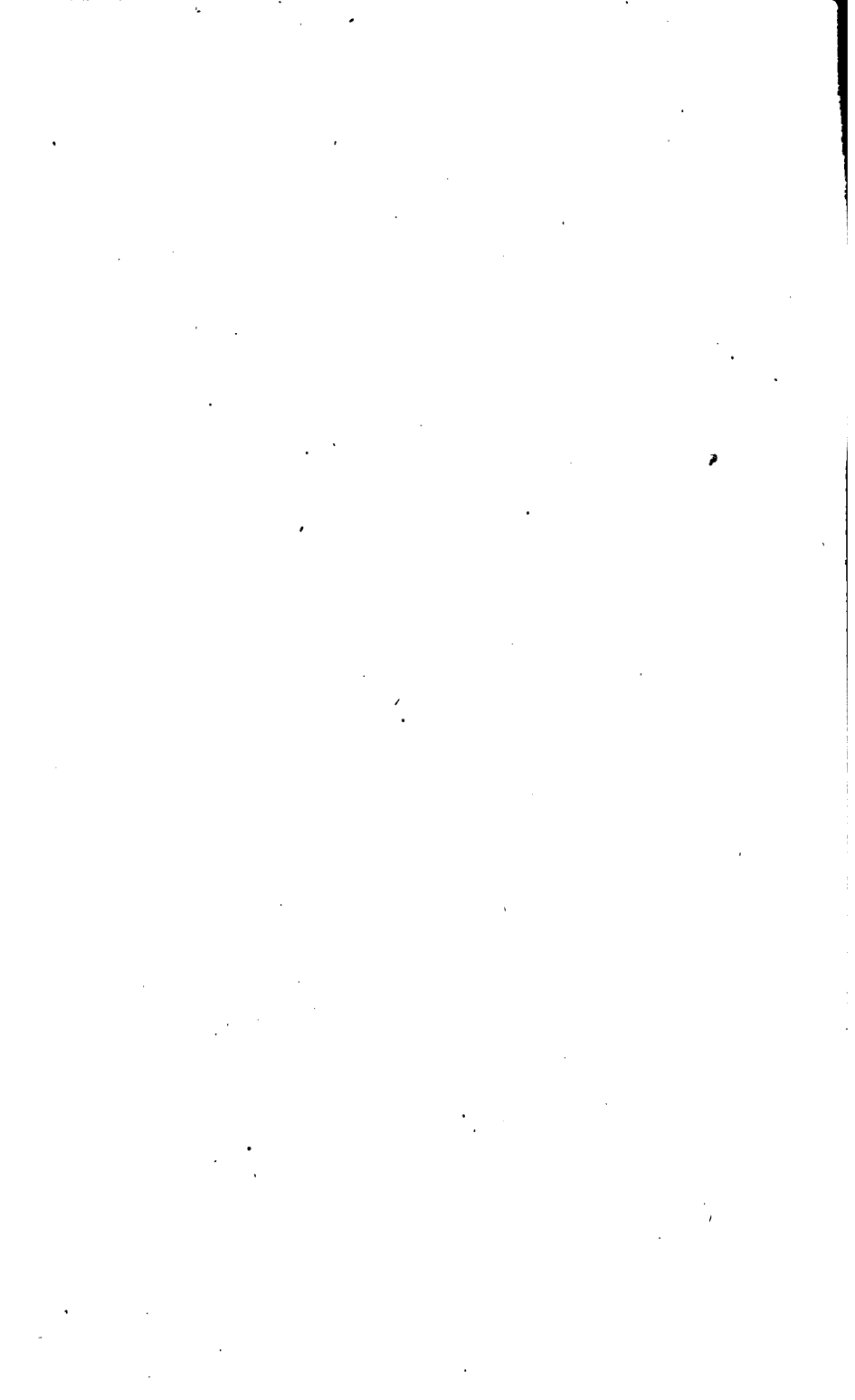
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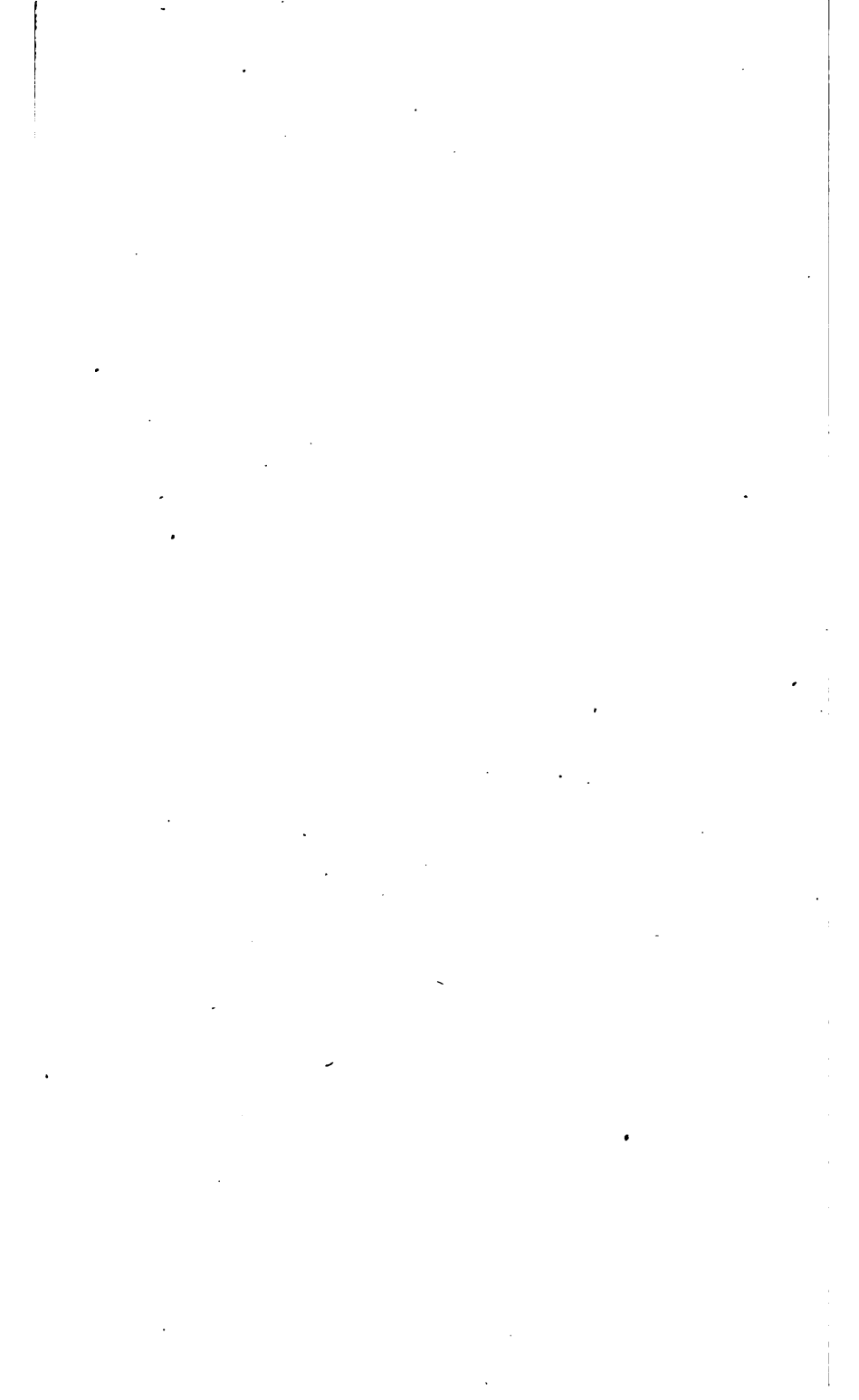
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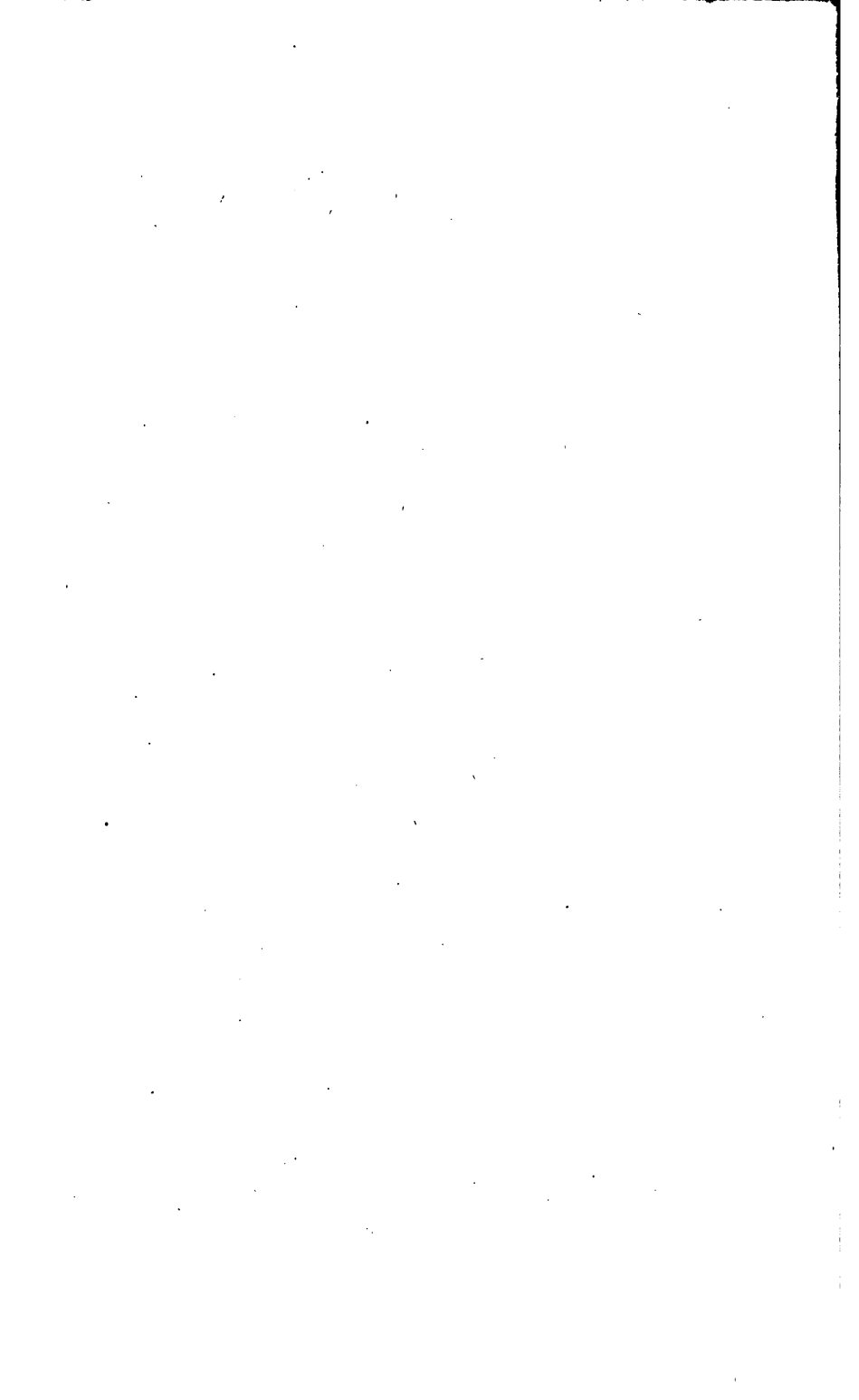
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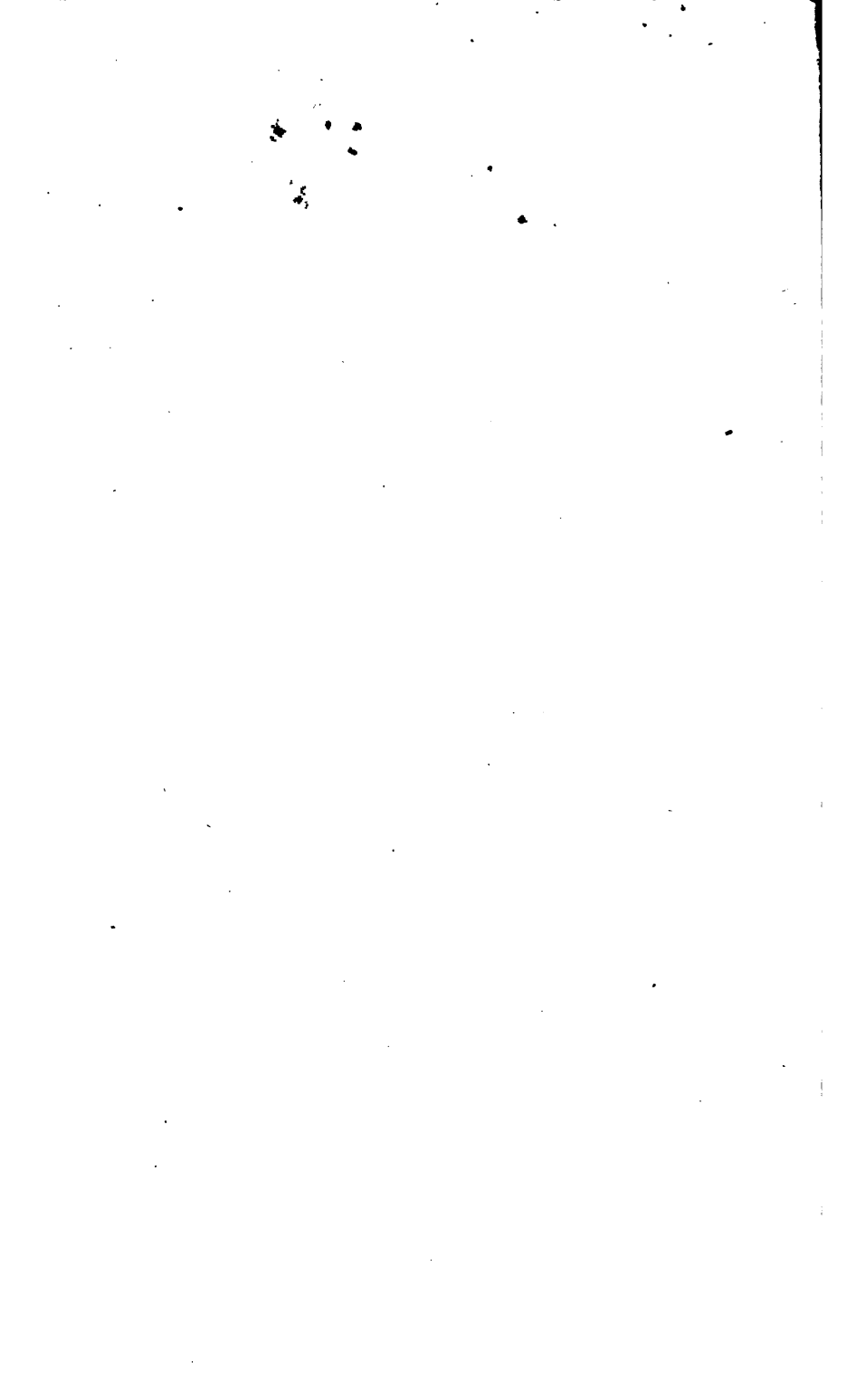
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